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July 30, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JAPAN GUESSES WRONG BY WINSTO

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JULY 30, 1938

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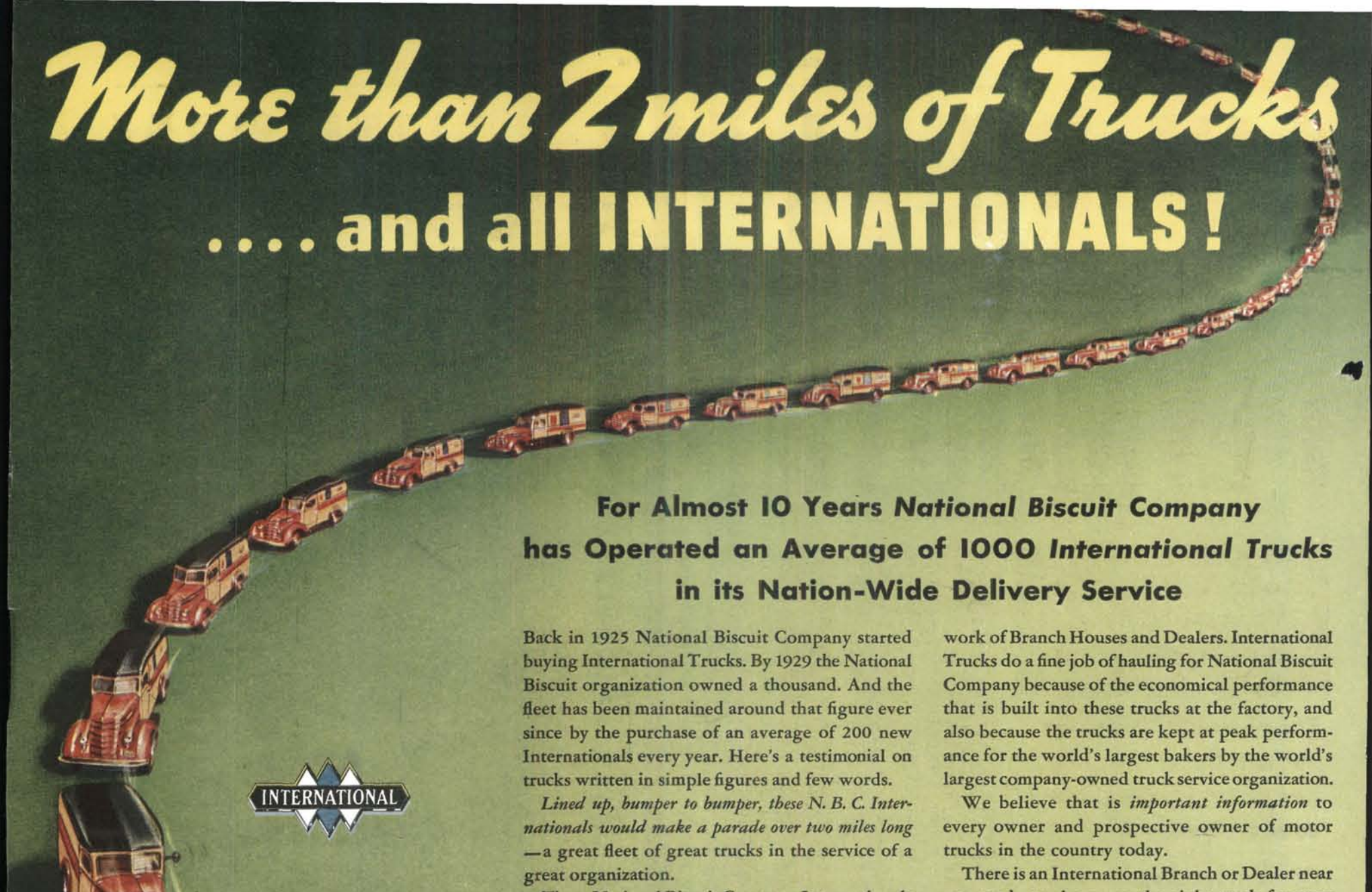
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than 2 miles of Trucks

.... and all INTERNATIONALS!



For Almost 10 Years *National Biscuit Company* has Operated an Average of 1000 *International Trucks* in its Nation-Wide Delivery Service

Back in 1925 National Biscuit Company started buying International Trucks. By 1929 the National Biscuit organization owned a thousand. And the fleet has been maintained around that figure ever since by the purchase of an average of 200 new Internationals every year. Here's a testimonial on trucks written in simple figures and few words.

Lined up, bumper to bumper, these N. B. C. Internationals would make a parade over two miles long —a great fleet of great trucks in the service of a great organization.

These National Biscuit Company Internationals go everywhere, and *everywhere they go* they are ably and economically serviced by International's network of Branch Houses and Dealers. International Trucks do a fine job of hauling for National Biscuit Company because of the economical performance that is built into these trucks at the factory, and also because the trucks are kept at peak performance for the world's largest bakers by the world's largest company-owned truck service organization.

We believe that is *important information* to every owner and prospective owner of motor trucks in the country today.

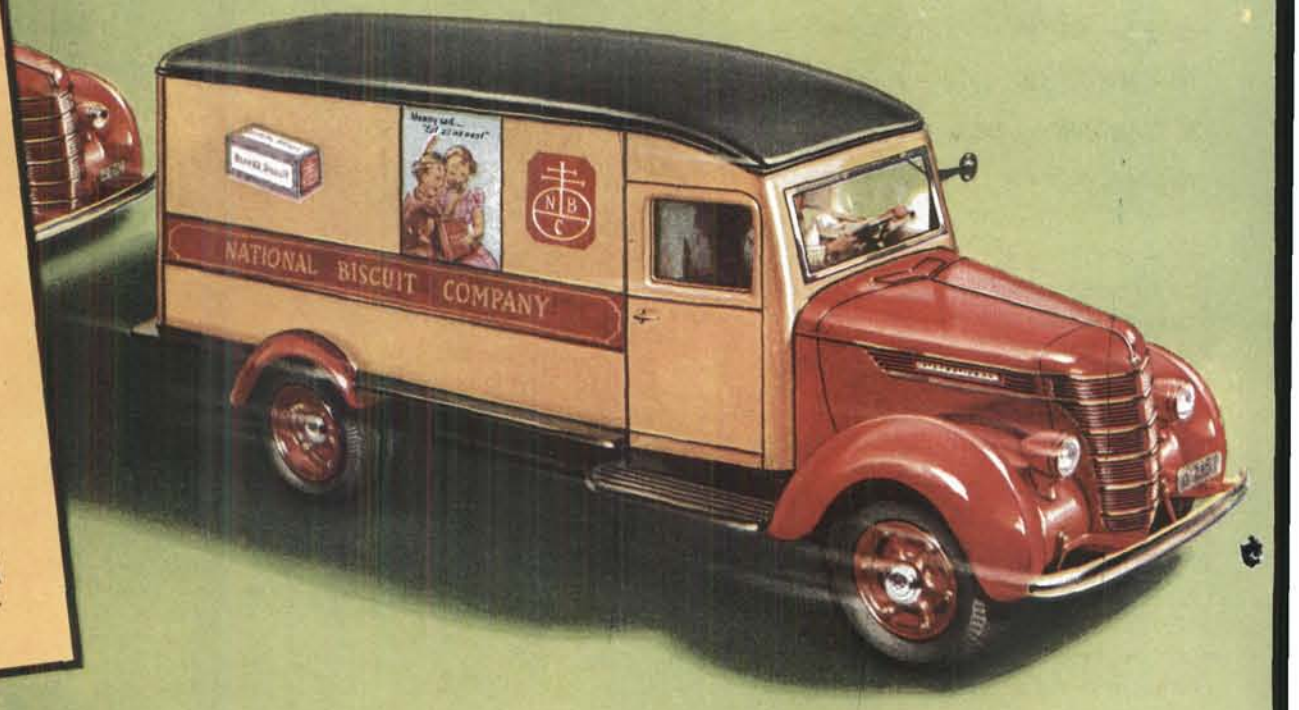
There is an International Branch or Dealer near you ready to show you the right truck for your work whether you operate a single truck or a fleet of a hundred or a thousand.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

NEW "Economy Six" ENGINE SAVES ON LIGHT-DUTY JOBS

International Harvester builds three of its lighter trucks with 6-cylinder engines in two sizes as optional equipment. This enables you to choose an International Truck in the ½-ton to 1½-ton field for maximum performance and economy in your kind of work.

If you haul capacity loads most of the time you will want the standard full-power engine. It will give you brilliant performance under all operating conditions, and full transportation value from every penny's worth of fuel. On the other hand, if your loads are light and your work calls for frequent idling stops, it may be to your advantage to choose the HD-174 engine known as the International *"Economy Six."* Ask the International Truck dealer or Company-owned branch to make a diagnosis of your operating conditions and recommend the best engine for your service.



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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ONE RIDE WILL EXPLAIN

The Great Success of the

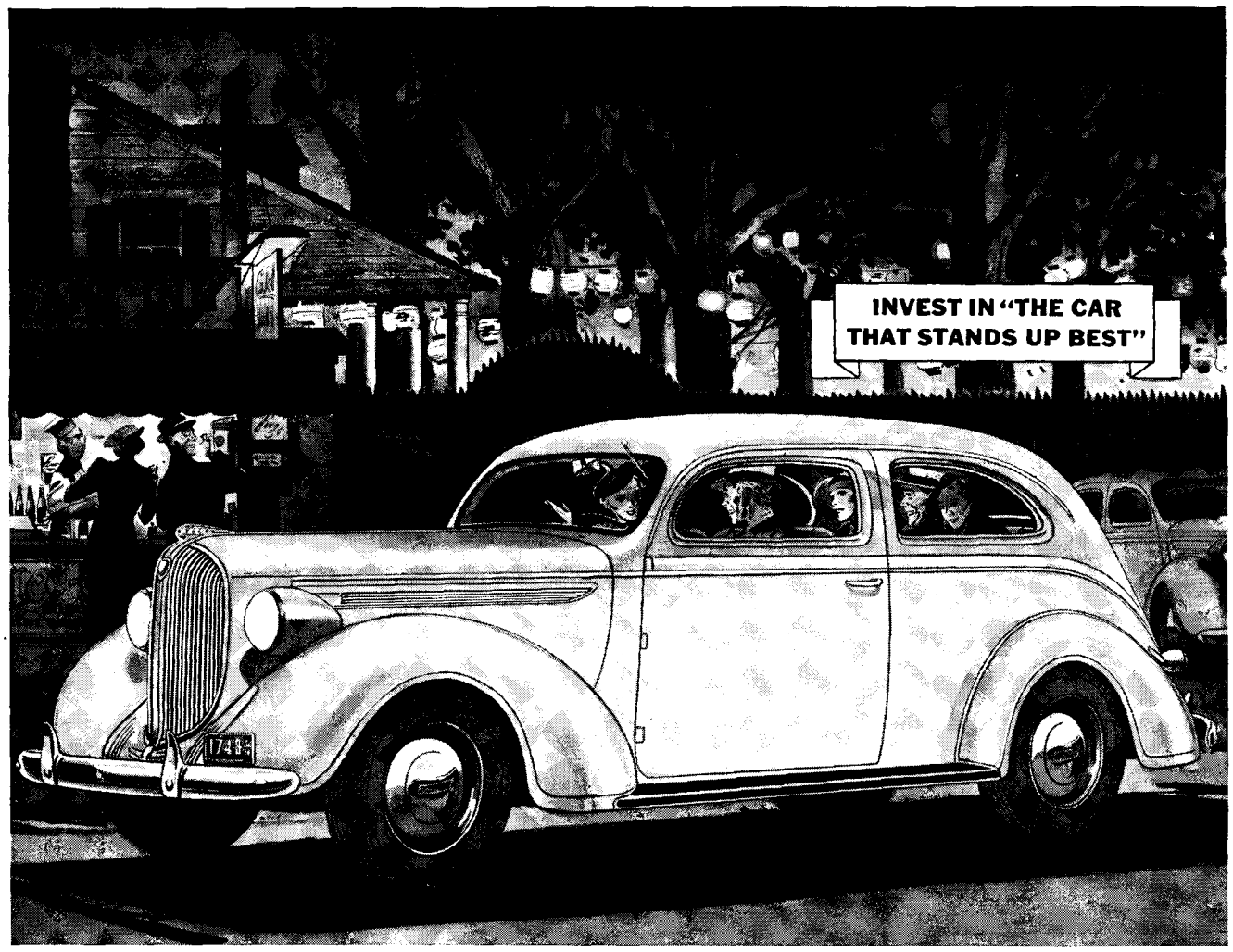
PLYMOUTH "Roadking"

THIS BIG, FAST-SELLING PLYMOUTH IS THE "RIDE" SENSATION OF THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

The Plymouth "Roadking" has new faster steering... new easier handling...new comfort features.

Of the leading lowest-priced cars, the "Roadking" is nearly 7" longer than one; over 10" longer than the other.

The Plymouth "Roadking's" big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine gives you outstanding economy without sacrifice of power.



IT'S TODAY'S AUTOMOBILE NEWS...the big Plymouth "Roadking" is winning new friends by the thousands...because it has a ride unequalled in the lowest-price field... because it *combines* power with economy... and because it's "the biggest package."

Get behind the wheel of this big Plymouth "Roadking"...enjoy the extra comfort of airplane-type shock absorbers, "live" rubber body mountings, "radio studio" soundproofing. *This amazing ride* has the whole automobile world talking!

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a *large proportion* of Plymouth's *low delivered price*...with the balance in surprisingly *low monthly instalments*.

Get the *most* for *low price*...see this popular Plymouth "Roadking" at your nearby Plymouth dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

"I GOT MORE THAN I EXPECTED"

"I'd heard that the lowest-priced cars cost about the same," says Mr. Walter W. Busch, Maplewood, N.J., "but I hadn't realized the Plymouth 'Roadking' is such a big car, or that it has such a wonderful ride. I'm glad I investigated, and I'm glad I bought one!"

PLYMOUTH "Roadking" $685

5-PASSENGER SEDAN

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING" THE "DE LUXE"

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Next Week

IT WAS Zorelik, the movie magnate, who started it. He believed Dr. Patrick O'Sheel had saved his life. That made Pat famous. But when Lady Cynthia got the same idea, it was the beginning of the end. Nobody realized it at first. O'Sheel seemed a sort of messiah with a highball in one hand and a scalpel in the other. Hollywood took him to its heart.

And then one night at a party the highball glass fell out of his hand. Still no one paid any attention. But O'Sheel knew what that meant. "Hollywood Doctor," by Budd Wilson Schulberg, shows you how he met the crisis of his career.

"COME Ahead, Adolf" is the cheerful title of Martha Gellhorn's report from Czechoslovakia. Collier's sent Miss Gellhorn abroad to find out about this tiny republic that, alone in Europe, dared to call the Nazi bluff. She has talked to the peasants on the frontier, cultivating their fields between the concrete pillboxes; she has seen the munitions works and the airplane factories and has heard the plans of Czechoslovakia's brilliant and determined soldiers. Next week she gives you a vivid picture of the serene self-reliance with which the people of this country, longing in their hearts for peace, prepare to fight to the death, if need be, in defense of their liberty.

THE Peak district of Derbyshire is famous for its haunted houses. Well up on the list stands Laley Old Place, celebrated for the Laley Minstrel, who used to herald any death in the family. The reappearance of this sinister visitant brought Bazarada down to investigate, accompanied by the beautiful Laroo. "Death in the King's Room," by Sax Rohmer, is a record of the visit—to be read before midnight.

HOWLS of protest from the nursery are going to grow fewer and fewer from now on. The reason is—a school for parents. That means the old man too. When there are enough of these schools scattered around and about, only the very meanest of our children will emit so much as a whimper. "White-Collar Babies," by Maxine Davis, describes them.

WILLIAM FAY contributes the history of "The Merry Meatball," a fighter whose heart was much bigger than his head, but who made the grade anyway. Edward L. McKenna, Dale Clark, Jim Marshall, Kathleen Norris, Freling Foster, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Inez Wallace and others complete the list. With your best interests at heart.

Collier's

July 30, 1938

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FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

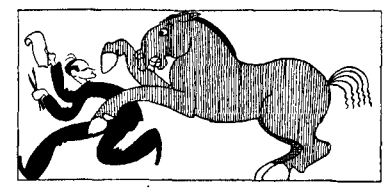
Any Week

SOMEWHAT belatedly Mr. Leigh Lucas of New York City informs us that the article we published about the sweepstakes ticket racket merely confirmed his veteran suspicion that life's scarcely worth while. For many years Mr. Lucas has invested in sweepstakes tickets, winning nothing but the scorn of his wife. "I ask for but little," says Mr. Lucas. "I don't want the first prize. All I want is enough money to buy an ambulance. I don't even want a chauffeur for it. My wife can drive. But I would like to have an ambulance to ride to work in every day and return home in. Also, it would be nice to make week-end trips in. I have no longer any interest in scenery, having seen it all. Therefore, I should prefer to ride lying down, reading the funnies. Also, on week-end trips I could stay in the ambulance all the time, thereby becoming a minimum of trouble to my hosts."

ABOUT this spy industry you're hearing so much about, Mr. Clyde Reese of Philadelphia is just a trifle skeptical. Mr. Reese tells us that "being a great beer drinker, I have met a great many spies in my time. I don't know why it is, but spies are great beer drinkers too, always found in large numbers in beer gardens eating salted peanuts and singing drinking songs to show you that they are just children at heart. They have always been very frank and friendly with me, showing me photographs they have taken and plans they have drawn. The other day we found a fine spy clue in a milk bottle on the doorstep of Mr. A. Raymond Raff, collector of the port of Philadelphia. Everybody, including Mr. Raff and the G-men, was surprised because that's not the kind of bottle spy clues usually come out of. But maybe spies have gone sissy too."

WE MADE a silent resolve some time ago to publish no more cracks about WPA workers. But news is news and Mr. Carl Knoedler of Chattanooga, Tennessee, reports that "the other day termites gnawed through a WPA worker's pick handle. In the resulting fall, the poor guy broke his neck. And now rubber-shod termite inspectors are tiptoeing around among all workers, spraying the pick handles but otherwise not disturbing the calm that prevails on all projects."

"I WANT," writes Mr. G. S. Duff of Welland, Ontario, "to complain about your legs. There is no excuse for them." Whereat Mr. Duff tells us that our Mr. DeZayas, illustrator, drew a Percheron horse for us with "feathers" on its legs. He adds that Percherons have no feathers. Humiliated, we continue with Mr. Duff's letter. In J. D. Ratcliff's "Pullet Paradise" it is written that Buff Orpington hens have feathers on their legs. "Buff Orpington legs," says Mr. Duff, "are as bald as the inside of an editor's head." And, to make things worse, Mrs. Jo Lembern of Fargo, North Dakota, notifies us that she is sending us a Buff Orpington which is "so old you can't eat it, so useless that only an editorial office could find employment for it."



IT SHOULD be clear, therefore, that we're a bit weak on farming. Nevertheless, we're bursting with enthusiasm for the farmers of the Peace River country in northern British Columbia. For years these settlers have implored their government to build them a road. So last year, using their own horses, scrapers and shovels, without dynamite or modern machinery, these lads started to build 150 miles of farm-to-market road. Last summer they constructed fifty-three miles of it, without cost to anyone but themselves. In Vancouver a fund of $15,000 has been raised privately to help them. With this sum (about the amount spent by the government for one mile of road) they expect to finish their heroic job.

THE situation is somewhat different in Minnesota, according to Mr. A. Borneford of Duluth. "Up here," says he, "they're promising the farmers concrete highways right up to the silos plus free tractors, combines, seed and storage. There's a movement on now to have WPA workers put on the farms, their wages paid, of course, by the government. All the farm owner will have to do is to get out of bed on election day. He won't even have to worry about prices because they're promising him that the government will buy his crop, nor fret about his taxes because they're telling him that if he'll vote Democratic he won't have to pay any."

HAND us that plow. W. D.

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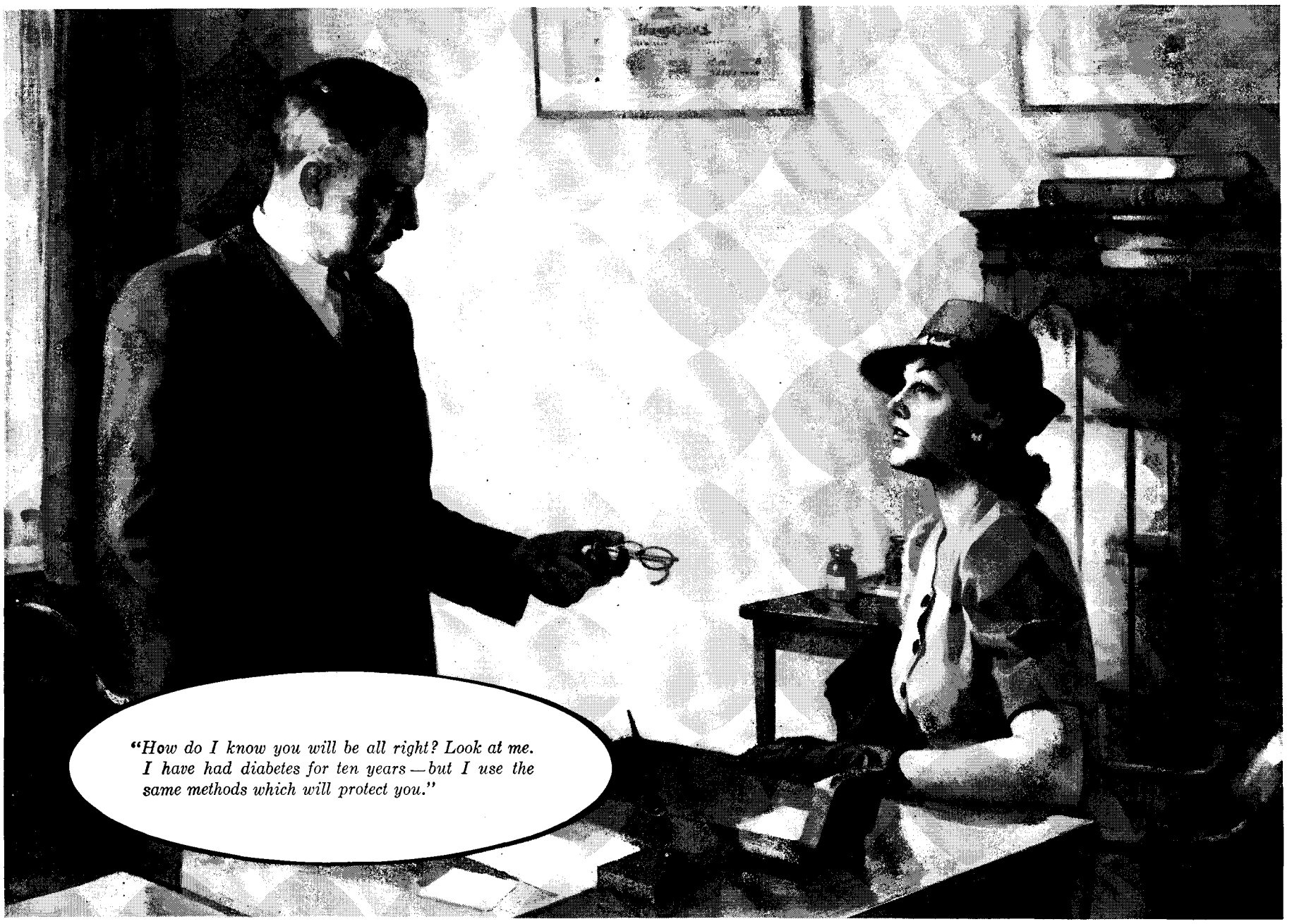
Few Doctors Die of Diabetes


"How do I know you will be all right? Look at me. I have had diabetes for ten years—but I use the same methods which will protect you."

Few doctors who have diabetes die of the disease. Why? Because they know how to keep it under control.

Insulin is the great modern defense against death from diabetes. It is now so dependable that many doctors feel justified in promising adult diabetic patients almost as long a life with the disease as without it. With insulin, a diabetic child can grow, study and play with other children on nearly even terms.

Diabetes is more frequent among middle-aged, overweight persons and those in whose family there is a history of the disease. But many people predisposed to diabetes may escape it by keeping underweight through correct diet and exercise.

A neglected mild case of diabetes is apt to become severe, while the severe case, carefully treated, usually does not progress. There are more than a hundred thousand persons in this country with mild diabetes who need insulin but do not take it. Many of these diabetics prefer to risk the consequences rather than have three or four injections of insulin each day. They no longer have this reason for endangering their lives.

A new form of insulin—protamine insulin—injected once daily is effective in treating the majority of mild cases—and at first most cases are mild.

Many unnecessary deaths among diabetics are the result of coma or infections. They might be avoided if the doctor's orders regarding insulin, diet and exercise are heeded.

The usual reward for obedience to the doctor's orders is added years of comfort and of life. Doctors know this, and that is why few of them die of diabetes.

Send for the Metropolitan free booklet "Diabetes" which tells some of the symptoms and describes how to guard against the disease. Address Booklet Department 838-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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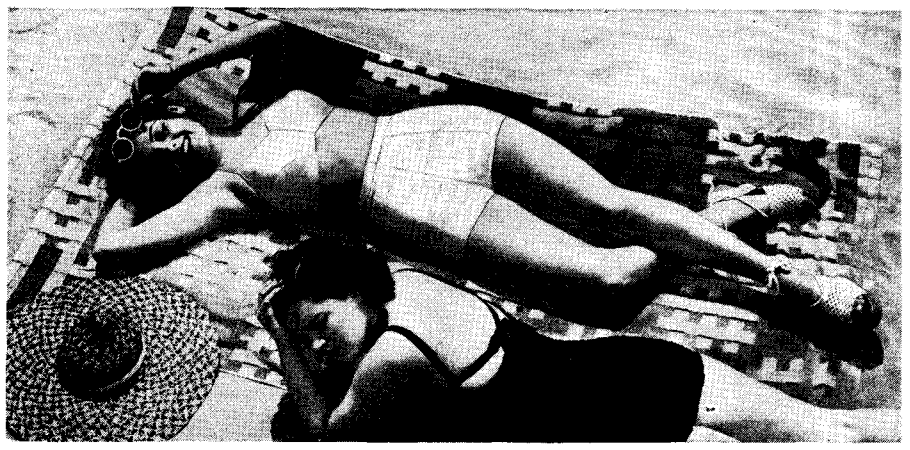
For a quick come-back —take Sal Hepatica!



GWEN: It's the same nasty, logy headache that spoiled my vacation last year! I remember I took a laxative, but by the time the sickish feeling had gone, I was left out of everything.

MARY: But that won't happen this vacation—for this time you're taking Sal Hepatica.

GWEN: You mean—Sal Hepatica's different?

MARY: Right! Thousands of doctors recommend Sal Hepatica—because it's not only quick acting, yet gentle, but it also counteracts gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

MARY: Sa-ay, Gwen, you're surely the Glamour Girl tonight.

GWEN: Thanks to you, darling, and that bubbling drink of Sal Hepatica. You certainly gave me the secret of a fast come-back!

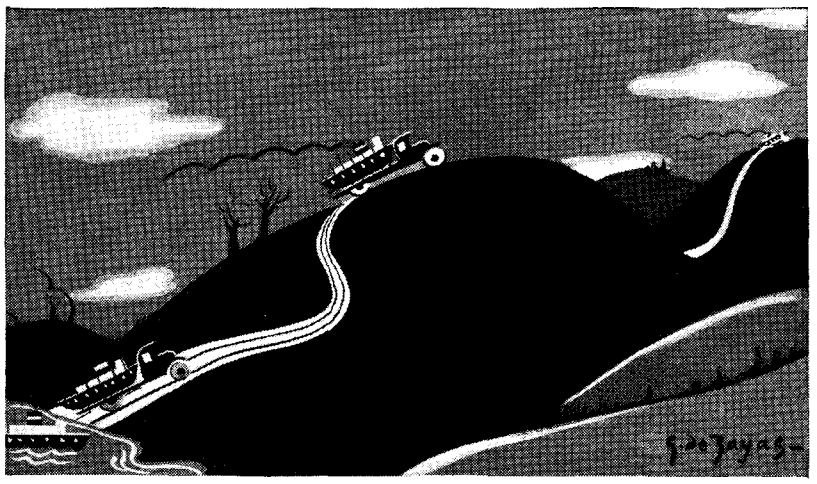
Get a bottle at your druggist's today

Brighten your Summer with

SAL HEPATICA

a sparkling mineral salt laxative that counteracts gastric acidity, too.

TUNE IN every Wednesday night at 9 EDST, for the "TOWN HALL BIG GAME HUNT"



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

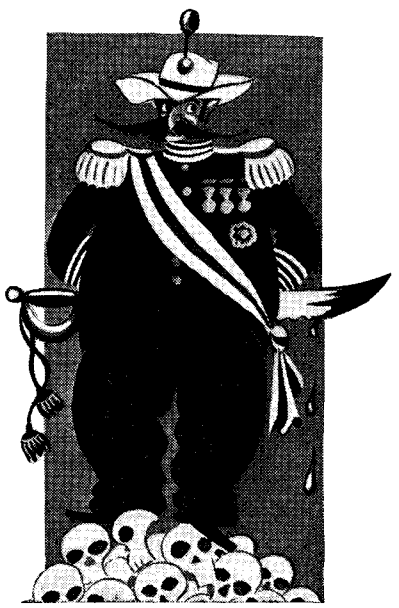
By Freling Foster

A unique steamship service operates between the East Prussian towns of Elbing and Deutsch-Eylau, a distance of forty miles. Part of the trip is made on a canal and part on a railroad, whose specially designed trucks pick up the little vessels and quickly carry them over four long hills. These "hill-climbing boats" have rendered unnecessary the construction of twenty locks.

The late John Philip Sousa, famous bandmaster and composer, is believed to be the only American who invented a professionally used musical instrument — the sousaphone—and had it named in his honor.—*By Ruth Farmer, North Quincy, Massachusetts.*

At the present time, more than 50,000 Americans lose their Social Security cards each month and write for duplicates to the board in Baltimore.—*By John S. McKown, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

Few tyrants have equaled Francisco Lopez, the president of Paraguay who waged war on his three peaceful neighbors — Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina—between 1864 and 1870. During this period, the 300,000 men of his country were reduced to 28,000, a tragedy from which Paraguay still suffers. Lopez also flogged his sisters, murdered his brothers and, an hour before he was killed, signed the death warrant of his mother.



Tapestry weavers are obliged to watch the progress of their work in mirrors, as a tapestry has to be woven from the back. The weaver checks his work in a mirror facing the front of the fabric.

Since the destruction of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem in 70 A. D., the dew that condenses on the Wailing Wall has been considered, by superstitious people, to be tears shed in sympathy with the Jewish mourners.

The only person who ever played a part on the screen that she had played in real life in a famous historical event was Madame Ada Bodart. In 1915 she underwent much questioning by German army officers about her friend Nurse Edith Cavell. In 1927 she played the part of herself in the British film "Dawn," which was the story of this English nurse who was executed for having helped Allied soldiers escape from Belgium.

In Burma the journey of a teak tree from forest to mill requires an incredibly long time. First the tree has to be girdled and dried, and then dragged to and floated down 1,200 miles of river to Rangoon, a job that has been known to take as long as twenty-five years.

Long before horseshoes were nailed over doors and on the bows of ships to ward off bad luck, the design had a religious significance in various parts of the Orient. In the Rajputana region of India today, there still stand several Hindu temples built in the shape of a horseshoe.

When a Moslem prays, at five certain times each day, he not only has to assume seventeen various postures in their proper order but he also has to recite the particular set of prayers designated for the specific hour and repeat them the prescribed number of times. Furthermore, any wandering of the eyes or mind, or sneezing or coughing, vitiates the prayer and the worshiper has to start over again.

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HE TAKES HIS DANGER DELIBERATELY

Fully aware of his risk, this daring rock-climber feels that the thrill is worth it.

But who would knowingly ride on unsafe tires?

Protect yourself and your family. Choose Fisk Safti-Flight—"America's Safest Tire"—the tire with the flexible, fast-stopping tread. The inserts of soft white rubber are deeper than the ribs themselves. They give the tread a non-skid and stopping efficiency which does not have to be periodically renewed . . . because it is *built in.*

Try Safti-Flights for yourself. Until you have experienced the sure control and the feeling of absolute safety they give you on the wettest road, you don't know how enjoyable driving can be.

THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

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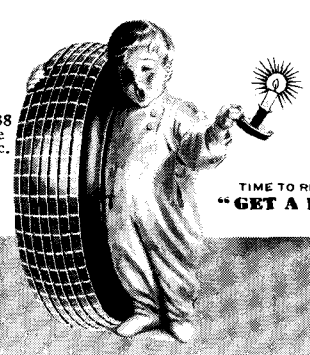

FISK

PLUS-*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★★ PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

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THE TELEPHONE BRIDGE TO VACATIONLAND

COSTS LESS AT NIGHT OR ON SUNDAY

Long Distance provides a quick, convenient bridge between you and your vacation—regardless of where you're going.

You can call ahead to make hotel reservations—to find out whether friends will be home—to learn about roads, canoes and camp sites.

After you get there, you can keep in touch with home or office, avoid worry, and enjoy your vacation *more*.

And if you leave the family at lakeside or seashore while you go back to town, Long Distance will help make the silent house seem much less lonely.

The toll on Long Distance bridge has been repeatedly reduced in recent years. It's low during the day and still lower after seven every evening and all day Sunday. See the sample rates below—and then try a sample!

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

HERE'S HOW LITTLE IT COSTS TO TELEPHONE:

BETWEEN	AND	STATION-TO-STATION★ Week-day	STATION-TO-STATION★ Night and Sunday
WASHINGTON, D.C.	ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.	$ .65	$ .40
NEW YORK	PROVINCETOWN, MASS.	.85	.55
LOS ANGELES	TUCSON, ARIZ.	1.40	.85
KANSAS CITY	COLORADO SPRINGS	1.70	1.05
CLEVELAND	BAR HARBOR, ME.	2.20	1.35
CHICAGO	GLACIER NATIONAL PARK	3.75	2.25
NEW ORLEANS	RAINIER NATIONAL PARK	5.50	3.75

★*3-minute station to-station rates. Reduced rates are in effect from 7 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. every night and all day Sunday.*

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The girl was left standing there alone in the center of the floor, and she looked helplessly about her

One-Night Stand

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

One girl, one song, and the things that seven short years can do to a man who would not let himself forget them

THERE were only the two men and the girl left in the dining car. For two hours they had been poring over the orchestrations that were scattered before them, and now, as Russ Andrews wearily straightened his shoulders and glanced out the window, he realized that the train was losing speed.

"We'll be there in a few minutes," he said. "I think I'll go back to the car and get cleaned up."

Ann looked at him. "What time do we get in?" she asked. Her voice was low and steady; it fitted with the blue eyes.

"Nine on the nose. The dance is in the new gym." Russ hesitated, glancing at his arranger. "Tell the boys it will be white tie, Sleepy."

"For a college hop?" Sleepy sounded dubious.

"Sure," said Russ, "everyone at my alma mater wears tails. Whether they can afford them or not."

The girl's eyes followed Russ as he made his way down the aisle. He had nice regular features and crisp dark hair and when he smiled he looked almost like the billboards. To band bookers he was a "name" and meant fat guarantees and big grosses, and to the public Russ Andrews meant good dance music and to Ann McHugh he meant . . .

"Snap out of it," said Sleepy, not unkindly. His drooping eyes were on the girl's and as she colored faintly he chuckled. She was a nice kid. When she had first joined the band her voice had been on the torchy side and there had been a little too much lipstick, but that was two years ago. Today she was as smooth as Russ Andrews' music. Her voice had been properly grooved and there was just enough make-up and no more.

"You think I'm silly, don't you, Sleepy?" she said.

"Sure," he said amiably; "but aren't we all? Russ is a nice guy, honey, but he's not our union. I've been with him five years and I know that he thinks girls are just words you fit in the lyrics. It's always the business angle with Russ." Sleepy sighed as he gathered up the orchestrations. "Making all this fuss over a Joe Dance!"

"It means more than just a college dance to him," Ann said slowly. "It means a lot more than that, Sleepy. He graduated down here."

"Yeah," said Sleepy, "but do you ever hear him mention it?" He shook his head. "He knows you can't eat a diploma."

Ann was silent. If Russ never mentioned a thing, why, that was that. You never asked questions. You were always remembering that if it wasn't for him you'd still be making the weary rounds of chorus tryouts. You never let yourself forget that.

Maybe that was the trouble, she thought suddenly. Maybe if she wasn't always so grateful, so impressed by his grave kindliness and manners . . .

Sleepy was on his feet, starting down the aisle.

"Come on, Toots. We got to get off soon, remember?"

RUSS had just finished shaving when he saw Martin's Hill come into view. The big white U was still blazed against its face. It stood clean and staring among the fading foliage of the hillside.

"It hasn't changed," he thought. And then, because he was still young and sometimes liked to remember that he was famous and his name meant something in lights, he said aloud: "Russ Andrews plays another one-nighter!"

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"I didn't use my head," Tommy Baxter said. "I should have stayed in my own league." "That's *right*," Russ said. He hit him then, and Baxter went crashing into the bar

He laughed at that, thinking that it sounded like a line from Variety but the laugh was neither as young nor as pleasant as it might have been. He was finally coming back to the U and, while he had succeeded, he still knew he wouldn't belong.

Russ Andrews had never belonged. He had never had more than the most casual acquaintance with the boys whose fathers were sending them through school. He had simply been a scholarship man in a polo-playing university. Fellows who brought smooth girls to the Big Game and house parties hadn't any reason for knowing a boy who was a music major, a plainly dressed boy who was always hurrying to play some dingy one-night stand.

But tonight would be different. Tonight he would be Russ Andrews playing the Homecoming Dance for a guarantee of two thousand dollars. And, tonight, he would see her again.

Every man knows there are some girls, as there are songs, that you can't forget. But it was more than that with Russ. It was just one girl and her name was Linda.

Suddenly he was nervous, surprisingly unsure of himself. So much could happen, had happened, in seven years. His senior year he had been playing first sax in Ned Brown's band. Just One More Chance had been popular then. Crosby had been one of the Rhythm Boys and they had made a swell recording of Mississippi Mud. Those had been the hit pieces. And there had been one other, too— If I Could Be with You. Linda had liked that.

IT HAD been his own Senior Prom when it happened. He was up there on the stand, end man in the reed section, and Ned Brown had been white and nervous. It was Ned's first bid to play a local prom and it had meant a lot to him. At the other end of the gym a famous name band was holding forth. Ned and his crew took the alternate groups. That way there was continuous dancing.

It was almost midnight when Russ first saw the girl. She was dancing with a chunky boy in well-tailored tails and he was tight and she looked unhappy.

Russ was just leaving the stand (it was intermission) when he saw the chunky boy suddenly go white and lurch away. The girl was left standing there alone in the center of the floor and she looked helplessly about her.

"Can I help you?" Russ asked.

She looked at him then and he saw that she was even younger than he had thought. "Thank you," she said. "I wanted to find the cloak room. I—I wanted to get my wrap."

She had a lovely voice and maybe it was his loneliness and maybe it was the girl, but his heart told him that she was as lovely as the music in her voice. He stared at her so long that she colored faintly and looked away.

"You don't really want to leave, do you?" he blurted.

"Well—" she began hesitantly and then he took her arm before she could finish and he missed the quick, sidelong glance. "Come on," he said eagerly, "we can have a glass of punch while I give you six reasons why you shouldn't leave now."

She laughed softly and he felt so sure and confident at that laugh that he could hardly believe this was Russ Andrews. Imagine him walking across a prom floor with a smooth girl! With a girl—not just watching her from the stand.

So after a while they found themselves on one of the old benches outside the gymnasium and he was talking to her as if he had known her always; as if it had been he who brought her to this dance.

"I'm in finishing school," she said. "I'll be through next year."

"I'll be through next week," Russ said. "I'll be through and glad of it. I'm never coming back."

The clear young eyes mirrored her surprise and he almost told her what it meant to be working your way through the wrong school. Of how it felt to pass the same men every day for four years and always to feel that they were strangers.

But you couldn't tell a girl, even the right one, all those things the first time. You had to wait.

"You're different," she said softly, "and I think I rather like it."

"I hope so," said Russ. "I'd want it to be that way. You see, that's the way I feel about you, too."

She liked that and her eyes showed it. "This is nice," she said. "All these dances are always the same and then you meet someone who, well—"

Then, without his ever quite understanding how, she was in his arms and he was kissing her. Warm young lips that were sweetly parted. After a moment she drew away and they were silent. Inside the gym the name band was playing once more and they could hear the music. It was If I Could Be with You.

"I LIKE that," she said. "It just fits."

"Let's dance," he said suddenly. "Let's have this one dance anyway."

She danced beautifully.

"Do you know you haven't even asked me my name?" she said.

"It came too fast," he said. "I'd even forgotten that people had names."

She laughed at that and told him it was Linda Baxter and that her brother, Tommy, was in his class.

"Mine's Russ Andrews," he said. "My folks live upstate."

She seemed surprised when he didn't say more about them.

"I can't think of anything to say," he said. "All I can think of is that I have to see you again."

She only hesitated a moment. "Why don't you take me home?" Linda said. "We could leave now."

He glanced down the floor and saw that Ned Brown and the boys were already going on the stand at the other end of the gym. He'd only have a minute. "I could meet you right after the dance," Russ said. "That is, if you wouldn't mind waiting a minute at the door."

Her eyes widened and he was going to explain when suddenly her chubby escort was there beside them and, though his face was still white and perspiring, Russ could see that he was better. He recognized him then. It was Charley Benson.

Benson nodded unsteadily and looked past him and at the girl. "May I cut?"

Russ could feel Linda freeze in his arms and he spoke hastily. "Maybe you'd better," he said to her. "I'll meet you after the dance."

Benson stared at him. "So?" And then, to the girl: "I didn't know you were going in for musicians, Linda."

Linda's voice was faintly edged: "Don't try to be clever, Charley. I thought you knew Mr. Andrews. He's in your class."

(Continued on page 35)

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Lamb of Wall Street

By John T. Flynn

Meet the first paid president of the New York Stock Exchange, a power in finance at thirty-one

IT CAN happen here.

In fact anything can.

After all, when the members of the New York Stock Exchange go through a successful revolution anything can happen.

But it's more surprising than that. For in that temple of conservatism, white whiskers and moss, they have elected a thirty-one-year-old youth as president of the Exchange.

Some of the old gentlemen are still sitting around a little dazed and wondering just what has happened and how. A few of them have fled to the comfortable chairs of the Union League Club to think it all out while the youngster who has been named to head the governors has had to put away his tennis rackets, give up his classes at Columbia and knuckle down to the brass tacks of introducing a new brand of civilization into the sadly beleaguered temple of money and power at Broad and Wall.

His name is William McChesney Martin, Jr.

He is the youngest member of the Board of Governors. He has no powerful banking connections. He scarcely knows even by sight many of the once great bigwigs of Wall Street. He is not even a member of a New York brokerage firm. He does business in a small one-room office. He does not own a penthouse on Park Avenue, a summer place at Bar Harbor and a winter refuge in Florida. He lives in one room in the Yale Club. He is the first of his type ever to head the New York Stock Exchange, but he is probably the first head of that institution who really knows what it is all about.

It is a strange land, this Wall Street of today, looked at against the Wall Street of 1929. Then billions were flowing into it from every quarter of the globe begging for the privilege of being loaned out to keep the fires of speculation burning. Today the frightened dollars flee from its inhospitable offices. Over 275 of its 1929 members—a fourth—have sold their seats, and those seats, once worth $600,000, now go begging at one tenth the price.

And it is out of this crisis in the history of the great bourse and this bewilderment that this studious and thoughtful youth, full of ideals and high purposes, emerges as the leader.

Martin was born in St. Louis and educated at Yale, from which he graduated in 1928. In 1929, when the great stock-market crash came and when Richard Whitney was striding out on the floor of the Exchange bidding 205 for U. S. Steel to stem the rising storm of liquidation, young Bill Martin was pushing a pencil in the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis as a clerk at $67.50 a month.

In Yale he had majored in English and Latin, which was not at all odd since his father had been a professor of Latin. Early in his married life the elder Martin, while teaching Latin, had taken a course in law, hoping to improve his economic condition. An old St. Louis banker who knew him formed the habit of asking occasional advice of the young professor and was so well pleased with the sapient answers that he urged him to give up professoring and enter the bank as a legal adviser. He did. He rose later to be a bank president himself, and when Woodrow Wilson organized the Federal Reserve System he was named as head of the Reserve Bank in St. Louis, a post he holds to this day.

So when the son got back to St. Louis from Yale he got a small job in the bank-examination department of the Reserve Bank.

He did not, however, have any designs upon preferment in the banking world. He had about made up his mind that he wanted to teach—probably economics. And very soon he got a better job as a statistician with a brokerage house at $100 a month and proceeded to take some night courses looking toward one day getting a Ph.D. degree.

Stockbroker Collegian

The firm he went with was that of A. G. Edwards & Co., a well-known and highly respected brokerage house in St. Louis. Its clients were security buyers in that general neighborhood. Mr. Edwards was a member of the New York Stock Exchange and spent a great deal of his time in New York representing his house on the floor. Martin began to spend a good deal of time with investment figures and data. Those figures fascinated him. This was in 1930 and 1931 when things were looking pretty black for investors and most of them were at sea. Martin had some good breaks in giving good advice and in a very short time he had earned a small local reputation for sound judgment in finances. Then in 1931, as the stock market moved down and business grew thinner, Mr. Edwards decided he wanted to give up his seat on the Exchange and commit the work to a younger man. He called Martin in and suggested that the seat be transferred to his name and that Martin go to New York to handle the firm's business on the Exchange floor.

Edwards pointed out to Martin that his hours would be short—those of a floor member, from 10 to 3—and this would leave him plenty of time to go forward with his studies for a Ph.D. at Columbia. In other words, he held out to Martin the prospect of working his way through college as a member of the New York Stock Exchange. This decided Martin and he made his appearance in New York and on the floor of the Exchange as the representative of Edwards & Co., in 1931, as prosperity moved further away around that famous corner.

He lost no time arranging to begin classes at Columbia looking toward a Ph.D. degree. It is probable that he planned to teach in some college. Instead, in that brief span, he rose slowly up through the brokerage offices to become the head of the Exchange. This bespectacled young man sitting behind the desk of the president of the Exchange in that high-ceilinged, paneled office where so many ponderous and heavy-jowled old tycoons of the old order sat in state tells in one swift glance of the force and power of the wind that blew through this great building last May.

Martin looks for all the world like any of those personable young men you see around a tennis court in summer tournaments on Long Island. And why not? He is one of them. Every summer up to now he has done his vacationing by going from one tennis tournament to another. He is a first-class operator with a tennis racket, can put up a good game against the ranking stars and has been good enough to get into the national championships for several years.

William McChesney Martin, Jr., president of the New York Stock Exchange

He plays tennis for exercise and because he likes sports. He is a baseball fan and turns to the sports pages of the morning paper perhaps ahead of the financial department. He bristles with statistics on the national game and knows the weight, age, history and batting average of all the pitchers. He used to play golf and I have heard it said that he once held some Midwestern championship.

A Hat for the President

He belongs to that generation of youths who learned how to go around without a hat. And Martin carried this independence so far that he occasionally went around without a coat. When he was elected chairman and acting president of the Stock Exchange, the governors' committee that informed him of his election told him solemnly that there was one condition he would have to meet. Martin said he was prepared to meet any reasonable conditions.

"Well," they said, "after this you will have to wear a hat." He has bought one and dutifully uses it.

There is one characteristic of the new chairman that will have to be reckoned with. Unlike most young Americans of his generation he is profoundly religious. In fact at Yale he seriously considered a career in the church. This explains his majoring in Latin and English. But Martin takes his religion seriously. He is a Presbyterian and goes regularly each week to Dr. McComb's Broadway Presbyterian Church. He is a fundamentalist and remains severely away from those more modern forms among the Presbyterians that have been popularized by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. And he has ideas on the subject of ethics, with religion as a basis for his code rather than the herd or utilitarian standards of modern moral philosophers. Some of these standards must have gotten a pretty severe jolt when he began to see and understand what was going on on the floor of the Exchange. Certainly they had a very important bearing on the views he developed and the groups he began to side with.

But Martin is not a sanctimonious person. He keeps his religion pretty much to himself and for his own guidance. He is an inveterate theatergoer, never misses a show on Broadway, and has been known once or twice to make up one of a group to act as angel to a production. However, his theatergoing reveals a streak of old-fashioned thrift. He buys his tickets at Gray's Cut-Rate ticket office and frequently sits in the balcony. His usual routine when he goes to the theater is a seat bought at Gray's and after that a plate of beans at the Automat.

Unlike most of the men who have their being around Wall Street he is a Democrat, voted for Roosevelt at least in 1932, and does not spend his time singing hymns of hatred of the New Deal. This does not mean he approves. It means merely that he has not let it poison his own thinking.

But while Martin enjoys his tennis game and his theater he is essentially a

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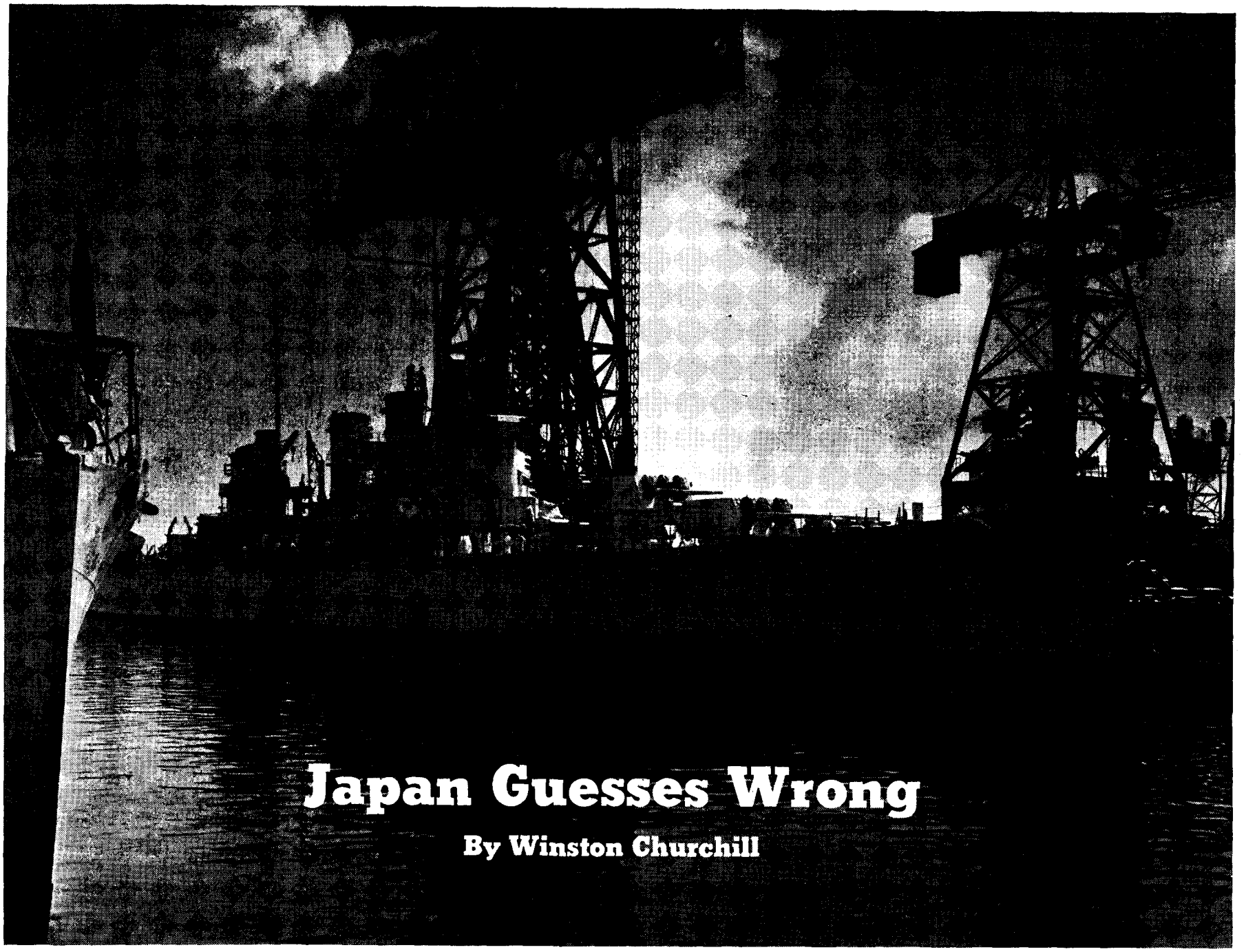
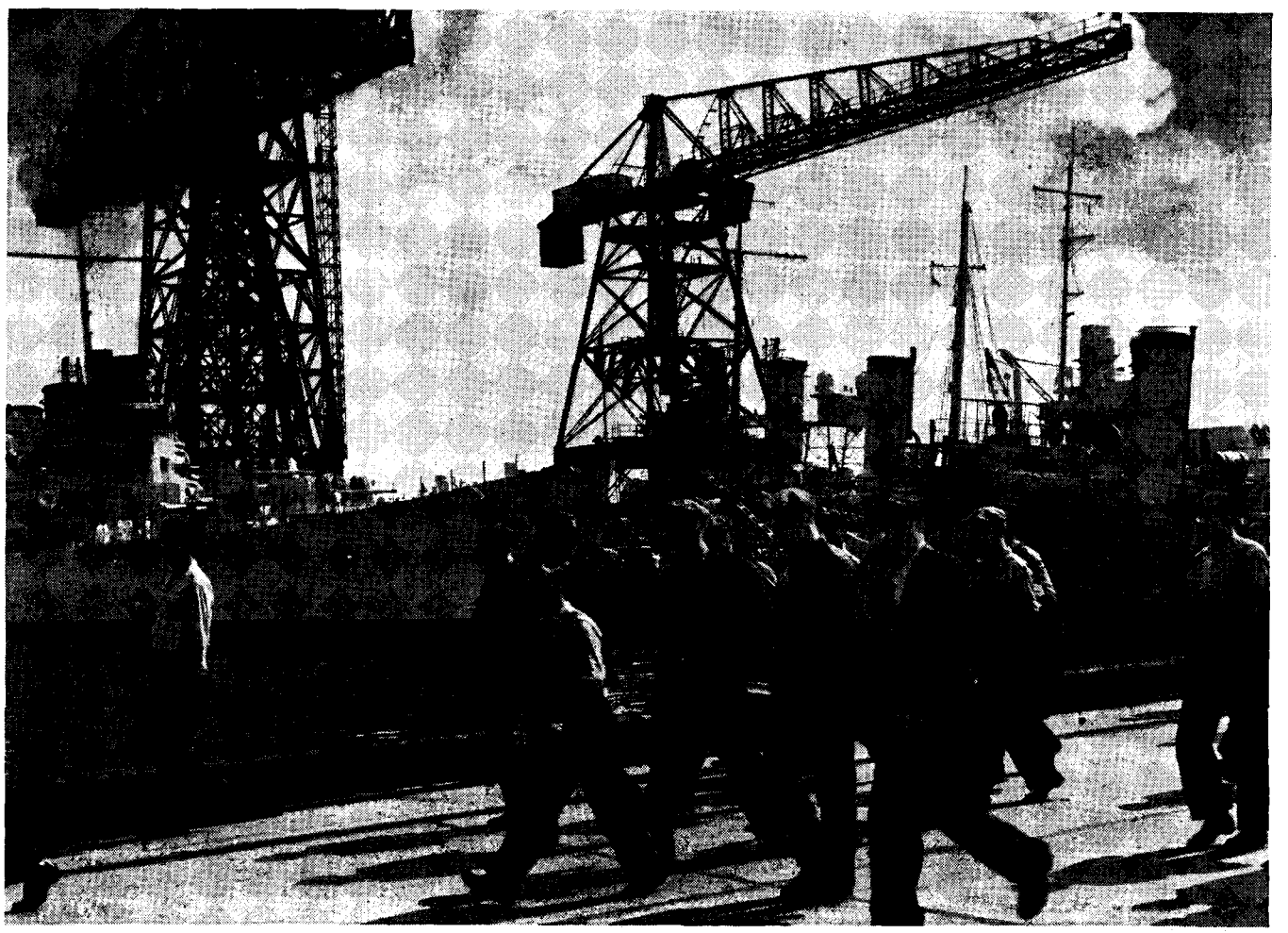


Japan Guesses Wrong

By Winston Churchill

THE Japanese government has refused to contradict the allegation that it is building battleships of over 35,000 tons. In consequence, the British and the United States admiralties have invoked the Escalator Clause, and are free to build capital ships of whatever tonnage and of whatever cannon they may desire. This decision has been taken with pious regrets but with a strong underlying alacrity by the two English-speaking naval powers. They have absolutely nothing to do with each other, but their minds were moving on parallel lines and they both came simultaneously to the conclusion that they should agree to free themselves from their mutually imposed treaty restrictions about the size of battleships.

Some people say, loud and often, that we are launched upon another naval race. Certainly it is not a naval race between our two countries. We have for many years abandoned all rivalry. But there was a foolish epoch in which Americans were trying to cut down British warship building and the British were arguing with the United States delegation about the exact interpretation of "parity." That crazy time is over. Nothing resulted from it except that the two peace-keeping powers nagged each other as far as possible, and the pirate powers took the fullest advantage of their stupidity. Now these follies have been discarded. The only question asked in England about the American Navy is whether it is strong enough; and the United States government has, for some time, ceased to be at all distressed by



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any British building, which is evidently warranted by conditions in Europe or in the Pacific Ocean. The two English-speaking peoples are not building against each other but only against "third-party risks."

Much nonsense is talked about a new naval race. With whom is the race to be? There is no race between Great Britain and the United States except a certain feeling that each country should do its part in securing adequate sea power for its own parliamentary democracy. There cannot be any possibility of a naval race with Japan.

I was shown the other day some figures of the consuming power of various countries in steel. The "consuming power of steel" means all that capacity to convert steel, whether home-produced or imported, into instrumentalities of peace or war. The steel-consuming power of Great Britain is in the neighborhood of 16 million tons per annum, that of Japan is between 3 and 4 millions and the steel-consuming power of the United States is 54 millions! From this last of course a great deduction must be made, because a continent has to be supplied with all its requirements. But these figures tend to show the scale of the various "resources," and also how very absurd it is to talk of a naval race between the United States and Japan.

Japan was very fortunate in the Washington Naval Agreement. She was then accorded by both the great sea powers the ratio of five-five-three. This was very much better than she could possibly do for herself in open competition. The Washington Treaty was an enormous concession to Japan. It was, in fact, a promise, on behalf of two very powerful countries, to slow down their naval construction to limits that gave Japan a chance to walk along with them. When the Japanese government talks about the humiliating status of being an inferior naval power prescribed by the Washington Naval Treaty for their country, they overlook the fact that in no other way but by the strict observance of this treaty could they obtain so satisfactory a basis for their home defense. Yet they are the people who have now quitted the sheltered area that the treaty accorded them, and plunged out upon competition with organisms of vastly more potential strength.

Japan Looks at Democracies

The reason why the Japanese have abandoned the artificial favor and protection of the Washington Treaty is because they believe that neither the British nor the United States has the manhood and national resolve to make the necessary financial and other sacrifices. They admire the mental virility and ruthless airs of Germany and Italy. They thought, quite sincerely, that neither of the English-speaking states would take the trouble and spend the money necessary to outbuild them. They looked upon us as fat, rich, talkative, effete nations, sliding down the slope to Bolshevism and devoid of the moral and mental strength to arm ourselves properly. They were very deeply convinced of this; but perhaps they may be wrong.

It is not altogether surprising that they should have been misled by the prominence of pacifist doctrines in the United States and Britain since the war, and have attributed to them a depth that they did not possess. There is, it must be admitted, a certain air of humbug about the verbiage in which we are accustomed to wrap our decisions. If either the United States or Great Britain wishes to build a warship it begins by setting up a most melancholy howl about the great horrors of war. Then follow fervid protestations about their unquenchable love of peace. After this has gone on for some time they vote the money and start driving the rivets. All the while they keep assuring themselves, and explaining to others, that the vessel they are building is not really a warship but a peace ship. True, as it develops, it looks like a warship: it has cannons that fire projectiles with high explosives inside them, which to the unregenerate eye might seem capable of doing harm. But the English-speaking peoples know that this would be a mistaken impression. These particular projectiles, if viewed aright, do only good when they burst and their only purpose is to spread as widely as possible peace and good will among men. It is, moreover, an undoubted truth that strong British and American navies are immense guaranties of world peace. The Japanese mind tends to lose itself in this almost metaphysical labyrinth.

Take, for example, the Italian and British defense programs of the present year. Signor Mussolini revels in his warlike strength: the greatest submarine fleet in the world; an air force incomparable for its quality and almost superhuman daring; 9,000,000 soldiers (including the children) all burning to fall upon their foes, held back only by their magnanimity and some shortage of cash and groceries. Whereas in England people go about wagging their heads dolefully: "Is not our position indeed forlorn? We are able this year to spend on our defenses only four times what a country like Italy can: we have got the money, but the contractors simply cannot earn more. Isn't it awful? Give peace in our time, O Lord!" All this is very confusing to the Japanese.

We must make allowance for this and endeavor to explain to them in a gentle and kindly manner that our day is not yet done.

Are we building the right kind of vessels? Are battleships obsolete? Are mammoth ships useless encumbrances, kept in fashion only because admirals all over the world like broad quarter-decks to walk upon? Can they not be easily sunk by a torpedo released from a motor launch, or by a bomb dropped down their funnels by a single airplane? Anyhow, when they are built would not governments and admiralties be afraid to send such enormous, costly structures to sea? Will they not remain penned up, eating their heads off, in their fortified harbors, while the sovereignty of the seas is settled by the small fry? All these questions have been vigorously debated in recent years, and the fact remains that all important naval powers are building, or trying to build, great battleships. Of course, they may all be wrong, but anyhow they will all be wrong together.

How far have the dangers of battleships worsened since the Great War? The size of torpedoes and their bursting charges have largely increased. The effect of underwater explosions must be more formidable. Submarines that fire these larger torpedoes have improved in speed and other qualities. Lastly, there is the air. On the other hand, the methods of hunting down submarines have advanced to a most remarkable degree. There is far more confidence that they can be dealt with today than there was during the World War, although even then they were decisively beaten. Hardly any ships of war were destroyed by submarines. A few old battleships were sunk at anchor during the Dardanelles operations. Three old cruisers patrolling off the Dutch coast were their victims, but I cannot recall any instance of large warships cruising under proper escort of destroyers having suffered damage from a submarine. There is nothing that should lead us to believe that submarines will be a more serious menace to the big ships now than in the World War. On the contrary, everything tends to show they will be less.

The Weakness of Aircraft

During the last two years elaborate arrangements have been made in all modern navies to deal with bombs from aircraft, and to beat off aircraft by gunfire. The two or three square miles above a British or American fleet would be the most dangerous space in the world into which aircraft could venture. They would be exposed to the concentrated fire of hundreds of guns, manned by the highest class of professional artillerists. Even if a proportion of bombs strike the vessels, these will certainly not be as damaging as the heavy shells they are expected to endure. It is confidently claimed by naval authorities that, however serious air bombing may be to unprotected and unescorted merchantmen, it will not in any serious manner affect the life and power of warships.

If any guidance can be obtained from the Spanish civil war it would seem to show that warships, even isolated, are practically immune from aircraft attack. So far as the larger torpedoes are concerned, and indeed as regards all classes of explosives, far greater resisting power can be obtained in large vessels than in small. The greater the tonnage of the battleship, the greater should be her power to beat off air attack or to endure underwater damage.

These reasons seem to justify the almost universal opinion of naval authorities in all leading countries.

It may be worth while following up the train of strategic thought that is held to justify these enormous vessels.

When I went to the Admiralty in October, 1911, charged with the duty of preparing the navy against a great approaching peril, I found that the war plan still contemplated a close blockade of the German coasts and river mouths in the North Sea. My expert advisers represented to me that it was time to change this plan and adopt instead a distant blockade. This meant placing the battle fleet at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys, hundreds of miles away from the center of German naval power in the Helgoland Bight. It meant apparently exposing the whole length of the British east coast, and consequently opening

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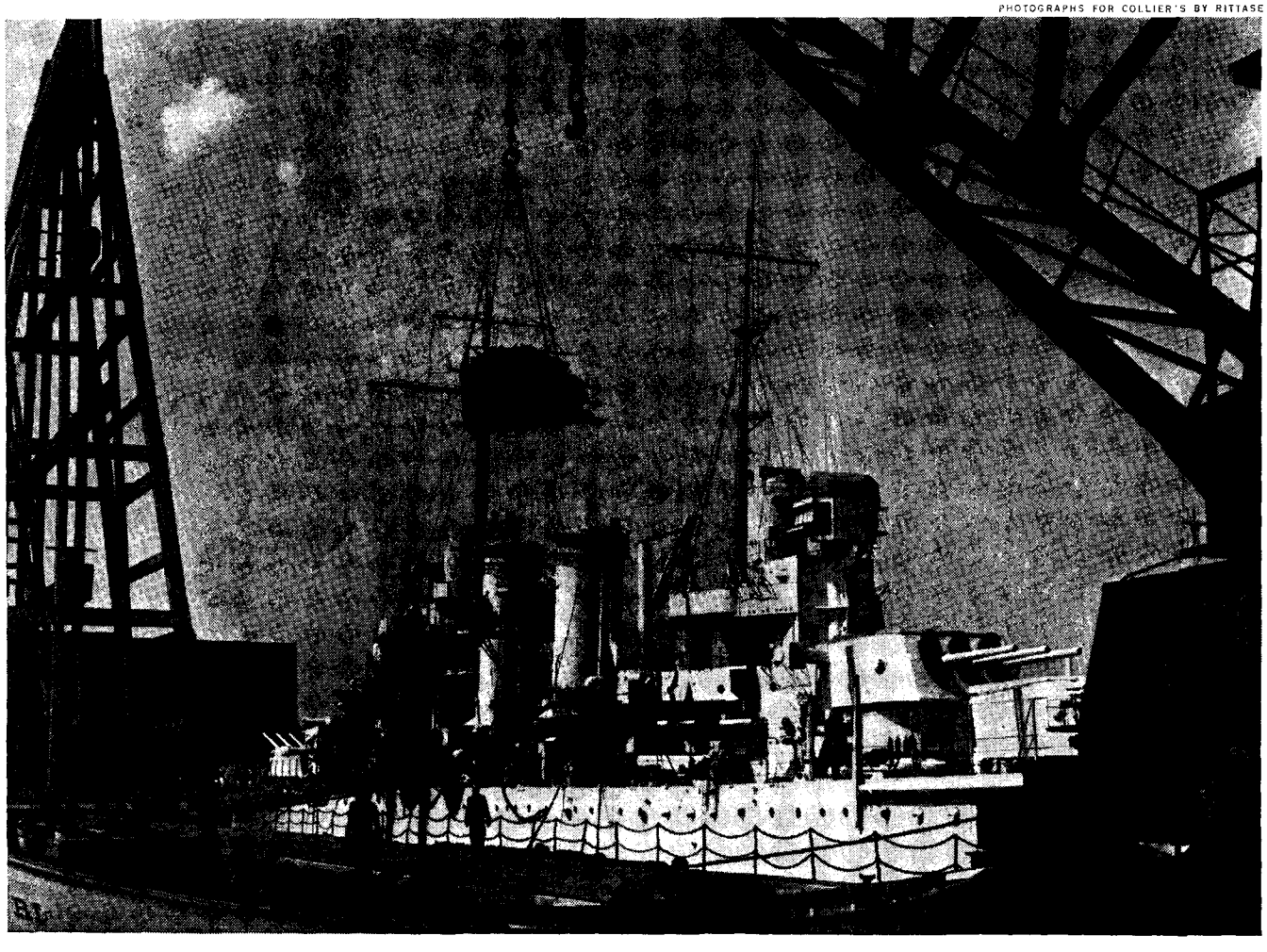
Newest additions to America's sea power are these 10,000-ton cruisers, of which nine are built or building. On the opposite page are two views of the U.S.S. Nashville and, below, the U.S.S. Philadelphia. These ships conform to 5-5-3 naval treaty limitations and cost $17,000,000 each

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RITTASE



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The Honor of the Dixie Belle

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Story Thus Far:

BOBBY LACEY'S adventures begin when his mother—wife of the wealthy Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., of St. Louis, and a distant relative of Mark Twain's—takes another country house, where, surrounded by servants, she can observe the "dear old Mississippi River."

Adventure No. 1 comes when Paw Merrihew, a kindly old riverman, introduces him to the best fishing place for miles about—an old steamboat, the Dixie Belle, in which (by angling through a hole in the boat's bottom) they have wonderful luck getting catfish!

Living on that boat stuck deep in the mud for many years are several interesting persons: "Cap'n Dan," owner of the vessel who is obsessed with the idea that a railroad, the "Q," owes him enormous damages; the pretty Lucy Hough; Mrs. J. E. B. Drumwright, a lady with a "past" and a strongly belligerent attitude toward those she does not like; and Buttinhead Adams, the Negro cook. Like Paw Merrihew, all of them are poverty-stricken; but, possessed of indomitable pride, they hold their heads high.

Mrs. Lacey disapproves of them. Likewise, Mr. Gollomb, Bobby's prissy tutor, who regards them as "simple, elemental folk" utterly devoid of "culture." In time, however, Mr. Gollomb succumbs to Lucy's charms and intimates to her that he may, possibly, make her his wife, someday. In love with Adrian Reed, a young towboat man, Lucy adopts a policy of watchful waiting, in the hope that Adrian, jealous of Mr. Gollomb, will come across with a proposal.

While Mr. Reed considers the situation, Mrs. Lacey has a housewarming week-end party. Shortly before her guests arrive, her servants desert, in a body. Whereupon, the good folk on the Dixie Belle come to the rescue and save the day by taking the vacant posts. (Subsequent events, featured by Buttinhead's butting, prove exciting; but the week end begins auspiciously.)

Under the impetus of a sudden inspiration, Mrs. Lacey rents the Dixie Belle from Cap'n Dan, and prepares to throw a party in the old wreck. Hiring a corps of decorators, she presently has the boat resembling (to use Paw Merrihew's words) *a "circus merry-go-round."* Paw is shocked, indignant; and so is Bobby. For that swell fishing hole (in the boat's grand saloon) has been boarded up and transformed into an orchestra stand!

"Kafooey on the whole world," Bobby thinks sadly. "I hope nothing but trouble happens!"

And trouble does "happen"—with a bang!

III

MY MOTHER said I could go to the party only to look on until nine o'clock. At first I thought I would be like Paw and not go near the place but then I thought maybe I should go and try to keep them from ruining the Dixie Belle worse. My mother's guests acted up exactly as I knew they would. They were all giggly and silly from drinking so much at our house and when they got to the Dixie Belle they were in no condition to go aboard a decent steamboat. They started making fun of the Dixie Belle, not seeing her keen, swift lines but all plastered up with my mother's decorations.

Mr. Higbee, the big tank that is always acting up funny, said: "There never was no sech boat as dis, honey." And Ruthie Malcolmsen that is a disgrace to society, even my mother says, acted up cute and wisecracked: "It's just a garbage scow drawn by pink elephants." And all of them razzed the Dixie Belle, criticizing where the promenade deck rail was kind of rickety and because a small rat not belonging to the Dixie Belle but just attracted by the lights ran across the floor. In my sober judgment they deserved just what happened after I went home.

Lucy came into my room to tell me about it, first thing the next morning. She did not have her maid's uniform on. She was dressed with her hat and sweater on and she had been crying.

"Your mother will not talk to any of

Adrian heard Mr. Taney tell the dirty story in Lucy's presence. So Adrian said Mr. Taney would have to apologize. He wouldn't and Adrian knocked him flat

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us, Bobby," Lucy said, "but I want you to know the real truth of it."

"Golly Moses sakes alive, what's *wrong?*" I said.

So Lucy explained to me there had been a big rumpus on the Dixie Belle. It started when she was maiding and serving drinks to some people. One of my mother's guests, Mr. Taney, was telling a dirty story. Adrian Reed had come aboard to see Lucy and he heard Mr. Taney tell the dirty story in Lucy's presence among the crowd. So Adrian said Mr. Taney would have to apologize. He wouldn't and Adrian knocked him flat. Then a lot of the men pitched into Adrian and he yelled for the towboat crew that was tied up at the levee. They massacred the drunken bums that were my mother's guests, what I mean.

Just to make it even sweller, poor Cap'n Dan got it into his head that this was not happening right now but was happening out of New Orleans in the old days on the river. So Cap'n Dan got his shotgun and really told my mother's guests off. He thought they had just come from tough saloons known as sporting houses in New Orleans of that ancient day. Lucy said Cap'n Dan thought that because all the women were tipsy drunk and in his day women who got tipsy drunk were not nice ladies. Cap'n Dan yelled: "Off of my steamboat, you Jezebels and fancy men!" and fired both barrels of his shotgun, knocking a hole in the grand saloon ceiling.

Adrian and the towboat men did not know it was my mother's party, so they pitched everybody off the Dixie Belle. My mother telephoned the night watch at Pike County Landing and the sheriff at Bowling Green. But she did not make them arrest Adrian and the towboat men, saying my father would attend to them.

"YOUR father will fire Adrian," Lucy boohooed, "and put poor Cap'n Dan in jail for shooting his shotgun. Oh, why did we ever have to get mixed up with people like you?" Then, Lucy said: "I do not mean *you,* Bobby. I mean those high-society people."

I jumped up and down on my bed, I was so happy.

"Kafooey on them!" I said. "Tell me some more. Was there *any* blood? Did Paw come to help Adrian? Did Paw cut anybody with his fish-sticker?"

But Lucy would not tell me any of the vital details of the crisis. She heard Miss Beveridge coming and kissed me right quick and ran out of the room. Miss Beveridge came in and said I was to come to my mother's room immediately.

My mother was not in a highly nervous state or in a sanitarium condition like I expected. My mother was in a completely exhausted, sad and low frame of mind when she says: "You will not have your mother with you long, Bobby. I hope your stepmother will be as good to you as I have always tried to be." She just held out her hand to me like after her operation in the hospital room that time and gave me a brave smile.

"Well, Bobby, my dear," she said, "I suppose you've heard all about it?"

"Lucy told me and it was all their fault—"

My mother shook her head in a way that stops you from arguing.

"Let us not be petty spirits, Bobby, and say yea or nay to what was unquestionably an Act of God. I admit everything. I do not understand folkways of the Mississippi. I do not follow the intricacies of minds like Lucy's and Cap'n Dan's and Mrs. Drumwright's. Let us face it, Bobby. Your mother is licked, bowled over, a bleeding thing—" and a lot more talk like this, meaning my mother is very grim and bitter about life. I would rather have her in a highly nervous state so you can argue with her. My mother would not argue with me, now. She would just groan and shake her head from side to side and say: "I have sent for your father. He will be here soon."

Robert Emmet Lacey, Sr., arrived in his roadster with the top down after a lickety-cut drive from St. Louis. He was in a highly nervous and unusually irritable state and had the heebie jeebies besides, chewing cigars without lighting them. I did not hear what my mother told him but I knew it would be plenty and I thought maybe I had better run away and go and live with Paw or get a raft and float down the Mississippi.

"Robert, your father will see you in the library," Mr. Price, my father's secretary, said.

My father was still chewing cigars and his face was thinner than ever and not very kind, but still kind.

"Sit down, son," my father said. "Have you any broken bones, bruises, contusions, burns or fatal disease?"

"No, sir," I said, "I'm swell."

"Good. Now, tell me all about this Dixie Belle business from start to finish, first removing that bubble gum from your mouth."

SO I saved the bubble gum by holding it in my hand and I gave my father a detailed and intelligent account of everything that had happened from the very first day I met Paw. I proved to him beyond the shadow of unreasonable doubt that it was not anybody's fault but my mother's and those St. Louis people.

My father just looked awful worried.

"Gad, Price," he said to Mr. Price, who had come in at the end of it, "this thing is simply crawling with damage-suit possibilities. We'll have to get Tom Gunnison up here right away!"

Mr. Price argued with my father. He did not think any of the St. Louis friends would sue because they would not want the newspapers to find out. My father said the best friend he ever had sued him for that duck-blind accident at the Green Tree Club. Still, Mr. Price did not think there was any cause for alarm. He said the whole business had been hushed up. But my father chewed up another cigar and said that these shanty-town people who owned the steamboat would sue. They would sue for plenty. Even if he agreed not to prosecute the old lunatic who fired the gun, they would sue.

"You mean Paw an' Cap'n Dan, sir?" I said.

"That's another angle, Price," my father said, groaning. "this kid has been chasing all over with the old river rat. Gad, it's a wonder he wasn't murdered or kidnaped. I don't know what Mrs. Lacey could have been thinking of—"

"You don't mean *Paw?*" I said.

"Yes, I mean Paw," my father said. "How many times have I warned you against talking to riffraff men and boys? Haven't you any sense at all?"

That got me plenty mad and I said: "Paw is not a riffraff or a river rat. He's the best fisherman on the Mississippi River and he knew Mr. Mark Twain besides and he is a respectable man of considerable fortune."

"Is he going to sue me?" my father said.

"Gee heck, no!" I said. "What would he sue you for? What would he want money for?"

My father laughed and Mr. Price laughed.

"Kids do me good," my father said. "I'll have to call Gunnison and talk to him right away. And check the whole setup. Okay, Bobby. You stay on call, get me? I may want to ask you some more questions."

"Kafooey," I said. "Can't I just go down to the Dixie Belle about five minutes?"

MY FATHER did not ask me why I had to go or anything. He just lost his temper and yelled, "For Pete's sake, no! Want to get your throat cut?" Then he got sorry and gave me a ten-dollar bill and said I could have Albert buy me anything in the village I wanted but to stay in the house.

I am pretty a-scared of my father so I did not try to sneak out. My father and my mother were busy all day trying to make sure they were not going to be sued. Mr. Gollomb had lunch with me like always and Mr. Gollomb told me the news. He said my father had not fired Adrian or any of the towboat men for fear of a strike and that the Black Warrior had gone up to Clarksville to unload and was due back that night. He said my father was taking entirely the wrong attitude toward the Dixie Belle and that Lucy had appealed to Mr. Gollomb not to let my father prosecute Cap'n Dan for shooting the gun. Lucy and Mrs. Drumwright were at the steamboat and so was Cap'n Dan. But Paw and Buttinhead were laying low on Crawdad Island at Paw's summer place.

"It is rather a tragedy, Robert," Mr. Gollomb said. "It has come to class conflict, I fear."

Not knowing what he meant, I did not care anyway. Nuttsky on the lucksky, I thought, but I will get out of the doghouse tomorrow and I will tell Paw and Cap'n Dan and Lucy everything is okay. Paw and I will catch that big catfish or buffalo. Judas Priest, I thought to myself, I bet he weighs fifty pounds.

"My father is not going to do anything to the Dixie Belle folks," I said. "He is only afraid they will sue him. Cheer up, Mr. Gollomb."

Mr. Gollomb took off his nose glasses and wiped them and shook his head and his face got red.

"Would that it were so simple, Robert," he said, meaning something but not important.

In my sober judgment it is a vital mistake in this life to look on the bright side of things, because while you are looking on the bright side a jinx comes up on the dark side and kicks you in the pants.

That very night a terrible thunder-and-lightning storm with a cloudburst attached hit Pike County Landing. And look what happened.

My father's towboat, the Black Warrior, rammed the Dixie Belle right smack in her paddle wheel.

Oh, kafooey on the dirty luck, I said

(Continued on page 48)

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The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Gavin Flood, a man whom she has known only a short time, Becky Gibson tells her mother that she is going to marry him. Mrs. Gibson disapproves of the match. Nevertheless, when Flood—a charming but irresponsible wanderer from Hollywood—is suddenly stricken with pneumonia, in San Francisco, Becky goes to him, nurses him back to health and becomes his wife.

But, before she leaves the Gibsons' ranch in the San Joachim Valley, Becky hears a startling story. It is Mrs. Gibson who tells it to her. The Gibsons, it appears, had once lived in Chicago; their name then had been Smith. A woman, "Mrs. William Davis," had offered them twenty thousand dollars to take charge of her baby, a girl, change their name, and move to California. They had accepted the offer. They had taken the baby (after the death of the mother), changed their name from Smith to Gibson, gone to California. The baby they had christened—*Rebecca Gibson!*

Other shocks await Becky. By the time her baby, "Gibbs," is born, she has learned that her husband is a lazy, untrustworthy spendthrift. The guest of the Gibsons, with Becky and little Gibbs, he makes it quite obvious that he has no intention whatsoever of going to work. He borrows money from Mr. Gibson. Worse, he borrows from Joe Feratta, a lawyer whom Becky had jilted to become Mrs. Flood! When he refuses to change his ways, Becky makes a bold decision. Unwilling to accept the Gibsons' hospitality any longer, she takes her baby, goes to New York City, and gets a job.

Two years pass. Gibbs, very ill, is taken to a hospital. When he is convalescent, one of the doctors, Stephen Dinsmore—a kindly middle-aged man who has taken a deep interest in the mother and child—insists that Becky give up her job, and take Gibbs to his Long Island home for a long rest.

Becky accepts Dinsmore's invitation. With Gibbs, she goes to the physician's country place, "Hillover." Everyone is lovely to her. . . . Unknown to Becky, Dinsmore has made a remarkable discovery, the exact nature of which has not, thus far, been revealed to Becky.

In the course of a long talk with Becky, Dinsmore suggests that she ask Mr. and Mrs. Gibson to come East, and stay at "Hillover." He tells her to telephone, long distance. Then, as the first arrivals for a party come in, he pats her on the shoulder and goes out. Becky's eyes are moist—from happiness.

IX

WITH confusion, noise, laughter, with cocktails and sherries and tomato juices and cigarettes, the dinner party got under way. Becky said little now, but she could not help laughing a great deal, for it was a gay crowd and many of the witticisms that were wearisome and stale to the group were fresh and funny to her.

She did not really notice Laurence Moulton until just before supper, when the group was churning madly about the long table finding place cards, and she saw a tall, lean, nice-looking fellow moving away in the wrong direction.

"Mr. Moulton? Are you Mr. Moulton? If you are, you're right here." Becky laughed at his frankly disappointed face. "Yes, Barbara's 'way down at the other end," she conceded. "But there's a reason. Her mother," Becky added in a confidential murmur, as the man settled himself beside her, "had arranged all the seating with great care. For no matter how informal or impromptu these parties are, certain persons *must not* be together!" she added seriously. "And as you are the last comer, you are put down here below the salt."

Laurence Moulton was looking at her intently.

"And who are you?" he asked flatly.

He was the sort of man who could speak thus flatly; the sort of man all women trusted instantly, liked instantly. He was a gentleman, his hands, his voice, his manner, the way his clothes rode his lanky tall figure all said that, and yet there was somehow a suggestion of simple strength and bigness and leanness about him, infinitely likable. His hair was the tawny color of Becky's own, but without the gold lights that danced in her loose waves and scrolls, his voice delightful, his eyes a clear gray; altogether his face had something lumpy, homely, angular, fascinating in its contours that added up almost into fine looks.

"Rebecca Gibson, visiting here," she said.

"Miss Gibson, as one old married woman to another—"

"You're guessing better than you think; married woman is right," she interrupted, laughing. "It's Mrs. Gibson."

"Married?" he asked, surprised.

"Married, and with a boy racing around to three."

"How definitely disgusting," observed Laurence Moulton. "Is your husband here?"

"No, he's in California."

"Divorced?" Laurence asked, with so simple a note of hope in his tone that Becky laughed in spite of a little sense of vexation and confusion.

"Oh, no. Things—things got a little difficult," Becky confessed, "and I ran away. I'd run away to get married, and this time I ran away from marriage. I'm a terrible coward, I suppose," she added lightly, "but there seem to come moments when anything is better than facing the music. Edifying, isn't it?"

"I dare say it seemed sound at the time," the man observed pleasantly. "You'd lived in California?"

"All my life until two years ago."

"San Francisco?"

"Not very far from it. Off toward the northeast toward the mountains."

"I love those mountains!" he said.

"I love them, too. Hillmen desire their hills," Becky said.

"Kipling."

"Do you like Kipling?"

"No, I couldn't say that. Not like. Adore," Laurence answered soberly. Becky's eyes brightened.

"Oh, I'm so glad you do! I've battened on him all my life. Mother bought Daddy a set at some sale years ago, when someone died and left a lot of books, and I've worn them thin. Do you know—"

They could not match quotations fast enough; the minutes flew. Becky was only aroused to a sense of time when the whole group suddenly rose and began to stream toward the game room, where backgammon and domino tables had been set out, the billiard table uncovered, the slot machines supplied with slugs, the fire piled high.

She lost Laurence deliberately in the confusion

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and ran upstairs to look at Gibbs, and to cross the upper hall to the study. Stephen Dinsmore was alone under a cone of green light, working at some papers against which little tufts of green and red silk and tiny curves of wire were visible.

"Nothing important," he said, as she hesitated in the doorway.

"Flies," she exclaimed, surprised. "Fishing flies! Dad has them at the Exchange."

"Ever do any fishing?"

"Lots. In the river and up at the lake. The river is only a stream, you keep crossing and recrossing it," Becky said, "but it's great fun."

"Trout?"

"And salmon trout. And bass, if you go down as far as the bay. But I've never done any bass fishing. My father does."

"Hunting, too?"

"Duck hunting and deer hunting. Just a few days every year. But Dad makes them last by planning and packing and fussing with guns for months beforehand."

They laughed together.

"What's your home telephone number, Becky?"

"Salletts, eight-three. It seems so funny to be saying it again!"

He had the telephone in his hand.

"Salletts eight-three; it's California," he said. "One special person, I suppose? Your mother?"

"Mr. or Mrs. Spencer Gibson." She was trembling, lights flickering through eager tears in her gold-brown eyes.

THERE were traces of them left, despite her efforts to efface them, when she went downstairs more than an hour later, to be sure everything was all right before going to bed. Hatsy and a beau had disappeared from the party rather early and Barbara, for all her animated sophistication, was a rather awkward hostess. Becky feared she might possibly have also disappeared with Laurence Moulton.

Mrs. Lee, ascending, met her as she went down.

"Becky, will you find Hatsy and tell her I want to see her? She's not been in sight for—well, since right after dinner, and now it's almost midnight."

"I thought she was all for table tennis."

"No, she wasn't in the game room at all. I *wish* she would not act so rude!" Harriet went on up, and Becky descended to meet Laurence in the dim square lower hall.

"What you been crying about?" he asked her abruptly.

"Oh—you?" Becky stammered. "I didn't see you!"

"I've been waiting for you. What you been crying about?"

"Talking to my people."

"Your people? What made you cry about that?"

"I've not heard their voices for more than two years." *(Continued on page 31)*

"Are you Mr. Moulton?" Becky asked. "If you are, you're right here." Becky laughed at his frankly disappointed face. "Yes, Barbara's 'way down at the other end"

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The Devil's Current

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

A wandering archaeologist finds romance, mystery and adventure on the fabulous shores of the Hellespont

OF COURSE I heard there had been a robbery in the Seraglio. There's one every six months or so. But I didn't know how big it was.

You know the Seraglio's the old palace of the Sultans, out at the point of Constantinople. It has everything from a wardrobe to a museum of arms stowed away in it. I was working there, classifying the early Turkish and Uigur manuscripts with Ahmed Bey, in the library that looks like a kiosk. The Turks told me only that a few things were missing, and, God willing, would be found again. They have a great way of telling you nothing about their own affairs.

But Ahmed Bey looked worried when he heard that I was going to leave my work for a few days' vacation along the Dardanelles.

"Be sure to come back," he said, and he didn't laugh.

Two days later I'd forgotten about Ahmed Bey and the thieves. I was footloose and fancy-free, nursing an old car along the strait that divides Europe from Asia. And then I ran into Anya.

I've often wondered how it would have turned out if Anya hadn't wanted that swimming pool. She wanted so many things—odd things that most people never bothered about.

Anya had gray eyes that slanted up, and a mass of coppery hair that she seldom troubled to fix. She was that careless. Nothing seemed to make her cross. And often I heard her singing to herself.

That first time I saw her I was climbing up the shore across from Nagara Point with its lighthouse and the Turkish quarantine station for incoming vessels. I was climbing up to look at a tumbledown white villa overgrown with cypresses. And I almost fell over her, where she was sitting in the shadow watching a couple of Armenians digging.

I apologized, and she laughed. As if it were quite natural for a middle-aged American orientalist to climb through the cypresses and bump into her.

"I thought," I explained lamely, "that these fellows were digging in a ruin here."

Anya studied the faded whitewash on the stone villa critically. "It really is quite a ruin," she decided, "but my men are making me a swimming pool."

"A what?" I asked her incredulously.

"A pool for me to swim in. You see," she added gravely—she spoke English well, but not with our American slur—"I am what you call a wild goose. Oh, very much a goose. I have not even a home or a country of my own."

Actually, that was true. Anya was Russian-born—the south of Russia, where the sun is warm and the water blue. But she remembered nothing more of it than that, because she had been eight years old when an aunt fled with her out of Odessa in that black year of 1917. She had gone to a French school, and she had studied music in Vienna, drifting through the postwar kaleidoscope while there had been money.

I suppose it was in her Russian blood, the restlessness that wouldn't take root anywhere. She had just enough in her purse, she admitted, to last for these months for which she had rented the white villa. After that—the wild geese always found some place to rest, didn't they? "Perhaps I will make some man a good mistress," she laughed.

Now I hadn't heard of any European woman within sixty miles of that spot on the Dardanelles. For one thing, it's a military zone, and you need an *iride* to enter it. Yet here was a young woman as modern as upper Fifth Avenue, in tranquil possession of a run-down Turkish villa in a neglected garden. And alone, as it turned out.

Anya had judged me with one quick glance. What she thought I didn't know. I never did know.

BUT she explained, as if afraid I were going to question her, that the Turkish police had not wanted her to swim down in the strait, among the fishermen and patrol boats. (The Turks have never acquired our Anglo-Saxon love for exercise, and they do their bathing within walls.)

"It's dangerous," I warned her.

"Why?"

"The current is worse than it looks. The people here call it the *Shaitan akintisi*. The Devil's current. And it really is not safe when the wind is from the north."

"Safe!" The word seemed to amuse Anya. She glanced down at the dark water, tideless and yet moving swiftly. It always looks dark, against the bare yellow mounds of the Asia shore. And for some reason the sky is usually cloudy over it.

"I would like the sun," she said quietly, "to be always shining. And I would like to be invisible in a hole in the ground, with the sun shining there."

The next day I came back to the villa among the cypresses, on the slim pretense that the Armenian diggers might turn up some coins or bits of pottery.

Anya's smile made me feel like a schoolboy or an aged schoolteacher. "Indeed," she said, "we have found something."

And so they had. Down at the bottom of the hole, about five feet down, some smooth black stones showed. When I saw them I climbed down, and the Armenians leaned on their shovels readily enough to watch while I brushed the loose dirt off the stones. They were dark with age, and no trace of mortar showed between them. That meant they had been fitted together before cement was generally used. And that was a long time ago.

"Isn't it a paving of some kind?" Anya asked. "It would be nice for the floor of my pool."

"We'll see." I felt a thrill of curiosity. "Those stones were laid in place more than a thousand years ago."

Then I noticed the Albanian. He stood respectfully enough over by the house—a heavy man with a gray mustache, wearing an old-fashioned tarboosh. Just then he was watching the shovels uncovering those stones.

"Does he belong here?" I asked.

"Oglu?" Anya nodded. "He thinks he does."

The Albanian, she said, had appeared four days ago with a letter in English recommending him as a reliable gatekeeper. As Anya spoke no Turkish and Oglu spoke nothing else, their conversation had been limited. She'd tried to make him understand that she could not pay another servant—she already had a woman from the village to cook for her. Oglu had considered himself hired as gatekeeper, and had refused to leave.

"Even if I haven't a gate, and don't pay him a piaster, he won't go away."

This was nothing surprising. Turkish servants, like the Chinese, hire and fire themselves. And I imagined that Anya was not the kind to drive anyone away from her door.

"He's left his own home—" she nodded at the Asia shore—"over there."

"You feed him, don't you?"

"I have to, now. He sleeps on a rug in the hall." She laughed. "At least he's scared the ghosts away."

The ghosts, she explained, had visited the house a week ago. She hadn't seen them, but she had heard them moving about the cellar late that night, when she had been reading herself to sleep. Rousing the servant woman, she had gone down to investigate with a lighted candle.

AS SOON as she'd set foot on the cellar stair, she heard a door close below her. "It sounded like an old metal gate," she explained. And she had found nothing at all in the cellar—no trace of a door. Only dried onions and firewood and baskets piled all over the place. "So they must have been ghosts, if they vanished." She looked reflectively at the solid walls of the villa, where she was training vines to grow. She'd rented the place for a year, paying the rent in full to someone in Nagara Kalessi across the strait.

"And the next day," she went on, "the police came." Two officers with polished sabers had looked through the house silently and politely. They had spent some time inspecting the stones of the garden before going away.

"And then?" I asked.

She glanced at me curiously. "The day after that my diggers quit. At least they did not come back to work. So I hired these two Armenians."

"Then the others were Turks?"

"Yes—why?"

Things happen around Constantinople that you don't expect. After a while, you take them for granted. Anya seemed more amused than bothered by these manifestations of the Turkish character.

"I've lived here three years," I said, "without beginning to know why things happen. And you—"

"Four weeks."

"Well, your Turkish diggers might

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Galin stepped toward Oglu and hit him hard under the eye. The Turk blinked and shook his head and came on

have been afraid of the police, or perhaps they turned up some ancient bones. The police might have been looking for a radio station—this is a military zone, and an ideal situation for a spy. Your ghost might have been a prowler who hid himself until you'd gone away."

"Good!" Anya clapped her hands. (Actually, every one of my guesses turned out to be wrong.) "And what about Oglu?"

"Are you sure he eats your food and not his own?"

"Indeed, I am certain."

"Then he won't hurt you."

Anya rewarded me with tea, served in long Russian glasses, and we sat in the garden watching the sunset down the strait. She lay there in the wind, her unruly hair whipping across her eyes, and she said she loved it all. "Because I'm a way-worn wanderer, and this is home."

And I felt jealous of Oglu, who took away the glasses ceremoniously. He belonged here, where I did not. When I left, I noticed him peering down into the excavation, in the dim afternoon light.

"Eh, Oglu," I said, "you eat the food of this house, and of the *hanim* your mistress."

"True, *chelabi*." He stood up, folding his hands.

"Then it will be upon your head that no harm comes to the *hanim*."

His dark eyes searched my face, and he seemed troubled. For a moment he wrestled inwardly. Then: "What does the *hanim* try to make at this place?"

"A hole, Oglu. We will put water in the hole, and make a pool, for the garden."

Carefully, he considered this. "*Chelabi*, it will not be good. Do not make the pool."

When I asked him why not, his face changed, and he observed thoughtfully that God is great. So I had that to chew over when I drove back to my quarters at Gallipoli village. It was pretty clear that Oglu knew more about the house than we did, and that he was bothered.

For two days I took tea with Anya—

(Continued on page 43)

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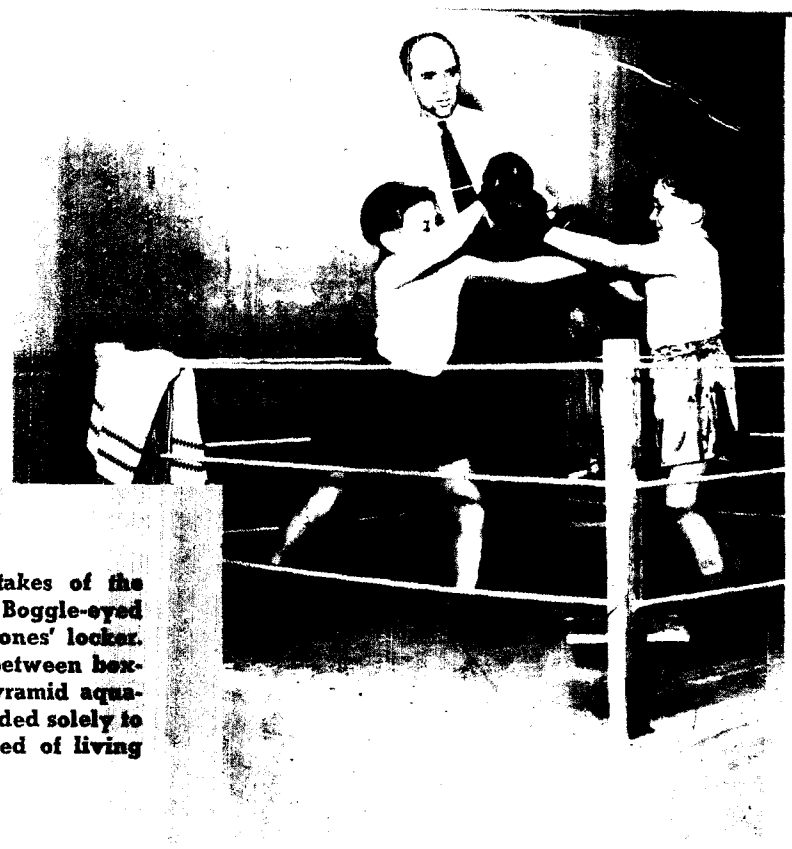


The younger generation partakes of the fun at the Steel Pier. Left: Boggle-eyed kids get an eyeful in Davy Jones' locker. Right: A sub-flyweight fight between boxing midgets. Further right: Pyramid aquaplaning, a diversion recommended solely to paying customers who are tired of living

All On One Ticket

By Kyle Crichton

THE facts about Herman Eichelman of Frankford, Pa., are very simple. He bought a ticket for Steel Pier at nine o'clock on a bright Sunday morning, and at one forty-eight next morning, approximately seventeen hours later, while trudging doggedly through something known as the Haunted Castle he suddenly gave forth a noise that sounded like *tweep!* and collapsed. The guards dragged him forth in a state of prostration.

The nurse on the Pier took one look at Herman and made a slight movement of the hand, which meant that it would be well to notify Herman's folks. However, she detected a slight flutter in what had previously been the heart and acting upon the assumption that where there was life there was still Herman, she had him rushed off to the Atlantic City Hospital.

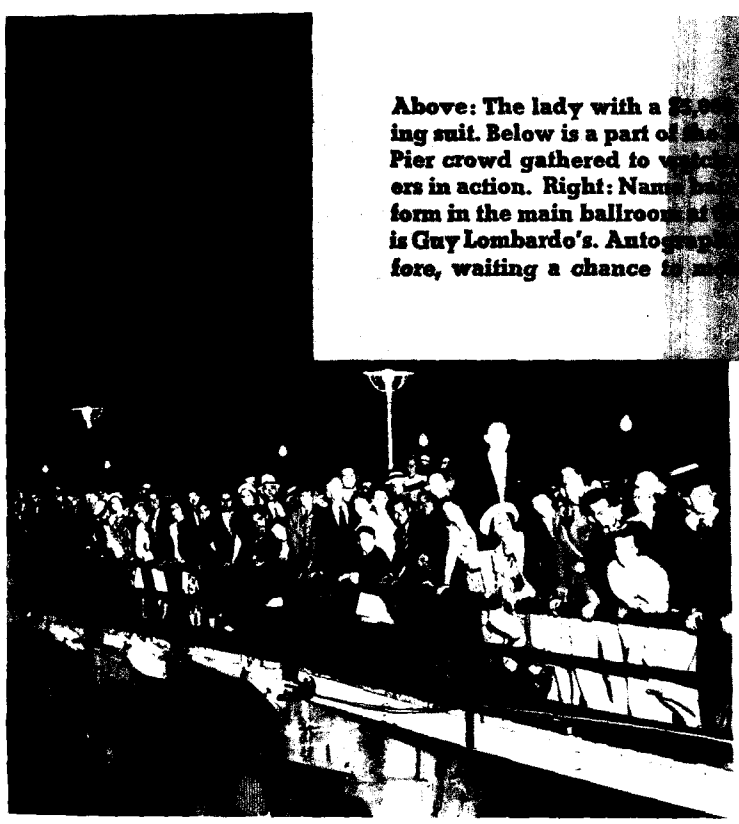
The doctor at the hospital examined Herman as thoroughly as was possible with the little breath remaining within Herman, and was on the point of surrendering to the inevitable when an orderly returned to report that a search of Herman's belongings revealed that he possessed the sum of four cents and a return ticket to Philadelphia. The doctor, an old hand with week-end trippers, recognized the symptoms immediately.

"Get this man a bowl of soup!" he howled, and Herman was saved.

Herman had left home with just enough money for his train fare and for admission to Steel Pier. He had eaten no lunch, he had eaten no dinner, he had eaten no intervening hot dog or frozen custard. In short, Herman had almost starved himself to death. But for food only; not entertainment. In that seventeen-hour period, he had seen two motion pictures, a minstrel show, a performance of opera in English, a complete vaudeville show (headliners, Willie and Eugene Howard; Helen Morgan); had danced in the ballroom, afternoon and night, to the music of Benny Goodman's orchestra; and sat through a complete set of circus acts, including diving Hawaiians and diving horses; had listened to two Hawaiian orchestras and two Filipino orchestras; had marveled at the Girl in the Fish Bowl illusion and had finally been wending his way desperately through such as Laughland and the Haunted Castle when unconsciousness crept up on him.

Herman had absolutely no idea who was responsible for the emergency in his life, thinking he had done his part in planking down his seventy-five cents (fifty on week days), which entitled him to this feast of entertainment, all for the price of one single solitary admission. The fault lay, as Herman might have discovered, with one Frank P. Gravatt, owner and manager of Steel Pier, the world's largest amusement attraction. Mr. Gravatt is the ex-motorcycle salesman, ex-automobile dealer, and still real-estate promoter who maneuvered himself into a spot about thirteen years ago when he found that he had signed

Above: The lady with a [illegible] ing suit. Below is a part of [illegible] Pier crowd gathered to [illegible] ers in action. Right: Nam[illegible] form in the main ballroom [illegible] is Guy Lombardo's. Auto[illegible] fore, waiting a chance [illegible]



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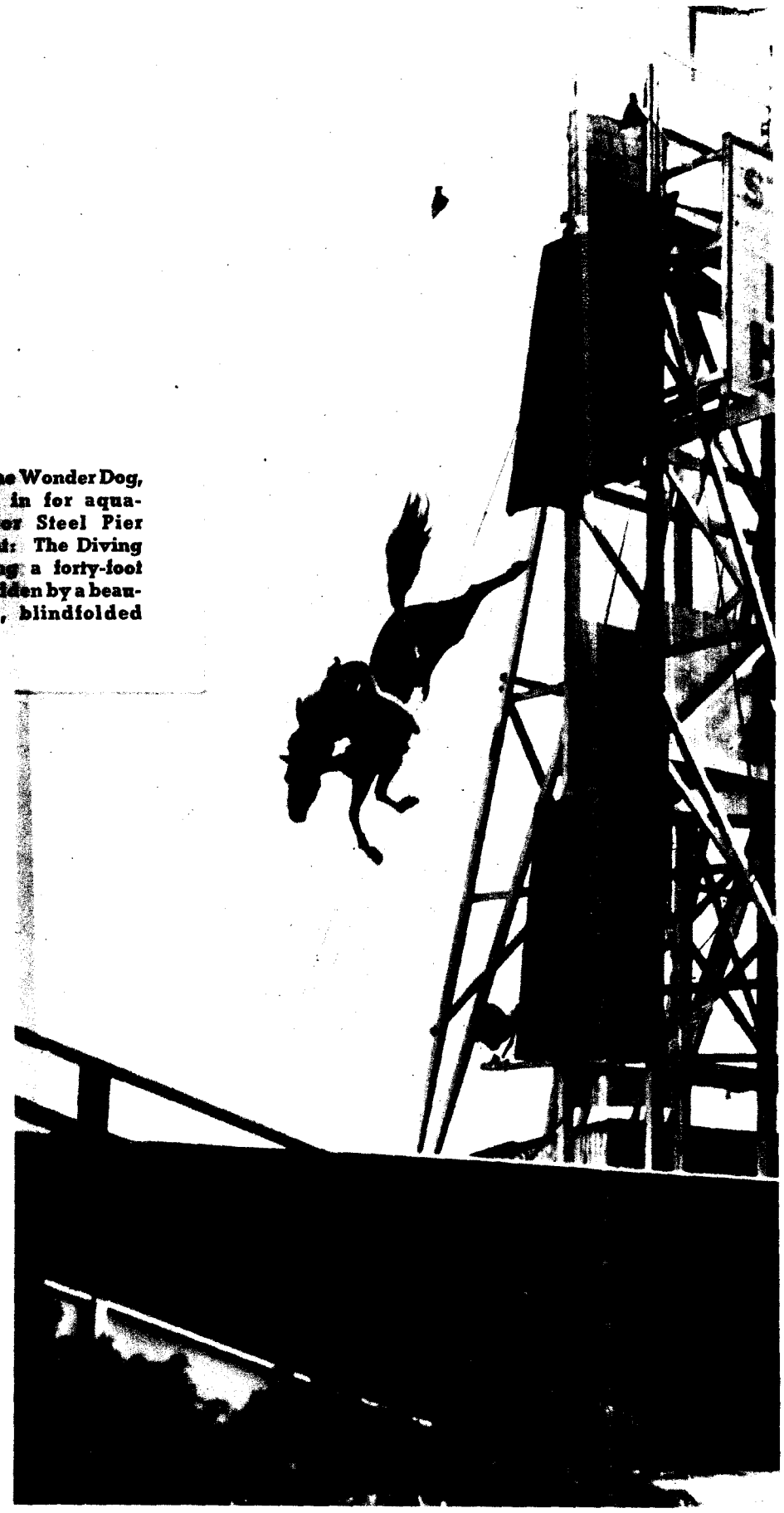

Left: Rex, the Wonder Dog, who goes in for aqua-planing for Steel Pier fans. Right: The Diving Horse doing a forty-foot leap and ridden by a beautiful lady, blindfolded

The story of the Atlantic City piers—operated on the principle that if you give the customer more than he expects you can't keep him away

a small paper that obliged him to pay $2,000,000 for the doubtful privilege of owning an amusement pier. The nine other gentlemen who had originally been in on the deal with the dismayed Mr. Gravatt had gracefully withdrawn, knowing a white elephant when they saw one, even if it happened to be sticking out into the Atlantic Ocean.

When Mr. Gravatt got his courage to the point where he could look at his bargain, he found that he had a pier that was 2,298 feet in length, had cost $350,000 to build in 1898, and was now charging an admission of ten cents and affording a nice place where the old folks could sleep while listening to a band concert. Vessalla's band had been playing on the Pier for twenty-six consecutive seasons and this made an impresion on Gravatt. He felt that nothing was needed but a better-known band and forthwith engaged the best in the land—John Philip Sousa's. Sousa arrived during the season of 1926 and played there every summer till he died, some six years later.

With that accomplished, Gravatt proceeded to spend approximately $550,000 in altering the premises to make room for the General Motors exhibit and since has spent $1,750,000 for extensions, new theaters and new attractions. The first season, however, almost cured the Gravatt gentleman of his love for music and his craze for the ocean.

"Out of thirteen possible week ends, it rained eleven," says Gravatt sadly. "Mr. Sousa referred to himself as the Rain God. I referred to myself as the Sap."

But by the end of two years the Pier was making money on the Gravatt theory that if a Woolworth store can pack them in by keeping prices low and offering something for every taste, an amusement pier can do the same. He bought every act that was foolish enough to venture into South Jersey. He had men being fired out of cannons, gentlemen jumping from autogiros. The management turned Atlantic City upside down in promoting Sir Hubert Wilkins, and had the greatest frost in history on their hands; by contrast Gertrude Ederle, who had died the death while playing vaudeville in Philadelphia, came to the Pier and had people clinging to the pilings to see her.

Amos and Andy played fourteen performances the day the Pier did its biggest business in history—84,000 paid admissions in one day at seventy-five cents, making it the biggest single amusement attraction in the world. In its best *(Continued on page 37)*

Left: Summer days bring capacity crowds of fun-seekers to both piers. At the right, the main ballroom, Steel Pier, where ladies and gents do their hoofing amid sea breezes

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The Street of the Angels

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Paris in the pink, money in the pocket and romance on the loose

NOT a few American firms still cling to the notion that it is possible to sell office equipment to the French. They try zealously to persuade the thrifty Gaul that adding machines, automatic calculators, addressing stencils, revolving slide rules and the like really do save labor, and even pay for themselves.

The prospective customers have a tendency to shrug their facile shoulders at the laborsaving argument. Their clerical help is cheap and competent. Children over there are taught to write plainly, to calculate with a ferocious exactness, and even to speak English. Usually, the bookkeeper in France has peculiar notions: he means to keep his job, that particular job, and to retire when he's fifty or so. These ideals he accomplishes because of a natural obstinacy, tenacity, and hatred of change, which qualities, of course, were astonishingly exemplified not so long ago at Douamont, Chemin des Dames, Verdun and elsewhere. The Frenchman, to put it bluntly, is a tough customer.

For these reasons, therefore, managers of American branch offices in Paris do not sleep so well of nights. They have nervous breakdowns; they go mad; they die before their time, or skip to the Riviera. Formerly, they could join the Foreign Legion, but this happy escape is no longer open to them, as the Legion is not now quite as foreign as it was.

Oblivious to the hard destiny in store for him, Joseph M. Campbell first set foot on French soil one shining August morning not so long ago. He wasn't feeling bad at all. His home office had given him a substantial increase in salary and instructions that he should merely reorganize the Paris branch, and make it, well, you know, produce a little more in the volume of sales. This accomplished they'd probably give him another light task, such as opening a new branch in Warsaw.

Joe was a pretty nice fellow. He was fairly tall, he weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds; every morning he shaved a face that was as clean and bright and open as Prospect Park but not otherwise remarkable. Thirty-eight years old, and fairly successful, he had a wife, two children and a little house with a garage. He expected to see them all in about three months, and already he was lonesome for them, but salesmen get used to that.

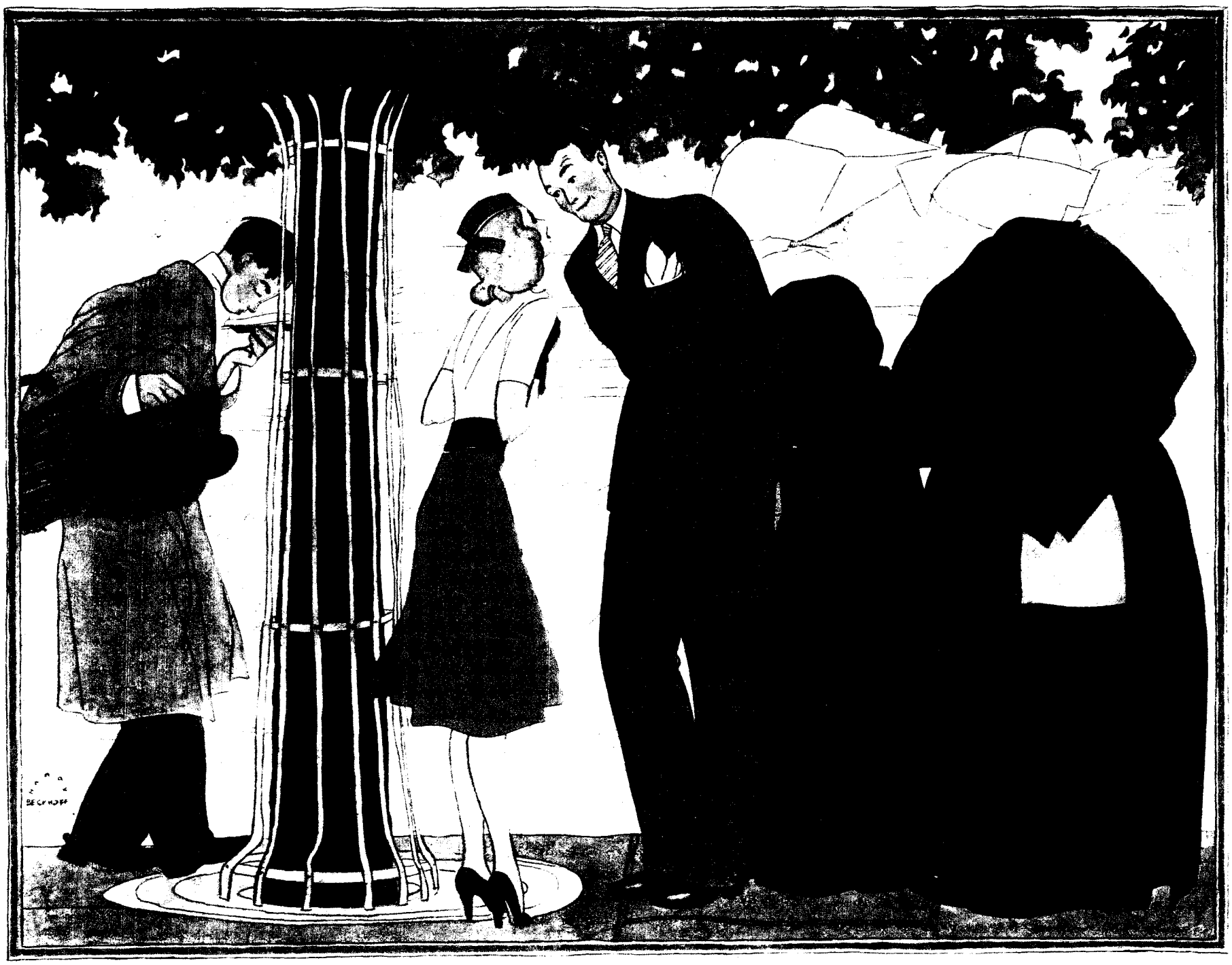
Joe spoke fairly good French, particularly for a college-trained American. That was one of the reasons why they gave him the job, the others being that he had energy, and some tact, and a certain enthusiastic optimism that, however, was not unduly oppressive. Joe was a real salesman.

"I'm going to like this place," he told himself. Well, who wouldn't like it, from the boat train? They've got the brownest, most speckled cows, and the oldest gnarled apple trees, and the brownest, oldest, old ladies working in the fields; and the fields themselves are so round and green and rolling. The sun shines bright, out that way. Every little station has the most beautiful flowers every place there's room for a flower to grow. The stationmasters may leave something to be desired when they're selling tickets, or telling you about connections, but they're Jerusalem-on-wheels as gardeners.

Paris in the spring, ho-hum, ho-hum! Paris in the winter, ooh-wah, ooh-wah! But Paris in August, boy, is that something! It's just a little warm.

Joe got a room, a beautiful big room with tall windows and a bath, no fooling,

(Continued on page 40)



Just how he ever came to pick up that little girl, Joe couldn't have said. It was much later

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Stamp Stampede

By Frank D. Morris

A collector's item is [illegible] mail stamp with the biplane [illegible] Only one sheet of 100 had bee[illegible] when the error was discovered. A sing[illegible] one of these stamps has been sold for $5,000

WHEN the stamp clerk opened his grille that morning he saw a queue of philatelists, amateur and pro, waiting to greet the new issue—a 24-cent airplane stamp. It pictured a 1918 biplane rampant on an azure sky. The final design had been approved by President Wilson, sent to the printers and, just to make it harder, the first day's sale was confined to the Washington, D. C., post office.

William F. Robey, the stamp collector at the head of the line, had waited since dawn for the building to open. Now he pushed $24 across the shelf and reached eagerly for the first-edition sheet of a hundred stamps. As he picked them up, he trembled, a startled look came over his face and his eyes began to pop. For the plane on each of those hundred stamps was flying upside down.

Seconds too late, the stamp clerk also noticed a government printer's blunder. He pleaded with the eagle-eyed collector to return the sheet and get his money back, but it was no soap. So the clerk had to content himself with stopping further sales, and all but one of the philatelists who had waited for hours to buy copies of the new issue went away disappointed.

Shipments of the air-mail issue to post offices throughout the country were held up and those then in transit were recalled until every single stamp was accounted for and subsequently officially destroyed—except that one sheet. Secret service and postal inspection service agents pleaded for days with its owner, but they might better have asked Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., to give them change for a dime.

Secretly and most mysteriously he placed the freaks on the philatelic market where they were grabbed up quickly by wealthy collectors. Eventually he parlayed his original $24 up to some ten thousand dollars—and that was only the beginning. A few years later one of those inverted stamps was sold for five thousand dollars.

The stock market may be bearish, the French franc may be off and carloadings may be down, but the philatelic market is eternally bullish. That's why hundreds of thousand of investors, large and small, have turned from stocks and bonds to speculate in tiny, perforated bits of gummed paper. Our own Post Office Department in Washington woke up to this fact five years ago when it revived and enlarged its official Philatelic Agency, James A. Farley, Prop.; and here's one branch of Jim's general store that always reports an annual profit. Last year's sales to collectors totaled better than three million dollars. It costs the government seven cents to print a thousand stamps. Figure it out for yourself.

Uncle Sam's sales talk to speculators is simple, effective: This is one security that can always be used at its par value and all the capital you need is from one cent up. He doesn't promise you the quick and astounding returns of the gentleman who cornered the inverted-plane-stamp market, but if you have patience and alertness, the necessary tools in any trader's kit, you will get places as a philatelist.

Get-Rich-Quick Philately

You should have an inventive mind, too—like Lou Heath, that reporter in Washington who in 1934 saw a golden opportunity in President Roosevelt's cancellation of the air-mail contracts held by commercial air lines. When he read the cancellation bulletin this reporter bought $32 worth of air-mail stamps, addressed several dozen letters to himself and mailed them out that same day to postmasters on the twenty-two key routes then in operation. The postmasters co-operated by mailing the "covers" back to the sender, and the Army fliers, who filled in the air-mail gap, unwittingly helped too.

Within a few days his first-flight Army covers had all come home to roost and the newspaperman cannily tucked them away without telling a soul about it. Several months later when the job of carrying the mails was returned to the private air lines, he placed the complete set of stamp freaks on the open philatelic market. He was promptly offered a thousand dollars for the covers that had cost him exactly $32 and his pains. To this day he has refused to sell, knowing that the set is now worth about $1,500 and that it is going higher every day.

But before you try to duplicate such

(Continued on page 28)

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"Tony say, 'you got-a one empty box lika that?' " Sanzoni told us

Sinister Gifts

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Salvatore Musta's cigar box opens with a bang, and Detective O'Malley wants to know why, as usual

THIS one is a bomb murder," O'Malley said. "It's an Italian case like so many of them bomb killings are. The dead guy was named Salvatore Musta. He had a plumbing business, so at first cops thought this might be some business trouble, but it turns out it is a woman case. This Musta had a box of cigars— Well, he thought they was cigars, but when he opened it the box blew up and knocked him off. There don't nobody doubt who give the bomb to him, but it might be the evidence we got won't be enough to prove it, so now I got to see what I can do."

"Who is the suspect?" I inquired.

"His name is Tony Exposito. This Tony is in love with a girl called Carmela Candella. I hear she's a pretty kid. The dead guy Musta was a handsome guy and he had a bad name about women. He made up to Carmela and she went some places with him. So Tony told Musta to stay away from her and Musta laughed at him. So then they had a fight about it and Tony got licked. He told Musta that wouldn't be the end of it. Then Musta gets the bomb given him."

"How was it given?"

"Why, Musta smoked always the same kind of cigars and he bought 'em always at the same store when he happened to be in that neighborhood. He put 'em in his truck and carried 'em around with him till he got to his shop. When he went home he carried 'em home with him. People that knew Musta knew he done that and Tony knew it. The day Musta got knocked off he had bought a box of cigars. He had 'em with him in the truck when he put the truck in the garage where it was kept. He left 'em in the truck while he went and talked with the garage guy, then he went back and got 'em.

"Well, this Tony Exposito works in that garage. The idea is that Tony had seen Musta have boxes of cigars in the truck and had the bomb ready to exchange for one of 'em. The laboratory says the pieces of metal that was in the bomb come from a garage, and a garage worker or it might be a plumber or a electrician made it. The guy that sold Musta the cigars says Tony got an empty cigar box from him. Still, cops can't find no evidence that Tony made no bomb and we got no witnesses that seen him put anything in the truck. I won't find out no more than what they know already but I got to make motions like I was expecting to."

They had the fragments of the bomb at the police laboratory. We looked at them. There were chunks of metal plainly from a garage, and small bits of wood of the cigar box and bits of picture from the label and scraps of wrapping paper and short pieces of pink string.

"Anything new about this?" O'Malley asked the officer who showed them to us.

"Not a thing. It was a black-powder bomb and was fired by a spring that was released when the cover was lifted. All we can tell is that any smart mechanic could have made it. Almost anybody can get black powder. If they can't get it any other way they could buy shotgun shells and take the powder out of them."

"We can't find no place where this Tony bought powder or shotgun shells," O'Malley commented. "Well, I suppose I got to go and see that guy."

WE SAW him. He was in a cell. He was a good-looking youth about twenty years old. He didn't look like a murderer to me but I knew that didn't mean anything. He was distressed and anxious and, I thought, frightened.

"You ready to tell us how you knocked that guy off?" O'Malley asked him.

"Listen, you don't believe me but I didn't kill him."

"Sure you did. What else did you get that empty cigar box for?"

"I didn't get any cigar box."

"Boy, we got witnesses that seen you get it. Next thing you'll be telling us you don't care nothing about that girl Carmela."

"Sure I care for her. More than anybody."

"Yeah. Then Musta come into it. You told him you'd get him and you done it."

"When I said that I didn't mean I'd kill him. I meant I would fight him again. I wouldn't send a guy a bomb anyway if I wanted to kill him. Say, mister, since Carmela was a kid in school we've been saying we'd get married. Why doesn't she come to see me?"

"You tell us how you give Musta that bomb and we'll bring her here to see you."

When we got back upstairs a surprisingly beautiful young girl about seventeen years old was crying while she begged something from the desk lieutenant.

"What's going on here?" O'Malley asked the officer.

"This is that Carmela. She comes here all the time and wants to see the fellow we got downstairs."

"Well, she can't see him. You tell us about how Tony killed Salvatore, girlie, and we'll let you see him."

"Tony didn't kill Salvatore."

"Say, we know all about it. We know you was the one that made this trouble.

(Continued on page 29)

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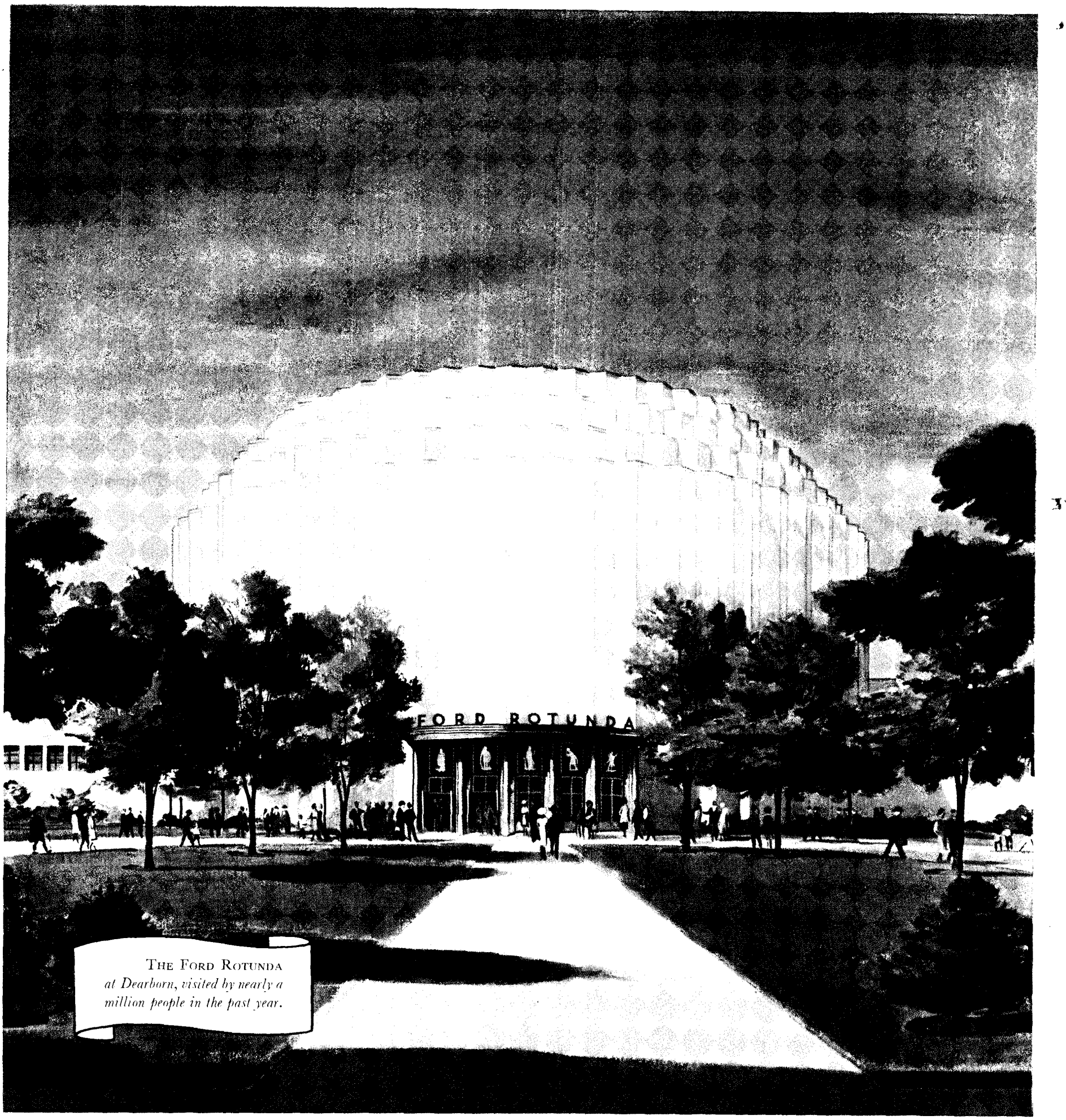
Come see us in Dearborn



THE FORD ROTUNDA
at Dearborn, visited by nearly a million people in the past year.

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this summer

People from every part of the world accepted our standing invitation to visit the Ford Rouge plant last year. For here can be seen not only the largest industrial plant in the world, but many other attractions which make a trip to Detroit and Dearborn memorable.

THE Ford Motor Company cordially invites you to visit Dearborn this summer—to see the Ford plant, and the many other points of unusual interest in this great Detroit area. Come to the Ford Rotunda—Gateway to the Rouge—where guides are assigned to make your visit informative and interesting.

Nearly a million people were our guests last year. They came from everywhere—from France and Finland, from Britain and Brazil—from almost every foreign country, and from every state in the Union.

All day long, all year round, they come. Some are scientists, engineers and manufacturers—many more are just ordinary folks. They speak a bewildering variety of languages, and they find Ford guides who can talk to them in their own tongues.

Many of them have never owned a Ford car. Others, of course, have driven Fords for years, some in queer corners of the world. Not a few have been through the great Rouge plant before. But always they feel a sense of friendly welcome as they view with increasing interest its ever-changing, ever-expanding operations.

There is nothing in the world quite like the Ford plant. It is an industrial city in itself. It can develop enough electrical power to supply a city of 3,000,000—uses enough gas in a day for a city of 1,500,000—enough water for the combined needs of Detroit, Cincinnati and Washington.

IF you just make something to sell, you would be better employed doing something else. But if you make something that will do a specific thing and do it well, then you are helping people.

Our main purpose—our constant intention—our major ambition is to make a car that will become more and more useful, to more and more people, and very easy to obtain.

Henry Ford

Here iron ore, reaching the plant in Ford ships, is processed through blast furnace, steel mill, machine shop and emerges on the assembly lines as part of a finished car—sometimes as soon as 28 hours after its arrival. A network of overhead conveyors 100 miles long helps the steady flow of parts and materials.

Inside the plant's 1096 acres, 100 miles of railway tracks keep things moving. Sunlight streams through 68 acres of spotless windows—up to 5000 cleaners work with broom and mop, suds and paint, to keep everything clean.

The fascination of gigantic mills, the rhythmic song of productive machines, reach every visitor. You need not know engineering to comprehend the smooth advance that carries raw materials through to finished product without loss of time or waste of effort. In the plant you can see why Economy is a Ford word—in the production of the car as well as in its operation.

We're always glad to have you drop in and see how the car is made in the modern Ford plant. This year's new buildings, new mill units and new equipment for the Rouge plant and Ford plants throughout the country call for an expenditure of $40,000,000. Of this amount, $34,000,000 is for construction just completed or now under way.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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Stamp Stampede

Continued from page 23

get-rich-quick schemes, you should know something about the inside machinery of this perfectly legitimate racket. We'll start you off with the issue of a new stamp. When the Postmaster General decides on a new model—about thirty times a year at the rate the New Deal has been putting them out—he tells the Federal Division of Stamps what its subject will be and they go right to work. They prowl around in the Library of Congress and various historical commissions and societies for all the authentic background they can find, including original drawings, photographs, sketches and the like. Eventually a number of designs are prepared and from these the Postmaster General selects four or five to show the President. Following several huddles at the White House, the final design is chosen and this is turned over to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Before the new stamps are released to the country's 44,905 post offices, the first run off the presses are examined under a microscope. No more upside-down planes for Mr. Farley's boys.

All right, your stamp is now designed and printed. Then comes the real fun. Supplies of the new issue are mailed out to postmasters all over the United States with curt instructions, "Hold for release." Usually a new stamp issue is placed exclusively on sale at one point the first day and then sold generally the following day. It may be a commemorative stamp marking the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the town of Blueberry, Wyoming, and naturally the Blueberry post office gets the first-day break. A cover postmarked that day at the Blueberry post office then becomes a collector's prize.

Once in a while some postmaster inadvertently jumps the opening gun and upsets the whole stamp cart. Like that postmaster in a Nebraska hamlet who received his shipment of 1934 Mother's Day stamps a week or so before the scheduled first-day sale. Specific instructions had been issued that these stamps were not to be released until May third, the day following the exclusive first-day sale in Washington.

The Nebraska genius somehow muffed his orders, and weren't the collectors in that neighborhood surprised when he started selling them *four days ahead of Washington*. Come nightfall he had sold several thousand stamps, and the cagier collectors immediately mailed themselves covers bearing this postmarked maverick. Washington didn't hear about it until late that night, but before they burned up the wires to Nebraska about a hundred of these covers had been cleared through the mails. You could have bought one of them for ten dollars—they're much higher today.

Sales-Booming Errors

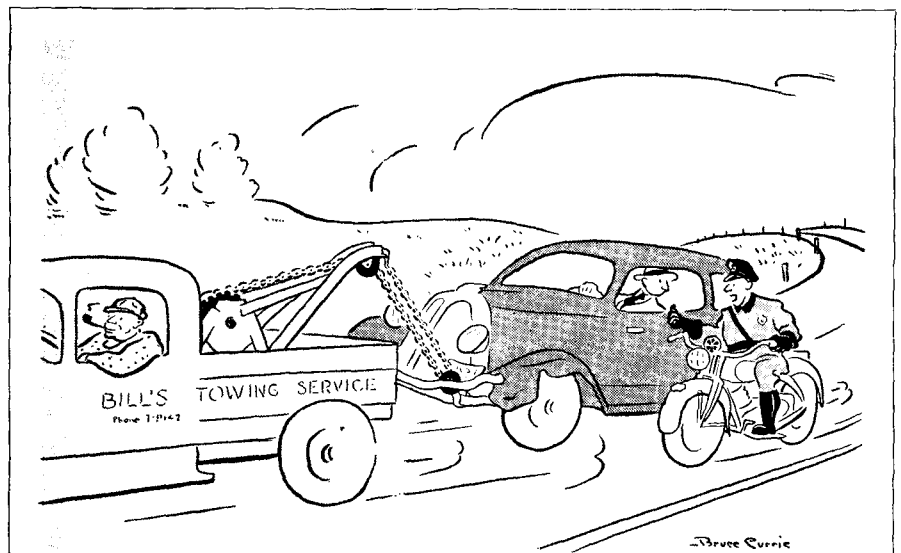
Stamp collectors can see more unusual things in the design of a postage stamp than one could possibly imagine. Every time a new stamp makes its appearance the collectors take out their glasses and attempt to make new discoveries with respect to the central motif of the new issue, and several times since Mr. Farley has been Postmaster General, they have succeeded, so they will have you believe.

For instance, when the NRA stamp made its appearance in 1933, the collectors insisted that the businessman on the stamp was out of step with the figures representing labor and agriculture, and in this case it did not take any magnifying glass to prove they were right.

Then, when the Robert E. Lee stamp of the Nation's Heroes series made its appearance in 1937 the collectors made an astonishing discovery. The collar on Lee's uniform lacked the third star that would have given him the rank of a general and the only official explanation ever made was that one of the stars had been deleted by a Bureau of Engraving and Printing designer. The bureau insisted they had used the design submitted to them by the Post Office Department, but the responsibility for the error was definitely placed on the bureau when it was learned that the Post Office Department's original design included the proper number of stars commensurate with Lee's rank.

The Investment Angle

Each one of these instances tended to boom the sales of the respective issues, as many noncollectors hurried to obtain copies of the controversial issues, boosting by thousands of dollars the department's sales of the stamps.



"What's the rush, buddy?" BRUCE CURRIE

The life of the average commemorative stamp runs about three years. When the Postmaster General decides to call in the issue postal officials carefully see to it that no advance information slips out on the removal of this stamp from the sales list. That would give dealers and speculators a chance to cash in on the removal tip, since the stamp then automatically becomes a rarity.

One prominent New York stamp dealer, sensing the limited volume of the Graf Zeppelin issue of 1933, walked up to the main window at the Philatelic Agency one morning a few months before that stamp was recalled, calmly asked the stamp clerk on duty for $25,000 worth. He plunked down the full amount in cash and made off that afternoon for New York with two suitcases filled with the stamps, which he later sold at an average of six dollars apiece, or twelve times what he paid Uncle Sam for them.

Perhaps the best-known stamp collector in the country today is President Roosevelt who spends a part of each day bringing his outstanding collection up to date.

One of the finest stamp collections in the United States is that of Henry Ford. Its value has never accurately been determined although it is estimated to run into several hundred thousand dollars.

The late King George of England is supposed to have had the finest and most expensive stamp collection ever assembled, although here again it has been impossible to place an appraisal on his collection.

Stamp collecting in this country goes back almost a hundred years. Before the first printed stamp was issued in 1847, you took your letter for Aunt Mehitabel in Peoria to the local postmaster and he plastered on it a black and white label bearing his signature. If you ever find one of these masterpieces in that old trunk in the attic, run, don't walk to your nearest philatelist. A Baltimore postmaster stamp issued in 1845 sold five years ago for $11,000 and is now worth $15,000. The ante on this particular brand was a bit higher because it was signed by James M. Buchanan, then postmaster at Baltimore.

But it wasn't until a very few years ago that stamp collecting mushroomed overnight into big business. Jim Farley was responsible.

Big Jim breezed into office and the musty philatelic dust began to fly. A few days after he had taken office, he authorized a new three-cent stamp commemorating the 150th anniversary of the issuance of the Proclamation of Peace at Newburgh, New York, in 1783. A parade of new issues followed in close order: Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition; the naturalization of General Thaddeus Kosciusko; the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin from Germany; the second Byrd Antarctic expedition, etc. His score to date—1933 to 1938—is 78!

Each new issue meant that a corresponding old issue would have to be withdrawn and it also meant an automatic increase of 25 to 50 per cent in philatelic value of the retiring veterans. The fifty-cent Graf Zeppelin stamp, for example, rose to $8 in two years, with a further rise in each succeeding year. Well, you can imagine what a dither that sent the dealers and collectors into—and the scramble at the Philatelic Agency window was on.

Jim went even further in his philatelic boom. The now famous Farley ungummed and imperforate (trade lingo for no perforations) made their debuts. Every time a new stamp went to press at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, postal and treasury officials gathered lovingly around the presses in ceremonies that dwarfed the dunking of a new cruiser.

It was Mr. Farley's custom to purchase the first few sheets run off during these ceremonies, autograph them and present these first-born to members of the privileged audience—the First Lady of the Land, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Secretary of the Interior Ickes and other big shots. Philatelists the country over were aware of this custom, but they didn't curse and scream; they just envied the lucky so-and-so's.

Then came the bombshell. A collector of Norfolk, Virginia—just for a gag—wrote the Postmaster General, enclosed the nominal purchase price and requested a similar sheet. Ever obliging, Mr. Farley forwarded one of the autographed sheets by return mail. The Norfolk boy promptly took a train for New York to have it appraised. Expert curators of a concern that has specialized for years in setting world philatelic prices quoted it at—whew!—$20,000.

On another occasion a subordinate officer in the Interior Department prevailed upon the stamp-conscious Secretary Ickes to give him a few copies of this famous Farley issue, and then proceeded to offer them at auction at the regular weekly meeting of a Washington stamp club.

Philatelists were indignant, and it was not long before word of the incident reached Mr. Ickes, who immediately recalled the stamps before the auctioneer had obtained what he deemed to be an acceptable bid.

When these incidents reached the nation's headlines, philatelic societies called emergency meetings and voted lengthy, stern resolutions chiding Mr. Farley for giving away these etched diamonds. In no time at all it threatened to become a national scandal.

A Business That Pays

Not being a stamp collector himself, Mr. Farley was amazed and bewildered by the furor his simple act of charity had created. There was only one thing to do and he did it. Sheets of the same ungummed, imperforate stamps—unautographed, however—were made available to the public at large. And did they accept! The sale of these issues alone totaled more than two million dollars.

Most of the wholesale stamp business is conducted at a privately owned exchange in downtown New York City patterned identically after the New York Stock Exchange. Here prices are set daily on domestic and foreign issues and, just like stocks and bonds, they fluctuate according to the volume sold and the rarity of the issues traded.

Today the Post Office Department discourages stamp collecting among its own employees. In fact, postal regulations prohibit stamp clerks from collecting at the risk of removal from the service, for if this regulation were not in effect these clerks would be in an excellent position to secure well-centered stamps and sheets, also the more valuable center-line blocks that are a part of every sheet of stamps released from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Every technical detail on a stamp may affect its value—particularly the exact shade of color (some collectors specialize in "shades") and the number of perforations on its edge—

And Mr. Farley, having learned his lesson, is proceeding slowly, yet just as steadily, with the huge new industry he stirred up out of the dregs of the depression. The balance sheets of his Philatelic Agency on the sixth floor of that sumptuous building on Pennsylvania Avenue tell a more graphic story: 1933 Philatelic Receipts—$300,000; 1937 ditto—$3,000,000. And Jim's official assembly line will turn out this year thirty-two new and different models.

Step up and get 'em while they're hot!

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Sinister Gifts

Continued from page 24

Tony's in love with you but you got in love with Salvatore, then Tony bumped the guy off."

"No, mister; I don't ever love Salvatore. I always love Tony, but Tony is always bossing. He said don't go with Salvatore, so I go with him a little to stop Tony bossing. Tony don't kill Salvatore but now maybe Tony gets electrocuted."

"Yeah, he maybe will."

They wouldn't let her see Tony and she went away crying.

"This is a distressing piece of business, O'Malley," I said unhappily. "They're a nice pair of kids. They had everything in life ahead of them and now their lives are wrecked."

"The guy got jealous. A jealous guy will do anything but he gets sorry afterward."

WE WENT and examined the garage. There were lots of scraps of metal around but we couldn't find any signs that a bomb had been made there. We didn't find anything at Tony's small room. We saw Musta's rooms where the explosion had happened. The place was all blown to pieces. There was a big hole in the table where Musta had opened the cigar box and holes in the walls, and broken plaster was scattered over everything. We didn't find anything there.

O'Malley had a list of the places where Musta had gone after buying the cigars and we went around to them. We went to a couple of plumbing jobs where he had had men working, and to a barbershop kept by a man named Ventuti where Musta had stopped to get a haircut, and to a fruit store that belonged to a man named Rosini, and to a café whose proprietor was a fat man named Gratasso. In all these places someone remembered that Musta had had the cigar box with him.

"Surely, O'Malley," I remarked, "the bomb could have been exchanged for the cigars as well at one of those places as at the garage."

"Right. But all them people have been investigated and there didn't nobody have any motive except Tony. Well, we'll go see that guy that give Tony the cigar box."

We went. The sign said: "Candy. M. Sanzoni. Cigars." It was a small store. When we went in, several Italian youths were gossiping with a very pretty woman who was behind the counter, but they went out as soon as they learned who we were.

"You the one that give Tony Exposito that empty cigar box?" O'Malley asked her.

"Not me. My husband."

She called him. He was a small man, who came from a rear room and looked at us questioningly until he learned who we were.

"Another cop," she informed him.

"This dead guy Musta always buy just one kind of cigars?" O'Malley asked Sanzoni.

"Sure, meester."

"What kind?"

He showed us. The label was like the fragments we had seen at the police laboratory.

"That kid Tony Exposito asked you for that kind of box when you give him one?"

"He don't-a ask. He point. He say: 'You got-a one empty box like-a that?' I tell-a him, 'Sure, Tony.' I give-a him one."

"You wrap it up for him?" asked O'Malley.

"No, meester."

"Let's see your paper and string."

He showed them to us. The wrapping paper and pink string were like those that the bomb had been wrapped with.

"No one would have any trouble getting this paper and string, O'Malley," I declared. "Anything that was bought here would be wrapped with it."

"Right. What did Tony tell you he wanted the box for?" he asked Sanzoni.

"He don't-a say nothing."

"I suspect," I said, when we had left the store, "that a jury would convict Tony Exposito on this evidence. There's nothing against anybody else."

"You're good if you know what a jury would do."

"What next?"

"Why, I don't see no 'next' about this business. We got no more than what them other cops had got already. I guess I got to put my feet on a desk and try to get some kind of idea."

He went to headquarters and I left him. I found him there next day.

"Get an idea?" I questioned.

"Well, I got something. I don't know if it's an idea or what it is, but I'm going to try it."

We went and got Tony. When we brought him up from his cell a cop with a small truck was waiting in the street for us. The sign on the truck said: "S. Musta. Plumbing."

"Get in, boy," O'Malley told Tony.

"What for?"

"You're going to buy some cigars."

We all got into the truck and drove to Sanzoni's store. O'Malley and Tony and I went in there.

"Now buy a box of that kind of cigars that Musta smoked," O'Malley told Tony.

"Say, I don't smoke cigars. I smoke cigarettes."

"You ain't going to smoke nothing."

Tony asked for the cigars. He didn't know what it was all about; neither did I. Sanzoni took the right kind of box off a shelf and wrapped it up for him, and with Tony carrying the cigars we got back in the truck. Then we went to first one and then the other of the plumbing jobs where Musta had had men working. At each of them O'Malley made Tony leave the cigar box in the truck and go in where the men had been and then come back to the truck.

"Look! I ain't going to do these things!" Tony said.

"Sure you are."

"If I do 'em will you let me see Carmela?"

"You won't see her if you don't do 'em, boy."

WE DROVE to the garage. O'Malley made Tony leave the cigar box in the truck and go into the garage office and then go back and get the box. Then, with Tony carrying the box, we walked to the plumbing shop. Afterward we went to Ventuti's barbershop, and to the fruit store and to Gratasso's café, with Tony always carrying the box. At each place O'Malley made Tony put the cigar box down while we went and talked with somebody and then pick it up again, and at the barbershop he made him take off his hat and coat and sit down in one of the barber chairs and get up and go and pick up the box. Finally we went to Musta's rooms. The place was in the same disorder as I had seen it.

"You done a good job here, boy," O'Malley told Tony. "There ain't enough of that dead guy's furniture left for a guy to sit on."

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He made Tony put the box on the broken table and sit in a broken chair in front of it.

"Now, Tony, open it," O'Malley commanded.

Tony unwrapped the box and started to open it.

"Well, wait!" O'Malley said suddenly. "I guess you don't need to open that after all."

We wrapped up the box again and took it to the station house and put Tony back in his cell and locked him up. Then we got in a car with some bomb-squad cops, who had the cigar box, and we drove out of town to the bomb-testing grounds, and the bomb cops opened the box from behind a shield by means of a long rope and the box blew up.

"Good heavens, O'Malley!" I exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

"It looks like it means there ain't no cop more dumb than I am."

HE TELEPHONED headquarters and we went back to the station house. The inspector and the captain were there, and a cop brought in Carmela and other cops began bringing in other people. They brought in Ventuti and Gratasso and the young men I had seen talking with Mrs. Sanzoni, and then Sanzoni and Mrs. Sanzoni, and one cop brought in several cigar boxes, and they took the people one by one into the captain's room for questioning. I waited. After a long time the inspector and the captain came out and stood in the corridor and talked for a few minutes, and then O'Malley came out.

"What is all this, O'Malley?" I demanded.

"This turns out to be the dumbest piece of police work I ever done," he replied uneasily. "Tony Exposito didn't kill nobody. That guy Sanzoni knocked Musta off. The answer to this case is that Sanzoni is crazy. He's a little ugly guy married to a young, pretty woman and his wife has drove the guy nuts by flirting with customers and with young guys that hung around the store. She admits she went out with some of 'em. Sanzoni couldn't do nothing with her and he brooded about it till he didn't care what he done. It wasn't only Musta that Sanzoni was after; he meant to get all them guys, one by one.

"Before Sanzoni kept store he was an electrician. He went over to Jersey and got shotgun shells and got the powder out of 'em, and he went to different plumbing shops over there and got short pieces of pipe that could be closed at both ends, and he went around to garages and other places and picked up pieces of metal. So then he made himself a half-dozen bombs in cigar boxes. His idea was he'd give each of them guys a box of cigars that instead of cigars would be a bomb. I don't know how he figured he would get away with all them murders. Mrs. Sanzoni admits she had went out with Musta, so Musta was on Sanzoni's list. When Musta come in to buy his cigars Sanzoni wrapped up the first bomb for him."

"A peculiar case!" I commented.

"Sure — because the guy's crazy. Would a guy that wasn't crazy give a regular customer a bomb instead of a box of cigars and expect to get away with it? Would he wrap it up with his regular paper and string? When it was in the newspapers that the bomb was a cigar box, Sanzoni come to the cops and told 'em he had sold Musta the cigars—he knew we would learn that anyway, but it kept us from thinking of the guy. We would have got this Sanzoni finally, but it might be they would have electrocuted Tony Exposito first. When cops are sure they got the right guy in a crime, they sometimes get dumb and can't think of nobody else.

"I'm like all the rest of 'em: I didn't have no doubt but what Tony done this murder, and all I was thinking was to get more proof on him. Well, if you make a guy that done a crime go through the actions of it, he usually does something that gives himself away so that you can prove it on him. So I figured I'd do that kind of thing with Tony. I couldn't have Tony do the things he done the day Musta was give the bomb, because I didn't know what they were. So I figured to have him do what cops had learned Musta had done. If Tony had give Musta the bomb, he had been thinking a long while about Musta's habits and when we made him do like Musta he would get worried and maybe we could get the proof on him.

"I didn't want there should be no slip-up, so I went around and told Ventuti and Gratasso and other guys at them places what I was going to do. I told Sanzoni I was going to have Tony buy a box of cigars like Musta had and carry it around like Musta. Sanzoni asked would Tony open the box, and I said he would—I was that dumb! So I and you and that other cop got Musta's truck and took Tony around, but it didn't work out. The more I watched Tony carrying the box the more it come to me that he didn't know what it was all about. He certainly didn't act like no kid that felt he was guilty. But if Tony wasn't guilty, who was?

"I thought about Sanzoni, but it didn't seem probable he would give nobody a bomb that would incriminate himself. Still, a guy that makes a bomb ain't usually afraid it will incriminate him because he figures it's all going to get blown to pieces. Maybe Sanzoni had figured that after the bomb blew up there wouldn't anybody even know it had been a cigar box. It wasn't till after Tony Exposito was pinched that Sanzoni told cops he had give Tony an empty box. He told his wife first, and Mrs. Sanzoni believed him. But Tony said all along that he hadn't got no cigar box.

"BY WHEN I and you and Tony had got to Musta's place, I was figuring that Sanzoni might be the guy that was guilty. A cop sees things and they don't have no meaning for him, but after a while he thinks of 'em and he sees what they mean: It come to me that all along Sanzoni had acted funny. I had that idea when Tony was starting to open the box, so then I stopped him. I don't claim I had it figured out that Sanzoni was crazy. But if he had give one guy a box that had a bomb in it, I didn't want to be around when somebody opened another box that he had had anything to do with. After them bomb cops blew the box up, I telephoned and cops searched Sanzoni's place and found other bombs there."

"Sanzoni meant to get us too," I stated.

"Not us. Tony Exposito. Mrs. Sanzoni knows Carmela and when Carmela made dates with Musta, Tony seen Mrs. Sanzoni several times to ask if she couldn't stop her. Sanzoni didn't know what Tony was seeing her about and he put Tony on his list. It didn't make no difference to that crazy guy if he blew up I and you and maybe another cop or two when he got Tony."

"You're going to get a medal for this business, O'Malley."

"Not me. I'd probably ought to get jailed for not seeing it was Sanzoni in the first place."

"No; it will be a medal. I heard the inspector tell the captain he was going to recommend it."

"Say, I solve a dozen cases and I don't get no recognition. Now I try to convict an innocent guy and I almost get I and you and that innocent guy blown up. So for that they would give me a medal!"

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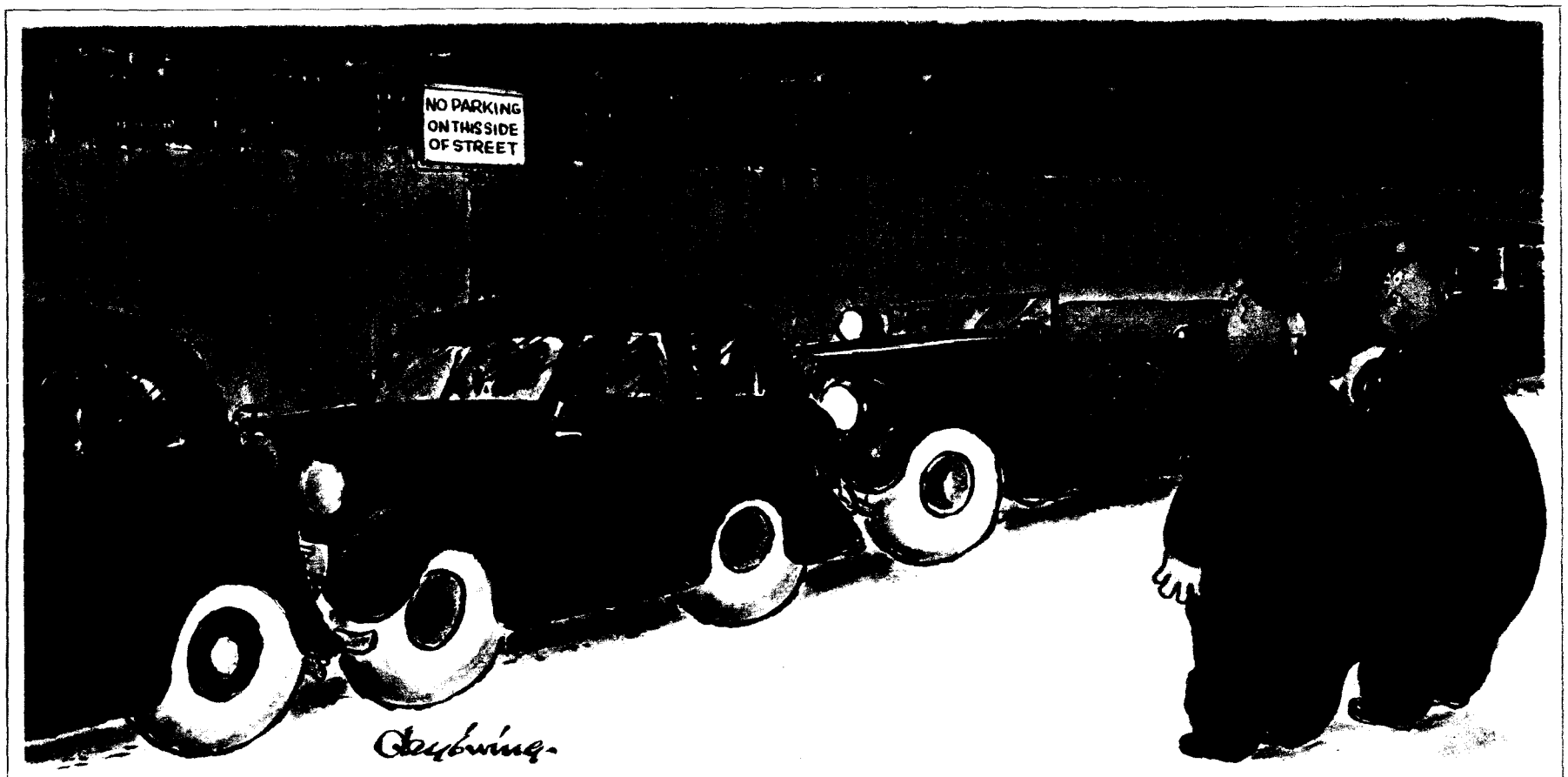

"I told yuh we shouldn't park here! Now we can't get out!" JAY IRVING

The Runaway

Continued from page 17

"Oh." He dragged out the monosyllable, comprehending. "I see. They're in California, are they? You telephoned?"

They had reached the deserted drawing room where chairs were in disorder, lights glaring, fire sunk to red ash. Becky snapped off a switch, pulled furniture about, clicked ash trays on the hearth as she emptied rubbish on the fire.

"Could you put that big log on? Thanks," she said. She seated herself on a great cream-colored davenport, and Laurence sat down beside her. The room was soothingly dim now; the noise of the game players came in intermittent hysterical bursts from the distant billiard room.

"So you heard their voices?" he asked.

HE COULD see her eyes flash in the firelight.

"Mother, yes! Oh, and Dad first," she told him eagerly. "And all the boys."

"And your husband, was he there?"

A shadow fell on her bright face, and she looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"No. But they expected him back any day," she said in a subdued tone. "He went into the mountains this year, my mother said, helping a guide. Harry Grace. He's a professional guide; he takes tourists and strings of mules and packs into the Sierras every year—back and forth. And this year Gavin went with him. Now he's gone up to stay with Harry and make plans for next year, my mother says. Harry's tall and he has a black handle-bar mustache and he swaggers around and tells Indian stories, and I suppose it fascinated Gavin. Gavin was working in Hollywood when I met him, and Harry Grace is a perfect movie cowboy."

They were silent, looking into the flames.

"And you ran away twice?" Laurence presently said musingly.

"Yes. Cowardly, but I'm made that way." She paused. "I must go upstairs now. Barbara will be expecting you."

"Why do you say that?"

"Why do I say that? Because you're Barbara's guest, aren't you?"

"Well, I'm the guest of the house, I should think."

"And I should think you were very specially Barbara's friend. She's been telling me about you, and moonlight in Hawaii, and a picnic out on an island," Becky said.

"You can imagine that after tonight I am not apt to bother Barbara very much," Laurence said. "This—this isn't my kind of thing. And isn't she engaged—aren't they pretty well taking it for granted that she's engaged to this—what's his name? Peter something?"

"It's a family understanding. I don't think her heart's in it at all. You know very well that her heart isn't in it," Becky said.

"I know very well that there isn't the shred of an understanding between Barbara and me," the man said definitely. "I sell two pictures a year for a few hundreds. I live with my uncle, who is the bachelor of the world. There never was anyone so against the idea of a woman in the house as Duane. It isn't a house; it's a high-hipped grand old barn with a little furniture in it. . . . I'm not in love with Barbara. As a matter of fact, there's another woman."

"Another woman!"

"Yes. Since five minutes past eight tonight there's been another woman."

Staring at him suspiciously, Becky said uneasily:

"I don't think I understand you."

"I don't understand myself," he said.

"You mean you—since tonight—since just before dinner—?" She was fumbling when he helped her.

"Yes, just tonight. And that's where you come in. And the thing is to make you believe it."

"That's where I come in," Becky stated rather than said, in a cool tone faintly ironical. "Are you trying to say that I'm the other woman?"

"That's the exact fact. Take it or leave it, and of course I think you'll leave it."

A silence. After half a minute Becky broke it with a definite, impatient, "Nonsense!"

He was sitting looking into the fire, his long lean body somewhat slumped toward it, his linked fingers dangling between his knees. In his charming careless voice he answered seriously:

"Isn't all love nonsense? Is there any reason to it?"

"Do you always start an acquaintance this way?" Becky asked, after another pause.

"No, and I'm sorry to prejudice you against me by saying this," Laurence answered simply. "But it's taken possession of me like a—like a dust storm, and I can't see anything else."

"You know I'm married, of course?"

"But as good as divorced. You've left your husband. That could be arranged."

"Oh, that could be arranged?" she echoed, scandalized and amused.

"YOU think I'm fresh," the man said. "I want to tell you something. I've been waiting all my life to meet you. I've seen a picture like you somewhere, I don't remember where, in some gallery maybe. Lots of Renoir's models wore their hair that way. But wherever it was it stuck in my mind, stuck in my heart. When I saw you tonight, the first minute, I knew that you were the sort of woman I wanted to have smiling at me the rest of my life, you were what I wanted to have my arms around, your hair was the hair I wanted to kiss.

"Now, this may take time," the pleasant cultured voice went on, as Becky, staring at him transfixed, made no remark. "You've no money and I've no money, and I can't ask my uncle for any—not that he has much, himself. He gave me my education, art schools here, Paris for two years, and since then I've been on my own. As I say, I make a few hundreds now and then, and take a trip, and come back and work like blazes and make a few more. That's what I've been doing for six or seven years. But now that's over. Now I'm going to work for you. It's all come to me in a rush; I've been in a dizzy dream since dinner. You're for me and I'm for you, forever and ever. Amen."

"I wish you wouldn't talk quite this way," Becky said uncomfortably, when he stopped.

"I know. I've no business to. I didn't mean to."

"It isn't fair to Barbara, for one thing; she likes you very much," Becky pursued. "And of course as far as I'm concerned or could possibly be concerned—"

"Well?" he asked in the pause, turning his head to look at her with an encouraging smile.

"Well, it's out of the question—but here I am answering you seriously," Becky broke off impatiently, "when it's all such utter nonsense!" Her cheeks were red with distress as she faced him. "I wish you hadn't said all that!" she said.

"I wish I hadn't. I didn't mean to."

"For if I were divorced—if Gavin were dead," Becky went on with spirit, "it wouldn't make any difference! I think," she added in a lower tone, her eyes returned to the fire now, "that I'm through with men forever."

"*That's* nonsense if you're going to talk about nonsense!" Laurence protested.

"No, it's not nonsense. I don't think I like men—as husbands. Men like Doctor Dinsmore or my father, that's different. You can love them; you can adore them. But when it's married love, it's too hard on the woman; it's too unfair to her. She gets all the bad part," Becky reasoned, not looking at him, frowning a little as she reached for words. "She does the waiting at home and crying and wondering; she has to ask for the money that he eats up in rent and food as fast as she does; she has to keep still when it's drink or gambling or being away nights, or even other women; she mustn't ask questions, she mustn't

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start rows. And if it's children, she bears them; she's twisted out of shape, sick all the time, tired and heavy, and wanting to cry, wanting tenderness as she never does at other times—"

SHE was talking to herself, half aloud, her somber eyes narrowed, not seeing the sleepy fire on which they seemed to be fixed, seeing instead a dreary little dark flat in a winter city, a homesick girl cooking steaks for men who waited for dinner with dice in their hands and cigarettes between their lips.

Laurence spoke soberly.

"It isn't always like that."

"No, of course not," Becky agreed. "And now how about joining the others?"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"I'm thirty. And I'm in earnest, Becky. I'll get you if it takes ten years."

Something in his voice, something in his eyes, shook her defenses suddenly, and she could only look at him, fascinated, and make no reply.

"You know that, don't you?" he asked in a low voice.

Becky sat helpless under a rush of emotion as unexpected as it was unwelcome. Every fiber of her being responded to him; as surely, as inevitably, as the falling of a tree whose base has been severed, she knew herself completely under the spell of this new voice, this new touch, the look in these keen, friendly gray eyes.

And at that moment, welcome as even he had never been to her before, Stephen Dinsmore walked into the library and came up to them, smiling and blinking, polishing his glasses.

"Is it you, Becky? And—how d'you do, Mr. Moulton? Where are the others?"

"Struggling with papers and broken pencils in the game room," Becky said, on her feet, eager and radiant. "We were going back this minute."

"I came down for a book. Did you see it?"

"The Murder in a Walnut Shell?" Becky laughed.

"Not quite so bad. But it was a crime book."

"Here it is. Ah, but don't go!" she pleaded, a folding card table already in her hands. "Two games—one game? Two games. Thank you!"

The last words were to Laurence, who had taken the table from her and was opening it. Becky moved a tall lamp, pushed a chair. Doctor Dinsmore, well pleased, had the dominoes and the pegging board in his hands. When Laurence left the room the other two were already deep in their game. He heard Becky say triumphantly, "Now, listen, *listen!* Who skunked who Sunday night? *I* skunked *you*. I took one hundred and four points from you. At a dollar a point, if we played for money, that would be—"

She did not glance at him again as he walked quietly away. Laurence turned into the hall and found his coat, and went out unnoticed into the snowy night.

IN THE shadowy blue light of the cold afternoon of the day before Christmas Eve the studio was mysteriously lovely; its old rafters and high windows took on a strange beauty as the last chill light of the day moved and lingered on the dim beauty of tapestries and brasses, on pottery gay with Spanish color, on the tooled leather of antique books, the age-softened wood in colonial chairs and chests.

Outside, snow mantled the world in true yuletide fashion, and trees and shrubs were bowed under it. But in the barn the great airtight stove had been burning all day and for many days, and now there was a tempered flatness almost like warmth in the air.

For all that, the woman who stood against the great many-paned north window was bundled in furs; the man who was her companion wore a long leather coat belted about his tall lean figure, and held a fur cap in his gloved hands.

Behind them in the studio a lingering luncheon for three had just been ended. Crackers and cheese and fruit still littered the round table; two cigarette stubs sent lazy spirals and lines of gray-blue into the twilight softness of the waning day.

"Well, did you like Duane?" the man asked.

The girl turned to glance toward the stove, and the great chair that stood empty beside it.

"Oh, he's gone?" she asked. Then quickly! "Of course I like him. But the question is why he tolerates me. I thought you said he couldn't stand women?"

"He can't. But you're not 'women,' Becky. You're you. And he's mad about you."

"I can imagine. I've been here twice."

"Well, that was enough. I can assure you he is completely yours, my dear."

To this Becky made no direct answer. She stood for a moment looking out at the blue wintry afternoon. Then she said simply:

"You say such nice things, Larry."

"Nothing to what I *can* say!"

"Shuttleworth ought to do something to correct that hook!"

REAMER KELLER

"I suppose not. I've been thinking," Rebecca said, suddenly more serious in tone, "that I'll not come here again, Larry. I felt bad coming today. I knew I shouldn't. But nobody was at home. Mrs. Lee is at a tea for the Daughters of Old Virginia or something; Hatsy's in town staying with the Baggs girl, they're going to a dance; Barbara's still in Washington. And Doctor Steve isn't coming home. I'm meeting him in town."

"For the opera?"

"For my first opera. Lohengrin."

"Going up after dinner?"

"If I want any dinner after this enormous lunch, with sandwiches and biscuits and everything. Do you do this every day?"

"I tell you this was a great occasion for Duane, Becky. Ever since you were here on Monday he's been talking about you. You were a real girl. No nonsense about you. If I liked women like you he'd never object to having 'em around."

"He's nice," Becky said, touched. "Tell me again. He's your uncle?"

"He's my mother's stepbrother. She was two and he was four when his mother married her father. So he stands in the position of an uncle. I never knew he was alive—at least, I'd met him, been to his studio as a kid and all that. But I mean I didn't know him at all well when he showed up after my father's death and offered me a chance to work with him for a while and see if I had anything. I had a job on a printing press at eighteen a week. You can imagine what it meant to me. That was eight years ago. I stayed here and tried to paint, and he helped me, and finally sent me to Paris, where I got onto—well, got onto whatever I have. It isn't much, but it tickles him to death to think that I've got it at all. He and I are alone in the world and we like each other; he's a grand old guy."

"He's a dear." Becky fastened her coat collar. "I have to go," she said, in an odd, strained tone.

"Don't go." His own voice was strange. There was a silence. One of their moments of quivering emotion was upon them, when any jarring word or note might shatter the exquisite communion that existed without visible sign.

BECKY wrenched herself free of it, turned toward the door, and made her way down the old wooden stairs to the lower barn, big and shadowy and unfurnished in the twilight. Outside the garden door a lamp of old Italian design shed a half-light; by this she could see the path to the gate, lumped and molded in snow in the early dusk.

Laurence was walking beside her; he did not speak.

"Don't be cross," she said.

"You don't love me!" he countered fiercely.

"Ah, please, now—!"

He gripped her arm under the elbow, held it tightly and firmly, guiding her along the road: They came to the parked car, and he opened the door for her, but before she could step up his arms were about her, and his half-savage kiss hard on her mouth. Becky struggled with fur-clad arms, gasped for breath, was free.

"Well!" she said, when she was seated beside him, and they were driving. "That was—unexpected."

"It wasn't unexpected at all. Why the hell do girls say things like that?" Laurence growled. "You know I'm mad about you. You don't care. You're going away in a few days to Florida; sure, why not? Have a good time. The old man's in love with you, I know that. I hate him. God, I loathe him! With all his money and his fur coats and his opera box—!"

"YOU couldn't help loving him if you knew him," Becky said, as the angry voice paused. "He's old enough to be my father, and you know it. But twenty fathers couldn't be kinder to me."

"Has he introduced you to Hilda Heinrichsen yet?"

He could hear the astonishment in her voice.

"Hilda Heinrichsen?"

"Yep. She's singing in the opera tonight, with Flammavilla. The other part, whatever it is."

"And he knows her?"

"Yes, darling, he knows her. She's one of the old war horses of the outfit. Doctor Stephen Dinsmore has known her for many a long sweet year. Barbara told me all about it. Her husband got consumption and he sent them to Arizona, and after he died she came back and was down and out, and he got her into the Met; she'd only done church singing. She's sixty if she's a minute. You can imagine she thinks he's a god."

"You sound very bitter," Becky observed composedly, over some inward twinge of hurt.

"Well, it gets me the way you adore that man."

"You'd adore him, if he'd done for you what he's done for me. Why, Larry, look at your loyalty toward Duane Fox! You're like a son to him. Why shouldn't I give the doctor whatever pleasure I can? He likes me, he likes to—to simply bury me in kindness. Why not? It doesn't hurt anyone."

"And what does he expect to get out of it?"

"Now you're being unpleasant," Becky said firmly, coldly. "I've told you that immediately after we come back from Florida I'm going home to my mother, for a while anyway. And when I come back you and I are not to see each other any more."

They had reached the Dinsmore gate; Becky could see the pleasant home lights shining out in pink streamers across the pale blue snow. Laurence stopped the car and turned to face her. His bared hand found hers and stripped the thick glove from it, and again she felt herself trembling, felt herself overwhelmed with some emotion as frightening as it was delicious.

"Don't be cross at me. I love you so much!" he said.

"Larry, I'm not cross at you. I like you a lot more," Becky said, laughing a little excitedly as he jumbled her in his arms, her lips close to his face, "I like you more than I'm willing to admit! It isn't that. But I have a husband in California, and I have a child who belongs, partly, to that husband. I'm going home in about a month to see my mother, to talk to Gavin, to see what I can do to free myself from the feeling that, in a way, I still belong to him."

"You mean you're going to get a divorce and marry me?"

"Don't squeeze the breath out of me, dear."

"I can't help it! I'm insane about you. My darling, you must like me a little if you call me 'dear.'"

"Don't be so *wild*. Please, *please*—"

"WILL you marry me, Becky? Duane admires you too; he said only yesterday that it was grand to have you around. We could manage on what I have; we could skip over to Paris and I could work there, if Duane would go. And when he dies I'll have something—"

"It isn't that, you idiot! It's that, in the first place, I'm married."

"You can drive to Reno in about five hours, you said so!"

"I know. But there's Gibbs to consider. Gavin will never give him up. Not that he wants him, or could take him for three months a year. He'd have to leave him with his sister, and Gibbs' heart would break. But Gavin knows that he can hold that over me."

"But, Lord, if he's that kind of dog in the manger he ought to be shot!"

"A great many people who ought to be shot aren't shot."

Laurence laughed delightedly, and again she was caught in his smothering embrace.

"So my affairs are all in a mess," she said. "I seem to have been saying that all my life, but it's true. I hate divorce and my mother does, too. I would hate the idea that Gavin was alive in the world, and I living with another man."

"But sometimes, Becky, it's the only way. Promise me that you'll kick him out and come back here and marry me?"

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"Ah, I can't promise you anything."

"But you will?"

"Doctor Dinsmore is going to Europe this year to study the sanitation situation or something. He's to take Hatsy and her mother and he wants me to go."

"For the Lord's sake! When?"

"In March."

"What pipe dream is this?"

"It's all like a dream to me. But that's what he told me last night."

"I thought he only came down here week ends?"

"No, oftener. Three or four times a week."

"Well," Laurence said after a moment's thought, sulkily, "I can't offer you anything like that, of course. You'll naturally not want to turn Europe down. Ever been?"

"Ever been! Of course not."

"Becky," the man said in a different, a pleading tone, "don't be mean to me. I love you so! And you could love me, if Barbara and the doctor and your damn' husband were out of the way, couldn't you?"

Her voice was very low; her amber eyes glinted, very close to his own, in the dusk:

"I'm afraid so."

AGAIN he had her jumbled up close against him on the leather seat, tumbling hair and hat, pressing his mouth against hers. When she could break free Becky slipped from the car and ran up the path and steps to the door, being joined there by him breathless and laughing, and once again imprisoned by his long arm.

"Becky, may I come in? Nobody's here."

"No, no. I have to give Gibbs his bath and supper, and dress for the opera."

"I could watch Gibbs have his supper at least."

"No. You'd confuse me so that I wouldn't know what I was doing."

"Please let me, Becky!"

Bonfacio had opened the door.

"Doctor telephone, Missy Gibson," said Bonfacio, "and say he come home now, and Carter drive you in to opera tonight. He say have litty supper happass six. He on way now. I say you take walk."

"Oh, goody, he's going to have Carter drive us in!" Becky exulted. "I've got to fly if we're to have early supper. Good night!"

One laughing nod at Laurence and she was shut into warmth and light and flower-scented air. Laurence stood on the step irresolute for a moment, then turned and went down to the car. But within half an hour he telephoned her.

Becky laughed joyously at hearing his voice.

"Larry, I haven't an instant! I've got the baby in the tub, and I'm pinning up my hair so it'll be gorgeous tonight! Doctor Steve is here, and I'm so excited I'm afraid I'll break right out and sing a solo myself from the box!"

"I just wanted to remind you that I love you," he said.

"Thank you!" She replaced the receiver and turned to see Barbara coming into the room. Becky gathered her wits together with all speed.

"Hello!" said Barbara, "I knocked and Gibbs said 'come in!' "

"I didn't know you were home."

"Just got here. Where's Mother?"

"At the Daughters of the South thing. And Hatsy's in town with the Baggs girl for the Christmas Junior League dance."

"And Uncle Steve's home? What's he doing home on a Wednesday night?"

"We're going to Lohengrin!"

"Oh, of course. Mother going?"

"He asked her. But she's having dinner with Mrs. Cromartie, who's coming back with her, and they said they'd be too tired. Barbara, he'd probably simply love to have you go."

"I couldn't. I'm dead. I thought—I was just thinking that I might telephone Larry Moulton and see if he's free for dinner. I suppose not. But if everyone else is away it might be fun. Have you seen him since I went away?"

"Met him today," Becky said, toweling Gibbs vigorously. "You got your hair all wet, darling. I met him and went over to the studio with him, and met his uncle," Becky further volunteered, her back to Barbara as she nightgowned Gibbs on the bed. "Don't keep turning over and crawling away, Baby. You didn't meet anyone you liked better, Barbara?"

"I met scuts, pikers, twirps, lice and underdogs. In all my life I've never been on such a lousy house party!" Barbara said, lighting a cigarette as she lolled in a chair. "Is this his supper? Why is it that babies get better food than we do? Look at that rice! I could eat every bit of it. I had an honorable offer. I could be Mrs. Colonel Fisher."

"Colonel! Isn't that rather high up?"

"Well, he's rather low down. Five feet flat, I should say. But nice. He's smearing string beans on his face."

"Gibbs, eat nicely."

"No," Barbara said, returning to her favorite topic. "I'll never like anyone as much as Larry. If he'd just go *definite*, I'd drop Pedar like a hot brick. But Larry's afraid he hasn't anything to offer me—what rot! Half the girls support their husbands nowadays and nobody thinks anything of it! Let's be Victorian, yes. But let's not bound back to the Middle Ages!"

Becky returned from the closet with a brown lace garment dangling from a hanger.

"Recognize it?" she said.

"For heaven's sake!" Barbara said simply.

"You gave it to your mother for the rummage sale; I saw it, and Carrie-Sis altered it a little—made it longer and lengthened the shoulder straps! Wait until you see it on!"

"It ought to be lovely on you. It was a gorgeous dress, a Paris model—isn't it a Leneau? But the color always made me look like something sitting up on a slab in the morgue," Barbara said.

"I LOVE it!" Gibbs was in his bed now, studying the two women with thoughtful sleepy eyes through the bars. Becky proceeded with her dressing and Barbara tried various telephone numbers, finally getting in touch with Larry at the club.

"Damn it!" she said, after an unsatisfactory conversation. "He's got a date. He's going to the opera, too. Did he tell you so today?"

"No. He didn't happen to. Then why don't you come with us, Barbara," Becky said, trembling inside. "There's sure to be another seat in the box."

"No, it isn't that. But Pedar'll be there with his mamma and his Uncle Thomas, and I refused to go with them. He'd be sure to see me and it'd only make trouble. No, I'll stay home and do something. I think I'll take up ceramics. I wish I'd married at eighteen. A boy was mad about me when I was eighteen. I'd have a kid of six now and be divorced. It would be so much simpler than this dangling around on the family tree."

"That isn't the pleasantest program," Becky said thoughtfully. "Divorce sounds simple. But it's horribly complicated and you never quite get done with it."

"You do if the man dies," Barbara observed.

"Well, then you might just as well wait for that to happen first."

"What does he want to go to the opera for?" Barbara muttered, under her breath.

(To be continued next week)

"Best part of the tackle ..takes good smokin' to make good fishing"
16853
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Velvet
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
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Timid Soul

By Richard Connell

MY WAR ended Easter morning, 1918, in a field near Le Cateau. "Compound fracture, left femur; third-degree burns, chest and back; possible fracture of skull," I heard the old doctor say.

The young doctor bent over me.

"Another of those forty-hour fliers," he growled. "Sending these half-trained kids up against aces is plain murder."

I did not hear anything more for a long time.

WHEN I got back home to New York everybody said I did not look like a man who had been shot down in flames. They said I looked fine. My firm gave me back my old job. I lasted four days. Work once easy I could not do at all now. Every little sound rasped my raw nerves. For hours I would cry. In camp and at the front I had been haunted by the fear of fear. Now all the old fears came back and brought with them new ones. I was afraid to live and afraid to die. A dozen doctors, a dozen cures, did me no good. I got worse. Finally, as a last hope, my people sent me over to Kronzak to see Dr. Isaac Israel.

All that most people know about Kronzak is that it gave Dr. Israel to the world. I found it one of those tiny free states tucked away in the mountains of mid-Europe, a contented little country, just poor enough to be left alone, just rich enough to be happy.

His country was proud of Dr. Israel, its world-famous son. In a drowsy rural village, which had not changed in a century, lived this man who had changed the thought of the world. To him men from many lands brought their broken minds to be made whole again. Great doctors came, too, to sit at his feet and study his method.

Dr. Israel lived in a modest farmhouse his grandfather had built. He was in his fifties then, a frail man with a beard already white. Care lines were etched deep in his sensitive face as if he had made the woes of all his patients his own. He had the wisest, gentlest eyes I ever saw.

Thrice a week I spent an hour in his old-fashioned study. It was not like going to a doctor at all. It was like having a quiet talk with a father who understood your doubts and despairs because he had felt them himself. It is not easy for a man to empty out the pockets of his soul. But his compassion and tolerance made it easier. Slowly I began to find myself.

I also began to find out something about him. He was selfless in his devotion to his science, and, though never physically strong, he drove himself relentlessly in his quest for the secret springs that make some men sinners and some saints. By day he saw his patients. In the village there were always a score or more of tortured men and women who had come to him for help. By night, he worked late on one of those thin, lucid books of his, which, in a hundred pages, said more of value to humanity than most men say in a lifetime.

What little time he had left for a personal life was simply spent. He had a garden and he loved it. I remember his childish pride when a pumpkin he had raised won a prize at the local fair. His other relaxation was to play the cello in a string quartet consisting of himself, his wife, his son and the village barber.

I had been his patient for three months when Erno Grodd came to the village. He caused a minor stir because he was a rarity, a native of Kronzak who had no regular work or fixed abode. Grodd was ragged, and he was weary from much wandering. The carpenter in whose house I lodged gave him food, a place to sleep, and a job counting shingles.

From my window I watched Grodd at work. He was thirty but he moved like seventy. As he did his simple task slowly and badly, he made me think of a dog I once saw, part terrier, part mastiff, a scared and spiritless thing, with a head too big and a body too small, and eyes full of memories of past kicks and fears of future ones. Now and again I stopped to chat with him. He cringed away at first. But in time he came to trust me enough to talk a little. I found he had education without being educated. In his years of aimless drifting about the continent he had stuffed his head with all he had heard in public-park forums, debates in hobo jungles, and speeches by street-corner statesmen. This hodgepodge of ideas, superstitions, theories, political catchwords and prejudices lay in an undigested lump in his mind.

I cannot forget how he spoke with a sudden flash of passion that made him, for a moment, seem to have some inner fire and force

I put Grodd down as a misfit, pulled this way and that by indefinite dreams, and too infirm of purpose to make any of them a reality; as one of those weak and worried timid souls who let their lives dribble slowly from their slack grasp. One day he surprised me. I forget what we were talking about, but I cannot forget how he spoke with a sudden flash of passion that made him, for a moment, seem to have some inner fire and force. He saw my amazed stare, went worm again and slunk away.

Next day Grodd tried to hang himself in the woodshed. Of course he bungled the job. He did not tie the knot tight enough. He fell and bruised his face and body and I found him, sobbing impotently, on the floor.

Dr. Israel heard of this, and sent for Grodd. It was like him to try to help anyone in trouble. A week later, out for an evening stroll, I saw the doctor weeding his bean patch, and stopped to ask him about Grodd.

"Is he mad?" I asked.

"He is but a step from madness," Dr. Israel told me gravely. "And he may take that step soon unless I can save him from it. The poor fellow is an emotional rather than a thoughtful type, and he lives in terror of the tigers he has locked in his heart. Perhaps I can show him how to let them out, one by one, and help him find a measure of peace. It may not be easy. I have never met a man with so profound a sense of inferiority as Erno Grodd. What causes it I cannot tell. It may take months, years, to find out. But I intend to do so. I must make him believe in himself. I must."

"I hope you can help Grodd," I said. "It is good of you to try when you are so very busy and he is so very poor. I'm just wondering—"

"If I'll be repaid for my work," he finished for me.

"Grodd will repay me," he said. "Not in money, maybe, but in some way. If I can turn a sick tramp into a useful citizen I'll ask no further fee. And I may learn something from his case. Grodd is worth studying. He is an extremist. No golden mean for Grodd. It is not in him to be just meek; he must be utterly, I might say violently, meek. Most men have at least a little self-esteem. Grodd has none.

"Sometimes a weak man is a strong man in reverse. That may be true of Grodd. He's at the bottom now. Perhaps I can turn him round and start him toward the top. Just suppose he had as much confidence in himself as he now has distrust. Suppose he felt as superior as he now feels inferior. Why, such a man could drive through to real greatness! And how terribly the world needs great men. . . . I think I can start him on a new path."

"Where will it lead to?" I said.

He shrugged his slender shoulders.

"Ask me twenty years from now," he said.

Two months later I said goodby to Dr. Israel. I was well again. I said goodby to Erno Grodd, too. He was whistling at his work. I saw a change in him. His eyes were a little less afraid, his manner a shade more assured. I left him counting shingles and whistling the national anthem of his country.

IT WAS Easter morning, just twenty years after my crack-up and the cure that followed. I sat down in the breakfast room and glanced at the newspaper. I read:

DRASTIC PURGE IN KRONZAK

. . . Among those driven from their homes was seventy-four-year-old Dr. Isaac Israel, the renowned psychologist. Soldiers dragged him from his bed, beat him, and marched him to the border. There they told him to get out of the country. They were acting under orders from Dictator Erno Grodd. . . .

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

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One-Night Stand

Continued from page 10

"I know it," said Charley Benson, "but I—"

"Look," Russ said, "he's simply trying to tell you I'm playing here tonight. And he's right. That's why I'll have to meet you later, Linda. I have to get back on the stand."

She nodded then, slowly, her cheeks faintly colored. "Oh," she said quietly. "I didn't understand."

Russ saw that Ned was already looking over the floor for him. "I'll have to run now," he told her, "but I'll be waiting for you at the door."

He barely had time to get up on the stand before Ned Brown was leading them into their first group. All through the dance he kept watching her. He knew what her family would be like. She was Old Hill and he could tell it. Her folks might not like him at first because he was poor and things like that, but when he had really begun to click, when he had a good band of his own . . .

"Watch that chorus!" Ned Brown said sharply. "You're sluffing the spots, Russ!"

After that he tried to keep his attention on staying in the groove and when the dance was finally over he hastily slipped the sax into its case and hurried to the door. Couples were streaming from the gym and for a moment he was worried, thinking that he must look a little funny, standing there with the sax case in his hand.

Some of the boys from the band kidded him as they went out and Russ found himself grinning foolishly and liking it. He kept looking over his classmates' heads, trying to find Linda. When she didn't come and didn't come and finally the gym was practically deserted, Russ went out on the steps just as Tommy Baxter and his girl came around a corner of the gym.

Russ stopped him. "Have you seen Linda?" he asked. "I was going to take her home."

Tommy Baxter looked at him curiously, as if he didn't know whether to be angry or amused and the girl giggled foolishly. And then, as if her giggle had been his cue, Tommy Baxter laughed too. "I'm afraid that's a horse on you," he said. "Charley Benson's already taken her home."

Russ could feel the color edging up over his collar.

"Thank you," he said stiffly and turned away. As he went down the walk he heard the girl giggling again.

HE PHONED her from the corner the next day. Linda's voice sounded nervous.

"I'm awfully sorry about last night," she said, "but I really couldn't stay any later, Russ. You understood, didn't you?"

"Sure," he said, "I know how it was." He waited for her to say something then, and when she didn't: "Maybe you'd like to go for a ride?" he suggested. "I think I could get Ned's car."

"Whose?"

"Ned Brown's," he repeated.

"Oh," she said slowly, "I'm afraid I really couldn't, Russ. I'm supposed to go back to school this afternoon. I was packing when you called."

He tried to pretend it didn't matter. "That's all right," he said. "Maybe we can make it some other time."

"I hope so," said Linda. "I'll have to go now, Russ."

He left the stuffy little phone booth. It wasn't really her fault, he told himself, that she had stalled him. She was young and self-conscious and her life had always been fitted into a careful pattern where you went only the right places with the right people. It was just that he had met her too soon.

When the right time came, when he was on his feet and she had outgrown that environment, he would come back.

That first year after his graduation he had thought of her constantly, comparing her with every girl he met and knowing, more than ever, that Linda was the right answer. He kept thinking that some week end he would visit the U again and then he would get to see her. But instead his success came too fast and after that there was never time.

RUSS hadn't even noticed that the train had crept into the station until Sleepy appeared in the doorway. "Come on, Russ," he said. "There's some carriage trade waiting on the platform."

There were the well-groomed, slightly self-important men and the sleek, waiting limousines. Only the station platform was as it used to be. As far as the people were concerned this could have been Chicago or Seattle or Miami. Russ Andrews was playing an engagement and those who had hired him were on hand to see what he looked like in the flesh and blood. They would want to exhibit him.

"Hello, Andrews," said one of the smaller men, stepping forward. "I'm Tommy Baxter. I was in your class."

"Oh, yes," said Russ. "I remember you. I knew your sister." People like Tommy Baxter didn't change.

"And this is Paul Harris, the president of the alumni," Tommy Baxter said. "He was '21."

"How do you do?" Russ said. "It was nice of you to meet me." He waited then to see where they would want to take him.

Harris cleared his throat. "There's a cocktail party at the country club for some of the old boys. We thought you might like to look in for a few minutes."

"I'll be very happy to," Russ said. If Linda was in town she would probably be at that party. And he hadn't much time. He wouldn't have a chance once he went on the stand that night. He picked up his bag and started to follow Harris to the car, then was suddenly aware that Tommy Baxter had lagged behind.

Turning, he saw that Tommy was watching the slim blond girl in the tailored suit and, somehow, it displeased him. Ann was too nice a girl for such smug young men.

Tommy caught his eye. "Perhaps she'd like to join us?"

"I'm afraid not," Russ said. "I imagine Miss McHugh has other plans."

Something in his voice made Ann look at him quickly. "I'd like to, Russ," she said suddenly. "That is, if you don't mind."

Before Russ could even recover from his surprise Tommy Baxter had her arm and was leading her to the car. A little annoyed, Russ followed them.

As they were driving up the hill that stretched above the campus, Russ, glancing back, could see the university buildings, cold and gray and carefully arranged in geometric designs.

He was suddenly conscious that Ann was watching him now. He glanced at her and she quickly turned her eyes to the road again.

AS THEY came into the lounge, Russ hesitated a moment in the doorway, watching the gay groups and couples crowding around the bar. At the far end of the room a small band was playing.

They came down the steps and uncon-

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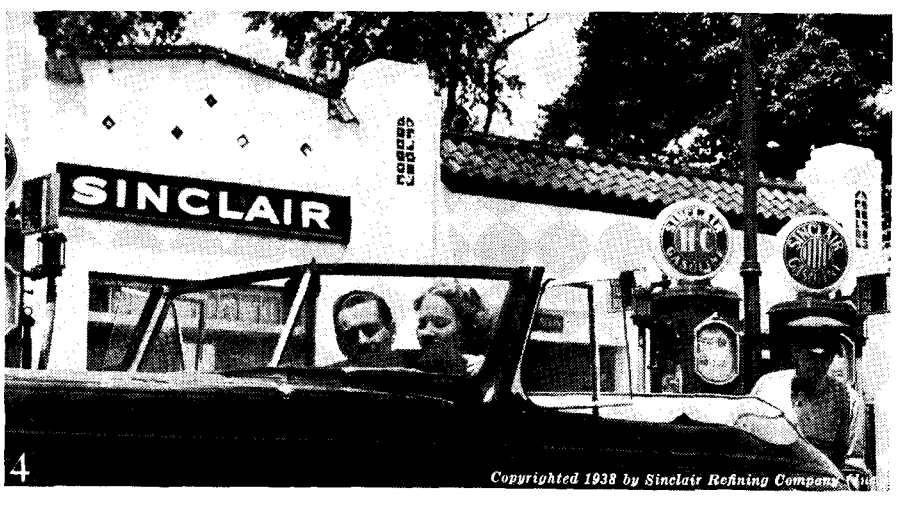

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Don Herold Says:

Buildings and men have higher standards

A few years ago there was no such thing as an air-conditioned theatre, office or business building.

But today everybody recognizes the value of air-conditioning in buildings.

And, a few years ago, though women worried about perspiration aura and used Mum to prevent it, men perspired and did nothing about it, except maybe their regular baths—which isn't the answer to this persistent and perplexing perspiration problem.

Men maybe even felt it was masculine to be a little bit offensive about such things. They maybe thought *then* it would be feminine to take any measures to prevent personal perspiration publicity.

Today men see the brutality of that attitude.

Today, many druggists report one of every four Mum sales to men. *Men today are going in for personal air-conditioning.*

Many men today would just as soon go to the office or a dance or a party without a shave as to go without precautionary dabs of Mum underarm to insure against

perspiration aura. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

Mum is a pleasant cream (inviting to use, soothing to the skin, harmless to clothing) which prevents perspiration odor for many hours without stopping perspiration.

You're perhaps timid about buying and trying it. If so, start by sending for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers, Dept. M2-78, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City. Just jot your name and address on the margin of this page.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

sciously Russ straightened his shoulders a little as a hush fell on the room. Men and women turned to stare after him and there were the excited little whispers and he was pleased with that. It told him that even up here Russ Andrews meant something.

Paul Harris stopped at the bar and immediately there was a crowd around them. Russ bowed and smiled. One or two of the men looked familiar but the women were all alike, sleek and wanting to be amused and willing to flirt a little. It was as if they had all been varnished with the same brush.

A half hour dragged by while he was introduced to a hundred vague faces. Twice he tried to break away, to move about the room by himself, seeking the one face he really wanted to see again. Each time a new influx halted him. Russ felt a sudden weariness. This trip, like his school years, seemed destined to disappointment. He accepted his first highball then, sipping it slowly while his eyes still roved over that sea of faces.

A girl laughed suddenly and his throat tightened up as it did on an opening night and he carefully placed his drink on the bar. It was the voice he had been waiting for. It was Linda's.

There was a little group clustered around the door near the bandstand and between the men's broad, well-tailored backs he saw a small, familiar head. Automatically he started toward them and the men fell back when they saw who it was and then he was looking at Linda again.

"Why, Russ Andrews!" she exclaimed, and her voice was both pleased and eager. "I didn't think you would remember me."

"I don't forget easily," Russ said and he was smiling.

HE STOOD there, just looking at her while the others made polite conversation until the music started and then, without a word, Linda turned to the floor and they were dancing.

It was hard at first because Russ had never become a really good dancer. "I'm sorry," he said finally, "but I seem to have two left feet. I've been on the baton too long, I guess."

"On the baton?"

He nodded. "Most leaders are poor dancers. You develop—well, sort of an anticipatory sense of rhythm from counting it off for the men. Then, when you go to dance, you're still that split second ahead of the music."

"That sounds a little complicated," Linda said.

"It is," Russ replied, "but, then, all alibis are." They both laughed at that and suddenly they were dancing much better together and that tightness had left his throat.

She glanced at him once, wondering if he might remember that she had once broken a date with him. The other couples were watching them now and she liked that. There was some strange blond girl sitting with Tommy and she was watching them, too. Or rather, Linda decided, she was watching Russ.

He was really much nicer-looking than all those newspaper pictures, she thought, and she was pleasantly aware that his rather unruly hair and strong features must make a nice contrast with her own small, sleek head.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said.

"I was just thinking about another dance."

So he had remembered! Linda felt a pleasant little chill.

"I was so upset about that, Russ. It simply couldn't be helped."

"It doesn't matter now. This is all that counts."

"This?" Somehow she seemed closer in his arms.

He nodded. "This very minute. Being back here again."

She was sure of herself then. "You haven't even asked me if I'm married," she pouted.

"I know you're not," he said evenly. "Three summers ago you were engaged to a boy from Newport. The next fall you broke it off and went to Europe. There were pictures of your sailing party."

"Oh, that's nice!" she said. "I like to know that you remembered."

Then the music was over and Russ led her over to the bandstand.

"Could you give us a verse and a chorus of If I Could Be with You?" Russ asked the leader. "It's one of my favorites."

"I'll be glad to, Mr. Andrews. Right away."

TOMMY and Ann were watching them from the bar as they went back on the floor. Ann avoided looking at Russ as he passed them.

"Little Linda seems to be doing all right," Tommy Baxter said. "But, then, she always does."

"So I'd imagine," Ann said quietly and Tommy looked at her quickly. She didn't like his probing, close-set eyes.

"It runs in the family," he said lightly. "The Baxters always know what they want."

Ann was silent, once again watching the couple on the floor. She had always known that it must have been something like this. But finding that it was true didn't make it any easier. If it had only been the right girl—

She stopped herself short. With painful, reluctant honesty she knew that, regardless of the girl, she would have still felt the same. You can't love a man for two years and give him up willingly to any girl.

Tommy Baxter laid his hand over hers. "Let's leave," he whispered. "You don't want to stay around here, do you?"

She fought hard to retain the silence that concealed her suddenly rising anger. It was the smug ones, the Tommy Baxters, who had hurt Russ when he was in school.

"Come on," Tommy urged, misunderstanding her silence. "I know a nice quiet place where we can go for dinner. Just the two of us."

She looked at him then. "I don't go in for pickups," she said quietly.

He stared at her. "What's wrong with it? A girl like you gets around. So why not?"

SHE bit her lips, vainly trying to keep her voice steady. "I'm sorry," she said finally, "but I'm particular about who I go out with. I'm funny that way." Her eyes were still on Russ, dancing in a corner with Linda.

Tommy followed her gaze, his eyes suddenly sullen. He looked like a disappointed and not-too-nice little boy. "Oh," he said, "so it's that way? I should have known there were strings."

Her slap caught him squarely on the cheek and there was a quick, crimson splotch where her hand hit him. The music had just ended and the whole room heard that slap. Turning, they saw Tommy Baxter holding his hand to his cheek. The slim blond girl beside him was trembling and almost in tears and some of them noticed that, too. Russ Andrews was one of them.

He started toward her, forgetting the girl on his arm as he cleaved his way through that awkward, stifling silence. Linda laughed abruptly and it sounded strangely brittle in that quiet room. "Tommy never learns," she said. "He always picks on the most impossible—"

She stopped then as she saw the little coils of muscle that had tightened around Russ' jaw as they came up to Ann. The girl was trying to smile but her eyes betrayed her; even through the blur of tears they told too much.

He looked at her for a moment, thinking that this was like the weary re-enactment of an old, unpleasant scene. It was an old scene but with a new principal. This was the way he had felt when he was in school. Alone and friendless and out of place.

"What's wrong?" he asked. The words were to Ann but his eyes were on Linda's brother.

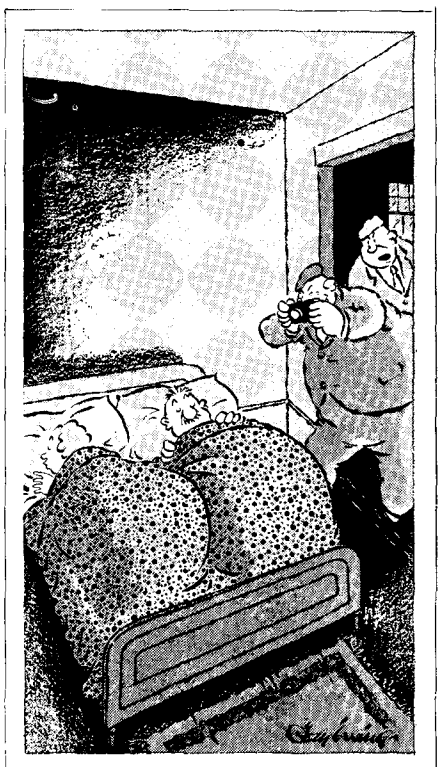
"Nothing," said Tommy Baxter, "except that I didn't use my head. I should have stayed in my own league."

"That's right," Russ said. "That's what you should have done."

He hit him then and Tommy Baxter went crashing into the bar before crumpling slowly to the floor. Russ stood over him, hoping that he would get up and want more. Tommy didn't.

Somewhere a woman laughed.

Russ turned as he realized that the laughter came from his elbow, that it



"Aw, come on, Ed! That thing'll get us into trouble some day!"

JAY IRVING

was Linda's. Linda who was suddenly a stranger with too brilliant eyes and the splashy color of anger in her cheeks.

"That's lovely, isn't it?" she demanded, her eyes going from Russ to the man on the floor. "Simply lovely!"

"I'm sorry," Russ said slowly, "but he had it coming, Linda."

"What if he did?" she said bitterly. "You didn't have to make a scene here!"

He stared at her, dully realizing that it wasn't because he had hit her brother that she was angry. She was angry because there had been a scene and not a well-staged one: a scene in which she had been conspicuous in an unsatisfactory manner.

He knew then that she was like all the others. She belonged with those who liked the rotogravures and turning heads; women who enjoyed the limelight—but only in the right way and with the right people.

He could hear someone saying something about publicity-seeking band leaders and he nodded slowly.

"That's right," he said, and he was looking directly at Linda. "Band leaders will do anything for publicity. They'll even wake up sometimes."

An arm crept through his and Russ knew it was the one that should have been there long ago. He looked at Ann for only a moment but it was enough. It told her all she wanted to know.

"Let's go, Ann," he said. "The dead can bury themselves."

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All On One Ticket

Continued from page 21

year, 1930, it handled 1,800,312 people. Thousands of people sleep overnight in deck chairs and on benches on the Pier on important week ends when hotels and boardinghouses are jammed to capacity.

At the beginning, Mr. Gravatt was fortunate enough to have the advice of such experienced men as Harry Askin, manager for Sousa.

"A great salesman," comments Mr. Gravatt. "If he sold you forty musicians, he always delivered sixty—charging you of course for eighty."

It was a great education for the old motorcycle boy and he was fortunate in having a plant so large and a list of attractions so varied that he couldn't entirely go wrong. What kills amusement anywhere and particularly at a summer resort is weather. Because of that the manager of the Ritz-Carlton who comes out on the porch of his hotel on the morning of the third of July and holds out his hand anxiously for signs of rain is as much a yokel as the farmer in Indyiowa who fears he'll lose his corn crop.

"One Saturday when we were playing a $15,000 bill at the Pier," recalls Mr. Gravatt, "a nor'easter hit Atlantic City and we played to about eight people. Some wise guy hung black crape around the marquee."

There was the other occasion when a storm arose while Paul Whiteman and his orchestra were playing on the Pier. Like a good suspension bridge, the Pier sways in a storm. After three pronounced sways, Mr. Whiteman got himself down off the bandstand and *ran,* not walked, to the *farthest* exit. The dance hall is near the end of the Pier, almost a quarter of a mile from the entrance, and it was quite a journey for the gentleman, who was then in his ponderous period. His engagement was for three days but the maestro couldn't be dragged back.

Miss Cooper by a Knockout

Among other achievements by Mr. Gravatt is the resurrection of the Atlantic City Beauty Contest, which had died several years previously with the consent of all concerned. The amount of finagling that went into the choice of Miss America would have run a national political convention, and the tortured cries of the losing females could be heard as far south as Cape Hatteras. Despite all this Mr. Gravatt decided that the Steel Pier could venture into this maelstrom and has done so. The supreme test came last year. Among the contestants was Miss Bette Cooper of Hackettstown, N. J., an undeniable knockout. However, in the course of the services, Miss Cooper decided upon several matters: (a) She didn't want to pose, and (b) she didn't even want to be in the contest. By the time everybody from ticket takers to judges had got done arguing with Miss Cooper, nerves were worn to a thin point. When she finally did consent to participate, she was by long odds the most unpopular lady on the Eastern seaboard. The management wanted to kill her; the judges were frothing. Miss Cooper had a simple answer to this: she simply walked out and did her little parade. The judges might be blind with rage but they were not so blind that their judgment had deserted them. Miss Cooper became Miss America—and the honor of Atlantic City was preserved.

There are the usual statistics about Steel Pier: an estimated 2,250 pounds of gum a month, or about 75 pounds a day, is taken off the seats and floors (this including such sticky substances as salt-water taffy, which some people might list as candy but not the Steel Pier boys who have to slice it off the furniture); about $50 worth of wastepaper is sold every day by the Pier during the season. The Pier hires on an average 350 people, including the acts; and there are 48 on the pay roll the year round.

One favorite story is of the lady who bought a ticket and proceeded to lead her flock of nine children through the gate. When stopped, she pointed to the sign that said: "All for the price of one admission," and insisted on her rights. When informed of this, Mr. Gravatt laughed very heartily, ha, ha, ha, and said let them in, it being a joke on him. But it would be well to warn others to refrain from repeating the jest lest his sense of humor become strained.

The Billboard Battle's On

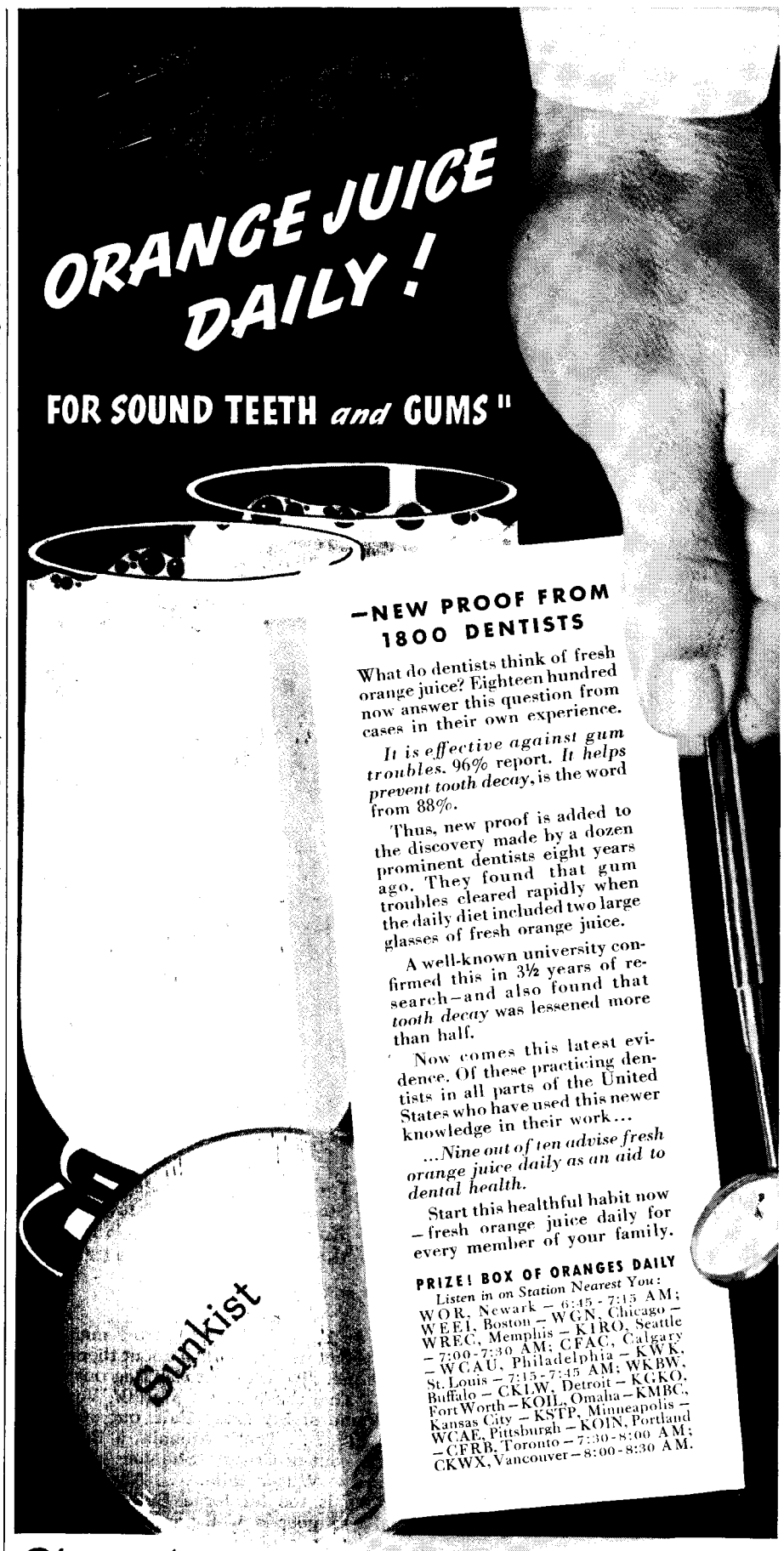
On an average day during the season, the Pier has around 12,000 customers, amounting to $6,000, $7,200 or $9,000, according to the price of admission on that particular day. It is estimated that 50,000,000 customers have used the Pier since it was built.

Things will undoubtedly be stirred to a pitch in Atlantic City this summer because, after some years of quiet existence, the Million Dollar Pier has now become Hamid's Million Dollar Pier and the billboard battle will soon be superseded by the attraction battle, with both piers conducting a rather similar policy and the customers being in a position to risk *two* admissions in one day and be absolutely assured of suffocation from amusement. What it will mean in the way of advertising is too horrible to imagine, for Mr. Gravatt is known as a sucker for any advertising scheme and Mr. Hamid gives indications of being one who will stop at nothing. As a consequence it will be literally impossible to travel anywhere in the eastern United States without being assaulted by tidings of Atlantic City.

Because of a city ordinance, nothing can be sold on the ocean side of the Boardwalk. Hence there are no eating booths, restaurants or the like on the piers. Both the Steel and Million Dollar people go to strange lengths to get around this. There are soft-drink booths but you don't buy the beverage; you simply rent the container for a small sum. Wary visitors who want to get their money's worth arrive laden with hampers, long strings of sausage and cabbages in season—prepared to spend the usual two weeks with pay, if allowed.

But say what you want, the Gravatt gentleman has been a success. He was born and reared at Lower Bank, N. J., close to Atlantic City, and makes no pretensions of being an amusement king. All his life he has been a trader, buying an apartment house and swapping it for a hotel, swapping the hotel for a vacant lot on the Boardwalk, swapping the lot for a golf course. With the Steel Pier, he got himself into it in a burst of enthusiasm and couldn't trade his way out. Consequently he has made a fortune out of it on the theory that if you give the customer more than he expects, you can't keep him away. If you think it's all mercenary business, you overlook the case of Amos and Andy, who had an iron-clad contract saying they would not work more than four shows a day and eventually did fourteen without extra pay because they "got into the Steel Pier spirit of things."

Mr. Gravatt appreciates this spirit and hopes it will be a lesson to others.


ORANGE JUICE DAILY!
FOR SOUND TEETH and GUMS"
—NEW PROOF FROM 1800 DENTISTS
What do dentists think of fresh orange juice? Eighteen hundred now answer this question from cases in their own experience.
It is effective against gum troubles. 96% report. It helps prevent tooth decay, is the word from 88%.
Thus, new proof is added to the discovery made by a dozen prominent dentists eight years ago. They found that gum troubles cleared rapidly when the daily diet included two large glasses of fresh orange juice.
A well-known university confirmed this in 3½ years of research—and also found that tooth decay was lessened more than half.
Now comes this latest evidence. Of these practicing dentists in all parts of the United States who have used this newer knowledge in their work...
...Nine out of ten advise fresh orange juice daily as an aid to dental health.
Start this healthful habit now —fresh orange juice daily for every member of your family.
PRIZE! BOX OF ORANGES DAILY
Listen in on Station Nearest You:
WOR, Newark — 6:45 - 7:15 AM; WEEI, Boston — WGN, Chicago — WREC, Memphis — KIRO, Seattle — 7:00-7:30 AM; CFAC, Calgary — WCAU, Philadelphia — KWK, St. Louis — 7:15-7:45 AM; WKBW, Buffalo — CKLW, Detroit — KGKO, Fort Worth — KOIL, Omaha — KMBC, Kansas City — KSTP, Minneapolis — WCAE, Pittsburgh — KOIN, Portland — CFRB, Toronto — 7:30-8:00 AM; CKWX, Vancouver — 8:00-8:30 AM.
Sunkist
Sunkist Valencia Oranges
RECORD CROP
California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 1607, Sunkist Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Send the free booklets, "World's New Dental Story," recounting these discoveries in detail and "Fruits that Help Keep the Body Vigorous," with further health facts about oranges and lemons.
Name
Street
City State
Copr., 1938, California Fruit Growers Exchange

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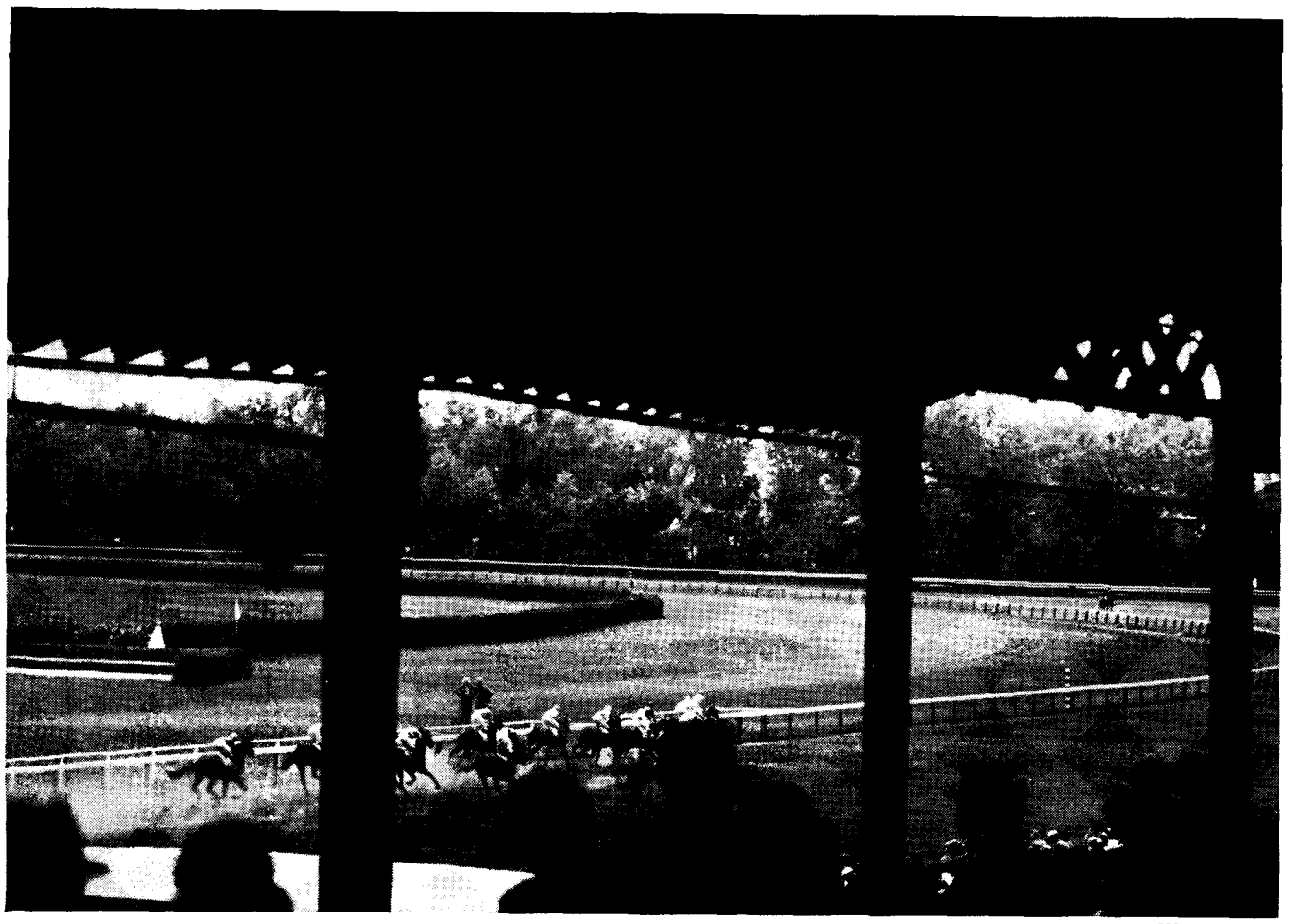
Crazy Over Horses

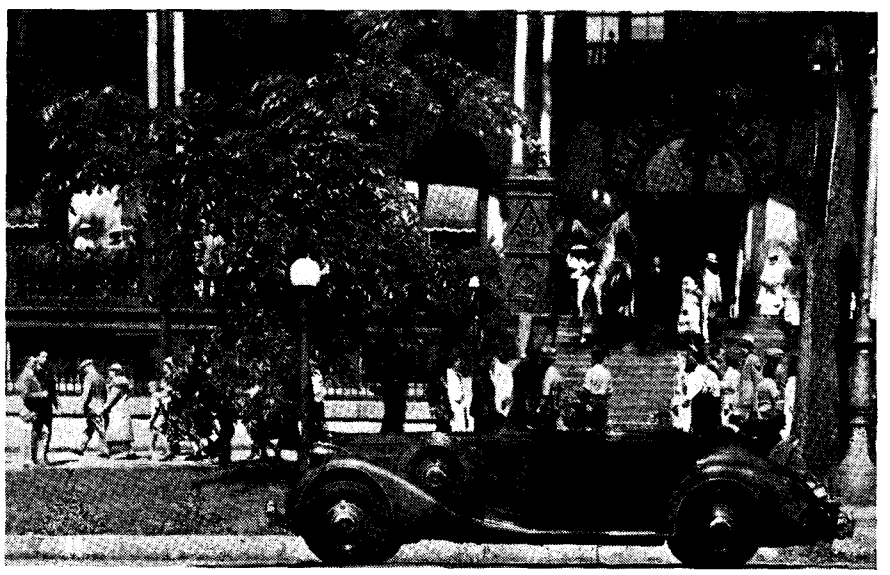
By Quentin Reynolds

In a few days the sleepy old town of Saratoga will awake to find thousands of visitors on its doorstep. Every August, horse lovers, gamblers, dowagers, touts, debutantes and just plain racing fans assemble there to watch America's outstanding meet



BERT CLARK THAYER

Saratoga represents the best race tracks in America—or in the world—and thousands of horse lovers witness the start



JOSEPH GURTLER

Outside the venerable United States Hotel, where Saratoga's August visitors gather to talk the language of the race track

I LEANED over the white fence that surrounded the gleaming white bracelet of the track, and the man with the battered hat said, "Thirty years now, I've been watching them and I still get a kick out of it. Me, I really don't live except mornings at a track. You get a lot of sun that way and you meet a lot of people too, and of course," he added, "you see a lot of nice horses."

"You like horses?"

He smiled a little. "Anybody who don't like horses is a half-wit."

The sun was high enough to show above the barns and it bathed the track and woke up the flowers that dot the Saratoga infield. The track has sounds all its own in the early morning. You could hear boys clucking to their horses. You could hear a dog barking and you could hear horses whinnying hungrily.

Fifty horses were walking around the track, pounding around the track, and when they passed you could hear the shrill cry of the boy and the snort of the horse and the dull clop-clop as the hoofs beat the turf rhythmically. It was early morning at the most beautiful race track in the world. Not the most pretentious, not the best-landscaped, but the most beautiful. Every horseman you ever meet will tell you that. Ask him why and he won't be able to answer.

He'll say, "Hell, man, anyone'll tell you that Saratoga's got 'em all beat."

Its only rival in this country is Churchill Downs, for the Kentucky track, too, has a charm that surpasses formal, man-made beauty. Saratoga is about ten years older than the Downs and perhaps that gives it a slight edge. Saratoga was born during the Civil War. It didn't even know that a war was going on between the states. The man in the battered hat turned from watching the horses flash by to say, "Yes, sir, I been coming here thirty years now except for 1910 and 1911 when Chick Hughes stopped open betting. Me? I like to back my opinion with a small bet."

"Who was Chick Hughes?" I asked him.

"Chick? Why, he was governor then. Had a beard. I think he's a judge now. But around here we all called him Chick."

As horses galloped by, the man with the battered hat talked about them. Not to me. He was just thinking out loud:

"That chestnut is a Man O' War filly. Name of My Lady Fair, out of Regal Lady. . . . That's Albania, a Bull Dog filly out of Cristar. She goes tomorrow in the Wilson mile. . . . Always say a mile is too far for a Bull Dog horse. There goes a well-named horse, that chestnut gelding from the Brookmeade stable. National Anthem. It's by American Flag out of Golden Melody. . . . I like a well-named horse. Good horses are usually well-named. War Admiral, Man O' War, Discovery, Equipoise, Gallant Fox, Sir Galahad, Wise Counselor—good horses with good names. . . ."

"What do you do for a living?" I asked the man with the battered hat.

"I'm sixty-eight years of age," he said solemnly. "I quit doing anything for a living thirty years ago when I made a little stake. Now? Now I just follow the horses. Sometimes I do a little clocking. Sometimes I stumble across something real good and I pass it on. Nothing wrong, mind you, but I know horses. I can watch a youngster gallop and know about how good it'll be. Sometimes I pass that on to people I know and maybe they'll make a little wager for me. But I'm not a tout. I just like horses."

Saratoga is filled with people who just naturally like horses. Drop into the shops; listen to the barber who shaves you; hear the ancient ebony waiters at the equally venerable United States Hotel or the Grand Union Hotel talking to each other and you'll know that they just naturally like horses. There is more honest, sincere love of horseflesh at Saratoga than there is anywhere in the world, I'd say, except maybe Ireland. The Saratoga meeting lasts through the month of August and during those thirty days the whole history of Saratoga is relived. It is as though the whole past had merged in all of its charm to be relived during those thirty days.

Where Nobody Hurries

The huge elm-tree-shaded houses on Broadway, on Circular Street, on Franklin Square, once more echo to laughter and gaiety. Once more the whirl of the roulette wheel is heard in the dozen or so gambling establishments operated in the Spa. Once more crowds gather in front of the old wooden hotels, waiting for the racing papers containing tomorrow's entries and the selections of the turf writers. Automobiles fill the streets now instead of horse-drawn vehicles but they don't hurry madly. Nobody hurries much in Saratoga during August. Nobody ever hurried much in Saratoga except the horses.

It was in 1864 that horse racing began at the Spa. Until then it had been known as a health resort. Its mineral springs held mysterious life-giving qualities, and men who knew the persistent and inevitable hardening of arteries came to Saratoga to relax and to renew the youth they had once known. They came from all over but mostly from New York. Many of them were wealthy and time hung heavily on their hands. They had money and their money cried for action. Inevitably racing and gambling followed.

It was John Morrissey, whose twin professions of politics and professional fighting had made him the leader of New York's sporting set, who started racing at Saratoga in 1864. Drums were beating and cannons were roaring but they couldn't be heard in quiet Saratoga. Horses were being mobilized all over for war use but to Morrissey and his associates horses were never born to do anything but run a mile and an eighth under silks. The first meeting lasted three days with forty-five thoroughbreds in action and so successful was the brief season that plans were immediately laid to form the Saratoga Racing Association.

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Wars came and depressions raised ugly heads; crooked gamblers more than once gained control of the meeting and politics dipped covetous hands into the pork barrel that was filled with revenue from the track; fly-by-night horse owners and trainers who specialized in the sponge and the needle came and went. Saratoga survived them all and nothing they did could detract from the charm and pastoral beauty of the Spa and nothing could stop the steady advance of honest racing by horses owned and trained by honest men. The horses, of course, always remained honest. You can't corrupt a horse any more than you can corrupt a sunrise.

Wooing Lady Luck

The golden age began for Saratoga just before the turn of the century with the advent of William C. Whitney and August Belmont. They spent close to $300,000 beautifying and enlarging the race track and they offered purses that attracted the best horses in America. For several years a gambler named Richard Canfield had run a place called the Saratoga Club with great success. Canfield had a reputation among gamblers that was summed up in three words: "He pays off." That was enough for Whitney and Belmont and their associates. They told Canfield that they had big plans for Saratoga. They suggested that he build a real place, an establishment that would rival anything that Europe had to offer.

Canfield bought some hillside property that had been an Indian encampment and amusement park. Canfield razed the Punch and Judy shows, the croquet courts, the bowling alleys, the tintype photograph gallery. He ejected the gypsy fortuneteller and the knife tosser, the Australian glass blower, the weighing machine and the merry-go-round.

Out of the ashes of the amusement park there arose the most famous and pretentious gambling house ever built in America. Clarence Luce, a leading architect of the time, built it and Stanford White designed the immense dining room. The surrounding grounds were made into elaborate Italian gardens. The gambling rooms themselves were luxurious and people did say that it was almost a pleasure to lose money in them.

The legends that have grown up around those golden days at Canfield's are legion. Most of them are founded on fact. There was the time that John W. (Bet a Million) Gates, the Chicago plunger, became annoyed because Canfield had set a limit of $5,000 on the faro game. That afternoon the bookies had taken Gates for $350,000 and he was anxious to get it back at Canfield's. He tried to buck the tiger but it wasn't long before he had lost another $150,000. He went into Canfield's office.

"Dick, I want the limit raised," he told Canfield.

"To what?" Canfield, as always, was imperturbable.

"Five thousand to the cases and ten thousand to the doubles."

"Of course," Canfield said smoothly, and then he added innocently, "Are you sure that's enough, John?"

Gates snorted and went back to the game. Gamblers tell you that was the biggest faro game on record. Within an hour Gates had won $300,000 and Canfield, who always had a million in currency in his safe, paid him in thousand-dollar bills.

Canfield's became too famous, always a dangerous thing for a gambling house. Smaller, less reputable places sprang up in the byways of Saratoga and there were tables of crooked wheels and loaded dice and holdups. New York mobs tried to muscle in to "protect" places and in many cases succeeded. The New York newspapers commented freely on the open gambling at Saratoga and that didn't help things. The gamblers themselves were a jealous group and eventually, of course, they managed to cut each other's throats. Canfield closed his place in 1907. So did the Manhattan Club, the Chicago and the United States Club. The small fry followed and a few seasons went by with virtually no big-time gambling at Saratoga.

However, the hiatus was a comparatively brief one. Ben Riley opened the famous Arrowhead Inn and the Brook Club was born. This latter flourished until it was destroyed by fire a few years ago. Today there are dozens of places operating in the Spa and a man can gamble twenty-four hours a day if he wishes. Piping Rock and Arrowhead are the most pretentious. They give patrons the best floor shows given anywhere in the United States and the gambling at both places is conducted decently. Riley's Lake House, Smith's and the Chicago Club are other places where a man can satisfy his urge to buck the wheel, the dice or the cards. The Chicago Club especially satisfies a real need. There is a dull period at Saratoga for those who like to watch the morning workouts at the track. You like to get there about six, which obviously means you must stay up all night. The larger places all close around four. That leaves two barren hours. The Chicago Club by staying open all night takes care of those two hours.

However, the gambling, although an integral part of Saratoga, is far from being its hub. Gambling, like everything else in the Spa, revolves around and radiates from the track. Essentially, in August, the horse is king. People live through the mornings somehow waiting for the first race. Then when the last race is won you merely kill time until the bugle blows the next afternoon to bring them out again for the first race.

When you're not at the track you'll be talking horses and you'll hear of the famous races that were run at the track. Every great horse and nearly all good horses listed in American turf history have run at Saratoga. Turfmen will tell you stoutly that there have been only three "great" horses in history. They are Sysonby, Colon and Man O' War. Seabiscuit, War Admiral, Lawrin, Dauber: these are good horses whose greatness must yet be proved.

The Most Remarkable Upset

You'll hear old-timers tell of Salvator and of the dead heat run by Hastings and Clifford, in 1897. You'll hear of Irish Lad, Waterboy, Africander and Molly Brant. They'll tell of Hermis, Rosenben and Beldame. Coming to more recent years, you'll hear of the feats by little Roamer, by Omar Khayyam; Exterminator, who was called Old Bones; Sun Briar, and of course you'll hear of the one and only time that Man O' War lost a race. The Whitney-owned Upset did it and they are still trying to fix the blame.

You'll hear of that afternoon when crowded stands watched the heart of a horse break. That was when Man O' War looked John P. Grier in the eye and asked him the question. John P. Grier tried to answer it but Big Red wouldn't listen. Big Red just ran and behind him thundered a horse that finished the race with a broken spirit and a broken heart. That isn't a race-track fable. The vets and the trainers around the track will tell you that's what happened.

Of course you'll hear of the most remarkable upset in racing history, the time that Jim Dandy, a hundred-to-one shot, came home ahead of Gallant Fox and Whichone in the Travers Stakes of 1930. You'll hear these and a thousand other stories at Saratoga. Everything you see at Saratoga is sure to remind someone of something that happened long ago.

Take for instance the humble potato chip. Even on the expensive surface of the shiniest mahogany bar you'll find a bowl of potato chips and someone is sure to tell you the story.

"Must have been around 1850, I guess," you'll hear. "There was a roadhouse down the line named Moon's. They had an Indian cook named Crum, and Crum was mighty proud of his cooking. One night a customer sent back his French fried potatoes. He said they were too thick. He liked thin French fried potatoes, he said. Crum got all het up about that. 'I'll show him,' he said, and then he sliced a potato as thin as he could. He put the slices in a wet towel for a few minutes and then dropped 'em into a pan of grease. When they cooled off he salted 'em and tried 'em and he allowed they tasted pretty good. He went to Mrs. Moon and she liked 'em too. She said, 'They make a body thirsty. Let's cook up a mess of 'em and put 'em on the bar. It'll make customers order more drinks.' So they did and that's how the potato chip was born. Now another thing, Mister . . ."

A Prosperous Month

Saratoga is unique in being a very racing-minded community. Usually the merchants and professional men of a racing city rise up in arms against the nefarious practice of backing your opinion with a wager. Racing people, the merchants say, are likely to be remiss in paying the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, though really I never heard of anyone ordering a candlestick maker to make him a candle. In Saratoga the merchants and the professional men are heartily in favor of racing. Racing brings many a dollar into the shops of Saratoga. Saratoga is a prosperous place during the month of August.

Until recent years the city went quietly to sleep once the meeting was over. Now, however, the excellence of the state-controlled baths has been so well publicized by newspapers and word-of-mouth advertising that Saratoga has become an all-year resort. As soon as the meeting is over prices drop sharply. Houses that cost a thousand dollars for the month of August can be had for two hundred dollars any other month and hundreds who come to the Spa to watch the racing return afterward to catch the baths.

It's like that in Saratoga. Of course it's been modernized a little. Today there's a new hotel called the Gideon Putnam, named after the man who came to what the Indians called Se-rach-ta-gue back in 1789. Today there are 160 mineral springs owned and operated by the state. Today automobiles drive down Broadway and people come from New York by plane instead of carriages. But the charm of Saratoga is age-old and the mechanical age has been unable to mar that charm. The horses are the descendants of the horses that ran at Saratoga sixty years ago. The elms that line the streets were already venerable when John Morrissey came to Saratoga for the baths. The same urge that brought men to Saratoga sixty years ago brings them now: the urge to back judgment and luck with a wager. Gambling and love are the only two things in the world that have never been successfully legislated against.

And of course there is no compulsion to bet at Saratoga. Thousands go to the track just to watch the horses run and to feel the breeze on their foreheads and to catch the scent of the petunias and the rose geraniums in the infield of the track. Sure, we all know that you can't beat the races. But it's a lot of fun trying to beat them.

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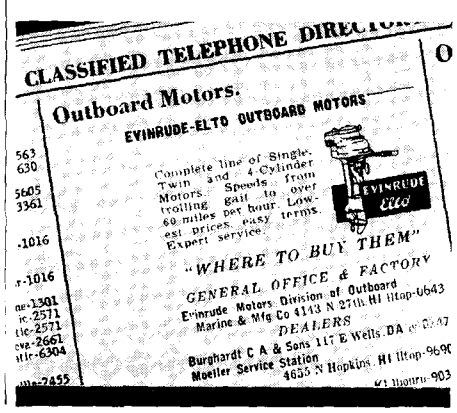
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The Street of the Angels

Continued from page 22

for less than two dollars a day, in money. Then he took a quick shower and dressed, and tried to call his office to tell them the bad news of his arrival.

He'd heard about that telephone system; nevertheless, he was determined to be its master, but after he rang and rang he finally appealed to the concierge, whom he had first seen to the extent of some fifty francs. The concierge tried to get his number, to the extent of at least fifty francs' worth of trouble, but in vain. Finally he said, in the English of Oxford-on-Bow, that it might be the holiday.

"What holiday?" said Joe.

"Why, the Feast Day! The Fifteenth of August! The Feast of the Assumption, monsieur!"

"What do you know!" said Joe. "Well, whatever the rule is. All right. Let it go till tomorrow, I guess."

He left his passport, his letter of credit, and a few other papers at the desk. He had his traveler's checks, and about seventy dollars' worth of French money in his pockets and his wallet.

"Where would be a good place for me to eat?" Joe asked the concierge. "I'm starving."

"I will write a few addresses on a card. All of these are good; none is too dear. Naturally, I am known to the proprietors of these places. However—"

"I understand. I went through prohibition. I'll just say Louis sent me."

ONCE in his taxi, Joe looked at the cards. "La Comète," he said. "La Comète. That'll do, for a start."

Joe was hungry. Joe was thirsty. He was not what is known as a drinking man, by any means; still, he was a salesman and this was the last day of his vacation. So he had a dry Martini, and a few hors d'oeuvres, say about seventeen or eighteen different kinds, before he really went to work.

He picked out a wine by a comparatively simple method. He looked for "Vins de Burgoyne"—practically any fool can do that. Then he ran his eyes down the price list. Now, suppose the cheapest wine under this heading was thirty-six cents, and the dearest, oh, say about two dollars and a half. Very good; he'd choose one that cost about eighty cents.

Well, Joe had his Martini and his hors d'oeuvres, and his thick soup, the soup that has a different name every day and nevertheless a strong likeness. He had a *châteaubriand,* good and rare, and *pommes frites,* and *tomates marigny,* and five or six kinds of cheese. Also, he had the whole bottle of Burgundy, and a large coffee with cream; one cannot indulge these foreigners in everything.

And then he had a glass of forty-year-old cognac, which was not, on the whole, such a good idea. To begin with, it cost fifty-two cents, and it wasn't, to Joe, twice as good as he could have had for twenty. Had he let the cognac, all cognac, definitely alone, it wouldn't have hurt.

Joe thought he'd take a walk, and what a walk he took! Past the Luxembourg Gardens, where there were a lot of kids, nice, funny little kids who reminded him of his own, and their nurses or their mammas, who reminded him of his wife, but very complacently and satisfactorily, for Joe still thought he had just about the best woman in the world.

He walked and he walked, looking at everything, at the people, at the store windows, at the bookstalls and the little boats on the river, and the statue of Voltaire. He didn't care where he was going. Why should he?

After a while, he came to a street with a pretty name. The Rue des Anges: the Street of the Angels.

On this street there was a church. He did what for him was a very strange thing: he went in.

JOE wasn't much for churches at home. He seldom attended his own, and of course he'd never think of going to a strange one.

This was quite a jolly little church. It had been decorated for the Feast Day; it was full of flowers. Before a side altar there were great masses of blossoms, and the walls around the niche that held the statue were covered with little votive tablets made of marble and engraved in gold.

The dates went back to 1847. So many people had prayed before this altar; so many, many of them must now be dead, and forgotten, and only these little bits of mosaic remaining, to record that one day, at least, they were joyous and grateful.

Dead? There was a memorial plaque in the back of the church: "The priests named here, attached to this parish, gave their lives for France 1914-1918." Below were half a dozen names.

Somehow, that tablet brought the war closer home to Joe than anything else had ever done.

He went out into the sunshine again. It was still early, only about three o'clock.

One might think offhand that the little visit Joe had just made would have left him in a chastened and sober mood. As a matter of fact, it had made him acutely conscious that he didn't feel nearly so good as he had felt, and he wanted to recapture his former elation. So he stopped at a little café.

Was he tight, by this time? Well, the taxi drivers were looking at him eagerly and wistfully. He was not staggering, he was avoiding collisions. Say that he was a little high; say that, as the tender phrase is, he wasn't quite himself. Or say what you choose; the facts are these:

He said to the waiter at this next little place, "Vishey Americain." The waiter grinned at him and said:

"Where you from, Buddy?" Joe laughed, and told him.

"I'm from Brooklyn myself," the waiter said. "Over here since the war. Got married to a mademoiselle. Never went back."

"Want a drink?" said Joe.

The waiter shook his head. "Put it on the check, if you want. I can use it. Over here, you get off the hard stuff. I don't touch it very much any more. It's bad enough here. My wife works. We got two kids, in the country, with her people. We see them once in a while."

"I got two myself," said Joe. "Bring me another little shot, will you?"

"You're the doctor," said the waiter.

The café wasn't crowded; the waiter had plenty of time to pass the time of day with a man from home.

"Some people do that," he said, nodding at Joe's drink. "Some follow the women. I'd be okay only for one thing. The dogs have got me down."

"The dogs— Oh. You mean the horses," said Joe. "Do they do much of that over here?"

The waiter looked at him with pity. "Why, Buddy, there's more tracks here for the size of the place than in the whole United States. And did you ever know a waiter who wasn't a sucker for them? I hit them, too. Only the dog I had last Thursday got disgusted with the whole thing after six furlongs, and if I wasn't working here I wouldn't be eating. And the beauty part of it is, I got a number for the third race out at Auteuil tomorrow that's due. He's due, I tell you, and there'll be a nice price on him, too. Maybe eight to one. And I been waiting for him; you know how you do. I followed this dog. Name is Petit Choux. He's a honey."

"Petit Choux."

"Yeah. Mother was Crouevoute Garnie. Won a race out at Chantelly, 35 to 1, in 1928. This one's a gelding. Three years old. Listen. You—you want to give me a hundred francs, I'll guarantee you eight hundred tomorrow. And you can give me a hundred back, if you want. What do you say?"

"I don't bet," said Joe.

"Oh."

"No. I don't bet. But I tell you what

"I'm a stranger here, officer. Where do I get this ticket fixed?"

I'll do. Let's see. Twenty bucks. Suppose I give you five hundred francs. If we win, we split."

"Give it here, brother," said the waiter. "This one's in the bag. You're a good sport. You come back tomorrow."

"Sure thing," said Joe. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

ON ONE of the boulevards, Joe met a beggar. Met him? He all but fell over him. The beggar had but one leg, and he looked plaintive and reproachful, indeed. So Joe gave him quite a little change, those mysterious pieces of copper and zinc that seem to be little good anyway. The beggar thanked Joe profusely, yet with a touch of pride. He was a veteran, he said; he'd lost his leg in the war. From his looks, it could have been the War of 1870. Yes, he had children, grown ones and small. They were poor, too; they could get no work except odd jobs. Joe bent an ear to all this.

Capital was what you needed, the beggar said. He had a plan. It was not well to beg, but if only a man had a little something to sell! For instance, the fruits: the peaches, the small oranges, the bananas. Take a day like today. A beautiful day, a holiday, everyone out at the Bois, at St. Coucoufa, at Maemaison. A man with the fruits, how well he could do! And he had a son, a fine strong son, who could carry the baskets, but his father would have only a small basket, and would they clean up! Two hundred francs, three hundred francs! Even now, it would not be too late.

This interview cost Joe just between six and eight dollars. However, he went weaving down the street not altogether displeased with himself.

JUST how he ever came to pick up that little girl, Joe couldn't have said. It was much later; it must have been about dusk, on the Boulevard Sebastopol. Joe didn't know exactly how he got talking to her, but there they were, in a little café and she was having a citronade, and he wasn't.

He was telling her all about his wife and his two kids. He'd buy her a drink; he'd buy her a dinner. But he wanted her distinctly to understand, to understand— He talked so slowly, so carefully, and he said it so many times that apparently she did understand.

She talked slowly too, and simply, and he'd nod his head. She wanted him to understand, too. She was so sad, so lonesome that night. Everybody had gone to picnics, or for little excursions, to Versailles, to St. Cloud. Everybody had a friend; she had none. But truly, no! Look at her! She had no nice clothes. She was a working girl; let him but look at her hands.

She wasn't in Paris long; she came from a little village near Tours. What a fool she'd been, wanting to see Paris, thinking she could get work there, and have a little fun. Work! Well, she did get work, but as he must know, the season was so bad, and the Americans weren't buying as they did, and even the best cutters in the shop weren't making three days' wages a week. Oh, yes, it was a good shop. Perfumes and gowns.

Joe bought her a big dinner, and she ate it like a frightened bird—say a startled vulture. She was hungry, all right. He wasn't. She drank little; he didn't either. He was trying hard to understand exactly what she was saying, and to make her understand him.

She was nineteen years old, she said. She didn't eat prettily, but she was timid, and eager to please, and so ravenous.

She had a little room with another girl, she said. It was not a nice place. Joe nodded.

And she was so homesick, and so disgusted. And her mother wasn't well.

Maybe Joe suggested it himself; maybe it was just put into his head. If she got her carfare back to Tours, and a few dollars for her room rent, would she go back home? Would she?

It appeared she would.

"And listen, now, ah, Annette," said Joe. "Now, look. There's nothing in this —all this." He gestured, vaguely. She nodded.

"When I was young, I tried—all this. Now I am married. I have children. I'm happy, with my wife and children. You understand?"

"Yes," she said.

"And when you go home, I would not —I would not say much about—about what I might have done here. You tried to get work; very well, you did work.

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Anything—anything else is your own affair."

"Like—all this, you mean, monsieur?"

"Yes. Like this. After all, you are very young."

"I'm seventeen," she said, and put her hand quickly over her mouth. But he didn't seem to notice. He just paid the bill, and then gave her all the money in his pocket, except fifty francs.

"Now, you put me in a taxicab, like a good girl. Put me in a taxi, because I've got to go home. Got to go back to my hotel. I've had—a little too much to drink."

She put him solicitously into a cab, clinging to his arm, and as she left him, she bent suddenly and kissed his hands, and she seemed to be crying.

Now then:

Joe woke up in his hotel room early that morning—at four o'clock. His head didn't feel so good. Neither did he. He was frightened, for a minute; he didn't know where he was, but he seemed to be all right and, at least, alone.

He tried to recall exactly what had happened. Of course, he couldn't. It was a blur, a confusion, and soon even that disappeared, leaving him only with a sick disgust for himself and his foolishness. He was trying to forget it. To a degree, he succeeded.

But, over in the Bastille district, which is not so choice, an old beggar, his family and especially his son who had helped him were rejoicing over a highly successful twilight and evening at St. Coucoufa, Maemaison, the Bois, or here and there. They had some poor remnants of bananas, peaches and little oranges, and some six hundred francs, which even now is a good day's profit.

NOT a great many streets away, a little young kid was packing her few pitiful belongings. She was taking the morning train for Tours, where she had a sick mother.

She looked out of her window at Paris, just as Louis did, looked at it, and shuddered with fear and loathing. "Soon, soon, I'll be home again," she whispered to herself.

And at half past three, on August 16th, a waiter in an obscure café was going around like a crazy man, because a noble steed named Petit Choux had just come home at nine to one, and consequently the waiter had a good deal of money for himself and more for some fellow named Joe.

But Joe, unlike the horse, never showed. He had a very vague idea that he'd made a bet with someone, and that was all. He remembered giving some money to a beggar, and recalled buying a drink for some little girl. That's what disturbed him most.

"It just shows you what you can get into, in this town," he said to himself. "Believe me, I'm tending to business from now on."

So he made good resolutions about his future career in the City of Light, and let's hope he kept them.

As for the Street of the Angels, he never thinks of that at all. He just knows he was in a church, somewhere.

Lamb of Wall Street

Continued from page 11

student. And that is the secret of his present eminence. He has taken a number of credits toward his Ph.D. He will probably take them all before he gets through and produce an excellent thesis. But he did not limit himself to Columbia. He entered as a student in the New School of Social Research, the graduate school in Twelfth Street, which is the haunt of the intelligentsia in New York.

Some years ago he became associated with the late Frank Vanderlip in the establishment of a new economic magazine—the Economic Forum—of which he became an associate editor, a post, I think, he still fills.

He does not belong to any of the swanky New York clubs, does not fraternize with powerful bankers and promoters, has never been on a participation list, does not play the stock market himself, does not move about in altitudinous New York society and, aside from his time in the theater, the tennis court and church, he spends most of his spare moments in his room as a student. All of which is sufficient to justify the observation that he is a very different kind of bird from any of those who preceded him in his exalted role.

But what is most important is this—how did such a young man as Martin ever get to be head of the Exchange? And what does his election mean for the future of Wall Street? What has come over the spirit of the dreams of the embattled brokers that they should make so great a change? And where will it end?

To know how it came about, one must look at two things—one, the Exchange; the other, Martin.

As for the Exchange itself, there you have to ask what has the Exchange been doing to itself. For a large part of the sorrows that have been emptied upon its once haughty head have been of its own brewing. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. And the Exchange has been very mad for the last five years—mad at Roosevelt, mad at the times, mad at the reformers, and mad at many of its own members. . . .

Its greatest mistake was the refusal of the Exchange authorities to co-operate with the SEC from the day of its organization. They got away with that all right as long as Joe Kennedy and Jim Landis headed the commission. For they were timorous and lived in fear that the SEC might be blamed for some market reaction. But Kennedy and Landis could not go on forever. And a day came when William O. Douglas was made chairman of the commission, and that was the blow preceding the final blow. The final blow, of course, was the bankruptcy and ruin of Richard Whitney, the former president.

For much of the bad policy and bad public relations of the Exchange, Richard Whitney and his counsel, Roland Redmond, have been blamed. And certainly they must take their share. But the simple truth is that they reflected the temper and desires of the ruling class in the institution.

When the Old Guard Ruled

That ruling class was known as the Old Guard. The hater of the Money Devil out in Ginger Corners, or even in New York, looks at the imposing Stock Exchange Building and thinks of those inside as a harmonious unit. The Wall Street broker is visualized as one huge monstrous figure, just as we think of the "Japs" or the Germans as one huge Jap or one huge German, thinking and massacring as a unit. We forget that inside Japan or Germany there are bitter divisions and great numbers who hate the ruling policy as much as we do. It is so within the Exchange.

As long as I have known it—for the last twenty years—there has been what might be called a reform crowd opposed to the Old Guard. There were men like E. A. Pierce; Colonel Henry Rogers Winthrop, who organized the Association of Stock Exchange firms and is the father of the Stock Exchange questionnaire; Gayer Dominick; the late Colonel Prentice of Hornblower and Weeks; Lawrence Oakley; Paul Shields, and others. The central point around which these divisions ranged was the character of the groups that made up the dominating Old Guard. They were the floor traders, the specialists, the representatives of certain great banking houses and the gambling element generally. The reformers were among the commission houses who represented the public.

It was the Old Guard that ruled the Exchange and it could do it only according to the old rules. In the face of all that had overwhelmed it, it sat around hoping for the return of the old days and consuming itself in hatreds. Meantime the reform elements kept up an incessant clamor for co-operation with the government and the SEC and then in the fall of 1937 a series of swift dramatic events threw the Exchange into their hands and brought Martin to the top. Here is what happened:

The first blow was the collapse of the expected boom in the early spring. President Gay issued his annual report—a bitter attack on the SEC as the cause of market decline. It was the first open defiance of the commission. As the market sank the Old Guarders went into a panic so violent that they were prepared to close the Exchange. Roosevelt, perhaps fascinated by the dramatic quality of that gesture, was willing to order it closed. But Douglas averted that blunder. It was better to let the situation go further to pieces, for on that disaster the Old Guard might be expected to crack and it did.

Then on November 22d Douglas cracked down. He charged that member short-selling caused the severe slump in stocks. He said the floor traders were unloading on the public. He called the Exchange a casino that was trying to feed too many mouths, suggested a salaried executive and reduction in memberships, writing wide all over his statement that unless the Exchange cleaned house he would do it.

He could not have chosen a more auspicious moment. For on that very day the gratuity fund committee of the Exchange met and learned that Richard Whitney had possession of $200,000 in cash and $175,000 in bonds belonging to the fund. When Whitney was called on to deliver, his day was over and incidentally the day of the Old Guard was over. A week later President Gay capitulated and a little later the Conway Committee was appointed to suggest a reorganization of the Exchange. It was composed mostly of reformers. It wrote the outline of the new revolutionary constitution of the Exchange.

Now for Martin's part in this. There is an illusion that the gentlemen who do business on the floor of the Exchange are beings of amazing sapience. They are not. Like those around the race tracks they are one-subject minds. They eat, drink, sleep, talk the market. They know how to trade and fill orders. But the Stock Exchange is just one wheel in a vast machine-society. What goes on in other parts of that machine, where the Exchange wheel meshes with the other social gears—they do not know.

Martin stepping on the floor of the

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Exchange in 1931 was shocked at his own ignorance. But he is a student with an insatiable thirst for facts. He proceeded to study the Exchange. He took courses at Columbia and the New School on the subject. He read everything he could get. He was surprised at the rudimentary character of stockbroker accounting. He studied that. He became an authority on it.

But he also had an eye open for what went on. And he didn't like it. He began to find his friends among the critics, with those who criticized things he was criticizing. In discussion, however, members began to perceive that this young man had what most of them did not have—a wide knowledge of the Exchange and its place in the market. He knew the fundamental economic mechanisms under and around the Exchange. There was something about his discussions that commanded respect. He is a living example of the unconquerable power of superior knowledge. And all of a sudden knowledge of the world outside the Exchange had become of imperious importance in Wall Street. Therefore in 1936, when it was decided to give some representation to the liberal elements in the Exchange on the Board of Governors, Martin was put forward and was elected.

Avoiding Personalities

He was immediately in a minority of two or three on the board. And here again he began to stand out as one who generally knew what he was talking about. But as the battle waxed furious and bitter in the Exchange and deep-rooted personal attacks flew back and forth, Martin somehow did not get into this part of the fight. He talked about principle, about facts, about issues and not about men. And when the Old Guard capitulated and Gay named the Conway Committee to make a report on Exchange reorganization, Martin was a natural selection for membership. He was made secretary of the committee. In the end he wrote, at least for the most part, the report of the Conway Committee. That report blew the Old Guard out of power, abolished the old Board of Governors entirely, and provided for an entirely new Board of Governors, made up of representatives of all classes in the Exchange, of out-of-town commission houses and of the public. It provided also for what Chairman Douglas had demanded—a paid president on full time, with a chairman of the Board of Governors. It abolished the once all-powerful Law Commission and generally shook up the structure of the Exchange from basement to garret. And when this report was adopted by the old board, Martin was named a member of the small committee that wrote the new constitution of the Exchange.

When, after this, the elections of the new Board of Governors was in order, Martin stood out as a logical figure for the chairmanship of the board. There were men who shook their heads at his youth. There were some who turned a little pale at the thought of a boy who didn't even wear a hat filling the shoes of the "great" old stuffed shirts who had gone before him. But the Exchange was in the mood for reform and change. And Martin stood for the new idea in so dramatic a fashion that all doubts were overborne and he was named chairman. Then the board went farther and made him acting president pending the selection of the paid executive.

Then as it rummaged the big names of industry for a paid executive, and saw name after name collapse under minute scrutiny because the man was unavailable or the name was that of a stuffed shirt and, at the same time, saw Martin, as acting president, standing up under pressure and heat and behaving with astonishing courage and discretion, the governors asked themselves, "Why look farther?" So he was named president of the Exchange at $48,000 a year, which means he must resign his seat and his membership.

And now, what does it mean for the market place? Douglas has said the Exchange is trying to feed too many mouths. Probably the membership of the Exchange will be reduced. This means buying up the seats of those who wish to step out. It may mean an outlay by the Exchange of five million dollars. The money will have to be raised by a tax on the members.

But it may also mean the membership will be increased—increased in another way. A profound canker is now eating at the vitals of the Stock Exchange. Business is leaving it—going to Canada, London and chiefly to the over-the-counter market. Orders to buy on the Exchange are pretty thin. An order to sell 2,500 shares of any stock will soon exhaust the buying demand and the price of the stock will sink. Therefore the man with 2,500 or 5,000 shares to sell takes them to the over-the-counter market. Once upon a time holders of big blocks would put them in the hands of a market operator. The operator would put a pool operation into motion, push up the price of the stock by manipulation and unload the whole block on the public. But that isn't possible any more. So the big owner uses the over-the-counter market to peddle the lot out slowly. And there he gets a better price than he can get on the Exchange.

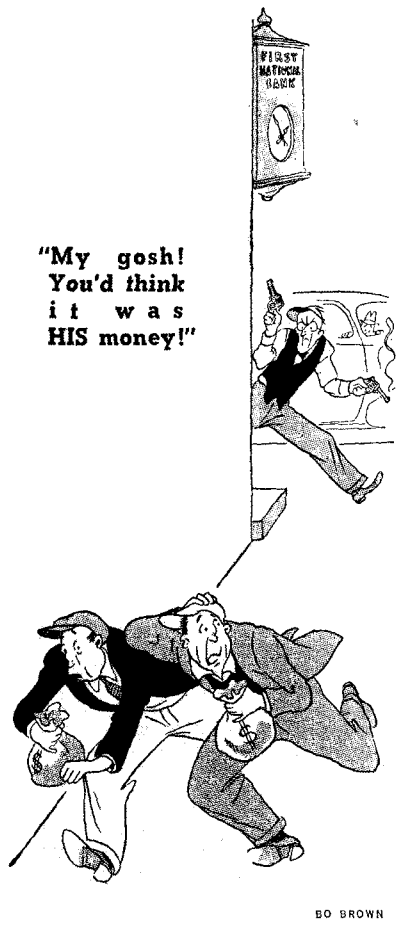
If this keeps up, the loss to the Exchange will be terrific. Therefore Exchange leaders are confronted with the problem of getting that business back. But how can it be done? There seems but one way—to force all security transactions onto organized exchanges. To do that, over-the-counter brokers would become associate members of the Exchange, would place their shares for sale with full Exchange members and the two groups would split commissions. But nobody can do that for the big Exchange save the SEC. In a sense, therefore, the very life of the Exchange is now dependent on the good will of the SEC. This furnishes a powerful motive for abandoning the hostility of the Old Guard and adopting a policy of co-operation with Washington. Will Washington co-operate? Chairman Douglas seems to be greatly pleased with the turn of affairs. He has publicly announced that there will be no more cracking down on the Exchange. What will come of this we shall soon see.

There remain the four great irritations in Exchange practice to be dealt with. There is the question of segregation—compelling brokers who act as commission agents to abandon speculation for their own account (the thing that ruined Richard Whitney); prohibiting the specialist from engaging in pool operations or in speculation for his own account; the effective regulation of short selling and the emancipation of the Exchange from the dominion of certain great and powerful financial interests that have been able to rule and exploit it in the past.

I asked Mr. Martin to make some comment on the future place of the Exchange in the national economy. He replied:

"I suppose your question really invites a vision of the Stock Exchange of the future, of the Exchange that we are earnestly striving to establish. This market as we see it is a vital and indispensable part of the national economy. The ideal Exchange and the goal of its present administration is a market that subordinates all other considerations to the public interest. It is no exaggeration to claim singleness of purpose in this respect for the Board of Governors. Within this unity of purpose, however, there still remains much room for differences of opinion as to just what specific measures are best calculated to attain the desired end.

"There is no mistaking the determination of the management to maintain complete independence in defending the integrity of the market against pressure from any selfish interest. Some ancient practices and customs are under the critical study and examination of both the Exchange and the Securities Commission. Will these studies indicate any changes that will enable the Exchange the better to perform its essential function and demonstrate to buyers and sellers that the market place is above suspicion? There is and will be no disposition to precipitate change for the sake of change, but, once a convincing answer is given to any of the problems before us, there will be no interference



with the independent judgment and prompt action of the Exchange."

I asked Mr. Martin to say something on the subject of the new attitude toward government regulation. Here is his reply:

Make Interference Unnecessary

"I suggest that, for any who fear too much government intervention, the correction lies in themselves and their own deeds. Certainly the way, insofar as the Exchange is concerned, was clearly enough charted by Chairman Douglas, who told a committee of Congress that we should so organize that it 'would be unnecessary for the government to interfere with that business and that they should demonstrate by action that they were so organized.' And, later, in an address, Mr. Douglas said: 'I do not relish intrusion into your business any more than you do.' This puts the matter of the conduct and management of the Exchange squarely up to us.

"But, granting perfection of management, there are still some unsolved problems. One of them was succinctly stated by Mr. Douglas, if I may quote him again. Speaking for the commission, he said: 'We can fight fraud, but we cannot provide sound business judgment, nor can we save the fool from his folly.' How can we forbid speculation for the little fellow and permit it for the big fellow? Persons of small means and little experience have no business to assume unnecessary risks, but who is to say to one 'you may' and to another 'you may not'? Certainly the answer is not to ban all stock-market speculation, which would apply the brakes to new enterprise. This, I know, would be the ready solution of many who have not thought the matter through and who regard all speculation as an unmitigated evil. There is, it seems to me, no surer correction for uneconomic speculation by the unfit than the slow process of education, beginning with the truism that there is no easy path to riches and that the person who tries to get something for nothing invariably comes to grief."

On one other point I was anxious to have an opinion—that was on the eternal subject of speculation as an instrument in the economic system. What follows is Mr. Martin's reply and is of course his own opinion:

The Function of Speculation

"Concerning the perennial debate that has raged about the uses of speculation, we of the Exchange defend legitimate speculation as a matter of principle and conviction. While some argue that since industry has received the money before its securities can be dealt in on the Exchange, such dealings cannot be urged as a benefit to the industry, this reasoning, it seems to me, fails to take into consideration the complete cycle of finance. Would we say that because the jobber has contracted for a factory's output the retailer is unnecessary because the manufacturer has the money for his product? There is still the matter of distribution to the ultimate consumer. The investment banker relies upon the organized securities exchanges for the ultimate distribution of the securities he underwrites just as the jobber depends upon his retail outlets. Speculators perform two functions—two necessary functions—in a progressing, expanding economy. They assume the inevitable risks of new enterprise. They provide the pioneer money, adventurous money—willing to take great risks in the development of new inventions and new discoveries, all in the hope of commensurate gains. If they are successful, society is the gainer, too. If they fail, they (the speculators) are the losers.

"The other function of the speculator is to provide a market in which the investor is free to exercise his judgment in the conversion of his money into securities or his securities into money. Certainly the willingness of an investor to go into a security depends upon his ability to get out of it. Obviously, a fluid market is an important factor in the vitalizing flow of capital into the treasuries of industry.

"I am not minimizing the evils of speculation, its temptations for the inexperienced and the incompetent, its excesses. The Exchange has an obligation implicit in its financial pre-eminence to use the full weight of its prestige and influence in combating the abuses of speculation. But, in our abhorrence of its evils, we should not lose sight of the truth that speculation, in one form or another, underlies all industrial progress."

Anyone who supposes this young man is tackling an easy job is mistaken. He will stand between the pressure of W. O. Douglas for real reform on one side and the pressure of the old-timers for the salvage of as much of their old bag of tricks as possible. He faces a severe test with the good wishes of all the better elements in his institution and the community.

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The Devil's Current

Continued from page 19

she didn't seem to mind. Oglu had nothing more to say, and the diggers uncovered the whole surface of the stones.

And I discovered that they curved, like the top of a shallow dome beautifully made. A pickax, bounced against the stones, rang loud. Obviously it was the roof of something.

The day after that I noticed an auxiliary schooner anchored off the shore. And I found Mikhail at the villa. Mikhail Galin. Looking like a blond Greek god, in white duck pants.

"*Eheu!*" He raised a lazy eyebrow at me. "You must be the professor!"

He seemed perfectly at home there, sunning himself in the garden, even before Anya came out and introduced us.

I'd read about him and his adventures in the newspapers. Who hasn't?

"Call me Mike." His eyes swept over me curiously, and sought Anya. "The trouble I've had," he laughed, "running this woman to earth. Had to enlist the Turkish police—stout fellows. Told them she was my runaway wife, in the sight of God. They were darned sympathetic."

"And is she?" I asked.

He grinned.

"No," said Anya.

"The lady," Galin explained, "wants persuading. I've offered her a boat and a man, and the freedom of the seas. Still, she wants persuading. I anchored on the wrong shore, Professor. Tell me, isn't this the place—Sestos and Abydos they called it—where Leander used to swim the strait to Hero's arms?"

"This is the traditional place," I assented. "At least, Lord Byron swam the strait here."

"Another famous lover," Galin said.

I felt like a poor third in their company. But when I made an excuse to leave, Anya asked Galin to put me up on his boat that night. And he invited me, cheerfully enough.

Galin made a fine host. We sat late over brandy and soda in the cabin, while he showed me some of his paintings. The one hanging over the table was a nude Tahitian girl, against a background of purple foliage. Her body was green, except for scarlet lips and breasts.

Galin got out the brandy, and told me how that Tahitian girl had belonged to him. He talked about women, but I felt he was studying me carefully. Then he dragged out a scrapbook, and showed me yards of newspaper clippings.

Galin had the recklessness, I thought, that women love. And he did exactly what he wanted. In the end he would be successful, and I would fail—except that I would translate some pages of unknown writings.

I DIDN'T sleep well that night on the boat. And I didn't join Galin when he took a plunge off the side the next morning—he went into the water like a seal. It isn't pleasant to be made to feel that you are futile and middle-aged . . . so I said goodby to him, and I gave the white villa a wide berth on my way back to Gallipoli village.

I might never have gone back there if it hadn't been for Oglu. He showed up, unexpectedly, that afternoon and announced that calamity was about to come to the white villa.

"Eh, Oglu," I asked, "how?"

The tall effendi, he announced, was trying to dig through the stones at the bottom of the hole.

"God is great," I reminded Oglu. "That is not your affair or mine. It is the affair of the other effendi."

"It is now the affair," he protested, "of the other *hanim*."

I looked blank, knowing of no other lady.

"The one," Oglu explained, "who has crossed the black water and waits now for us to take her to the villa."

This sounded intriguing. But when I drove Oglu back to the shore—I only needed half an excuse to go back there—the mysterious stranger turned out to be the landlady, the owner of the white villa, who had crossed over from Nagara Kalessi.

When I saw her face I had a shock of surprise, because it was the face of a Turkish girl who wore a half veil—as delicate as a shadow of flesh and blood. After one swift glance, she lowered her dark eyes demurely.

Of course there was a woman servant along with the girl, wrapped up in one of those black enveloping things. I began to suspect, too, that Oglu was the young landlady's servant, sent to the white villa to watch her property.

So I drove them all up the hill to the white villa.

"This is Miss Miriam Saidlerbey," I informed Anya, "your landlady. As nearly as I can make out, she's come to ask you not to dig in her garden."

"But we're making a pool," said Anya. "A nice swimming pool. Tell her that."

"*Yok,*" said Miriam, studying Anya under her lashes.

"She says no," I told Anya.

"And I say yes." Anya wasn't pleased. She was tired of objections. Even the Armenians had quit work, and Oglu had gone off—

"Suppose," I suggested, "you offer your visitor some coffee?"

"Anything to oblige a friend of yours."

I BEGAN to feel a decided chill in the air when Anya went off into the house. It vanished when Mikhail Galin lounged up and stared at Miriam frankly.

"Oh!" he said. "If I could paint her!"

He had a way with women. That patrician Turkish girl let him see her face, behind the half veil. When he had the nerve to ask where she lived, she pointed out a brown villa among some willow trees, on the other side of the strait. We picked out the place through Galin's glasses.

When Anya came back with the coffee, the atmosphere grew cold again. Miriam barely sipped from the little cup.

"*Effendi,*" she said sweetly to me, "I want my house back again. Tell that girl she must go away at once, tonight." She pointed down at the schooner. "On that boat of her tall man, the one that sails against the current."

"She says," I interpreted to Anya, "you have a friend and a boat, and she wants you to leave tonight."

Anya's chin went up at that. She had leased the villa. She didn't want to give it up, and she was not going to.

When I made this clear to Miriam, the girl put down her coffee and walked out on us. Oglu went off with them.

"I didn't know," Anya assured me, her eyes shining, "that I was intruding on your friends."

I hated to say it, but I had to. "I think you'd better leave, Anya."

"And pray—why?"

"I'm afraid it would be dangerous to stay."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. I just feel it."

Anya looked at me as if I were a poor kind of fish. Then without a word she went off through the garden with Galin.

I knew the villa was dangerous for Anya now, but I couldn't reason out why it should be so. Except that Oglu was really frightened. And he had warned me not to let her go on digging that hole. Suppose Anya had really uncovered a tomb by accident, and the tomb happened to be the family vault of Miriam's people—

Once in Persia I'd known an American consul to be knifed by a mob within a mosque enclosure because he happened to take a picture of a sacred well.

But this stonework wasn't Turkish. It was the ghost of a forgotten past, rising up out of the ground . . . and then I hit on a key to the mystery.

The ghost Anya had heard. It had disappeared somehow from the cellar when she looked for it. Obviously—the walls of the villa were solid enough—there was no way out of the cellar to the upper ground. But if these stones were the vault of a tomb it must be about on a level with the cellar, and not far away. Suppose Anya's visitor that night had slipped from the cellar into this place, until she had gone away? Yes—she had heard the sound of a door closing.

SO I went to look for that door, taking the electric torch Galin had left in the hall. And I found the door behind a stack of faggots.

There was just space enough to edge myself behind the wood. The door itself—heavy with rusted ironwork—rose only as high as my shoulder. It clanked when I shook it—locked fast. But as nearly as I could judge it was in the wall exactly opposite where we'd been digging.

When I went to tell the others about it, I found them off at the edge of the garden. Galin had his arm around the girl, and he grinned at me when I explained about the door. Anya didn't say anything—she looked as if she'd been crying.

"And so what, Professor?" he demanded.

"If that door leads to a family burial vault," I said, "Anya oughtn't to open it—"

"Afraid of a spook or an ancient Oriental curse?"

"No," I told him. "I'm afraid of a knife in Anya's back." I looked at her. "Will you let me drive you back to Constantinople to a hotel?"

It sounded weak enough. Anya moved impatiently and Galin looked amused. "If you want to know," he said, "she won't be in Turkey tomorrow. She's coming on the Argos."

"I want to see," Anya cried suddenly, "what's in that place."

And she insisted we open the door. Galin, as usual, was equal to the job. Oglu hadn't come back yet, so Galin went down to his schooner and returned with one of his men, a stocky Italian named Joe.

All Joe used was a bent wire. After he worked at the lock a minute the door creaked open.

"Come on, Pandora." Galin picked up his torch, and squeezed his bulk through the door. As the girl followed, I caught a glimpse of a narrow stone passage. A breath of damp air touched my face, and Anya hesitated.

"Forward, darling," Galin called over his shoulder. "I do not see the skeleton yet—the skeleton that is always lying in the entrance of such a mysterious tomb. Hullo—"

We were filing after him, our heads bent, our shoulders touching the damp stones.

"Looks like a prison cell," Galin muttered.

The passage ended in a larger chamber, where we were able to stand up. In front of us a grillwork, green with age,

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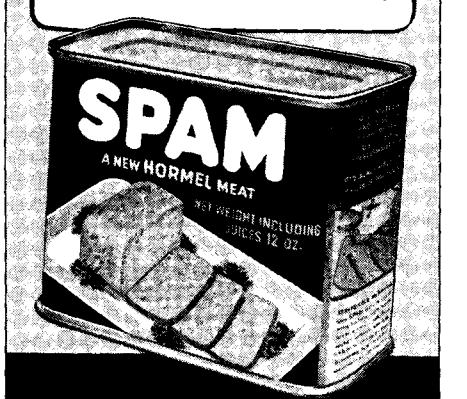

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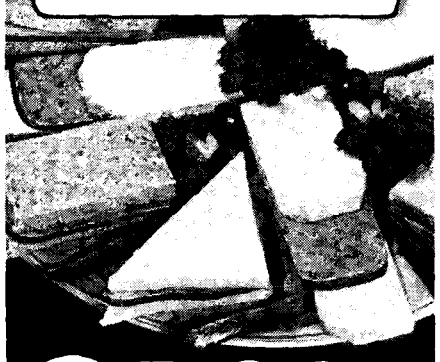

SPAM WICHES ★

HORMEL'S new meat of many uses

Good Housekeeping Bureau

barred the way. I had been keeping track of the distance and I thought we were under Anya's swimming pool. Overhead, the roof made a half dome.

"The ghosts," said Anya, "have left their traveling bags."

Two large valises stood by the grille—cheap straw affairs of the kind you buy in the bazaar for a couple of Turkish pounds. Galin pulled them open, and they were both empty.

When Galin flashed his torch through the grille, we saw an inner compartment, some twenty feet square. In the center of it something that looked like a large casket of purple stone. A porphyry sarcophagus, of the kind made for the imperial families of ancient Constantinople.

When I explained what we'd found, Anya gave a little gasp, and even Galin was quiet.

"Anyway," I assured them, "no Turks are buried here."

A thing like that dated back a thousand years. Wars and plagues had passed over it, leaving it untouched—until someone, sinking the foundation of the house, had come upon its entrance passage.

Galin gave an impatient tug at the bronze grille, and it creaked open. It was not locked! "Open sesame!" he laughed.

The tomb chamber was bare except for the sarcophagus. Galin and the sailor Joe tried to open it.

"The whole top slides off," I told them.

GALIN was working with Joe to raise the heavy lid and edge it to one side. "Sure there isn't a curse written somewhere around—something like 'Death to him who enters here,' in archaic Greek or—" Then he looked down, and said, "*Grosser Gott!*"

The beam of the torch shone on gold and the fire of precious stones inside the sarcophagus. The lid slipped down with a smash. We stood like fools, looking at an actual treasure.

At gold goblets and belts of square sapphires—at flaming rubies in the hilts of daggers inlaid with gold. At silks sewn with pearls, and turban crests gleaming with cornelian. I saw one opal as large as my two thumbs.

It was all neatly arranged on a white satin cloth, and not even a jeweler could have guessed its value.

Galin and Joe peered at it silently. Then the adventurer lifted one of the goblets, whistling as he felt its weight. Joe was turning the sapphire girdle in his fingers hungrily.

After the first shock of surprise, I realized what they were. That combination of Byzantine jewel work, Turkish weapons, and Chinese silks and jades could come from only one place.

With an exclamation, Galin swung the torch around. Through the grille, Oglu advanced on us, his arms reaching out. "Robbers!" the big Turk grunted.

Putting the torch down, Galin stepped toward Oglu and hit him hard under the eye. The Turk blinked and shook his head and came on. The sailor Joe smashed Oglu's legs with his shoulder, throwing him off balance. And Galin swung twice, at his belt and throat.

Oglu went down heavily.

Joe ran out of the tomb chamber and came back with the loose ropes that had been lying on the bags. After that the two of them tied him up.

Behind the light, Anya was watching us all. I wondered how much this stuff might mean to her—I'd have given about a year of life to have that pair of gold drinking cups myself.

"Do you know what this is?" I asked. "It came from the Seraglio."

"And what might that be?"

"The old palace at Istanbul—the treasury of the Sultans. Those jade disks were a present to Suleiman the Magnificent from a Chinese emperor. And it's all stolen."

Galin nodded, his eyes glowing.

"Some gang got away with it"—I began to piece the parts of the puzzle together—"as far as the quarantine station on the Dardanelles. Then something must have gone wrong, or the police pressed them too close. Evidently they trusted Miriam. Hid it here in the closed tomb the night Anya heard ghosts. Safe enough. The police scouted the place. They wouldn't suspect a European lady—"

"But the Turks did, the thieves did, when Anya kept on digging down." Galin struck his hands together. "What luck!"

"And then you came, with the schooner." I could see it clearly enough now. "They must have planned to get it away on a boat themselves."

"Exactly," Galin nodded, "what we'll do."

"No," I shook my head. No, I couldn't go back to the Seraglio, to my work with Ahmed Bey, knowing this had been looted. "It belongs to the Turks."

"Yes," said Anya suddenly, "it must go back, Mike."

GALIN'S face changed. He said something to the sailor in another language, and he strode over to me, his lips working. "What's the matter with you? You can't be such an idiot. It's a chance that comes once in a thousand years."

I was too angry to think. Because his eyes probed into me, enjoying my helplessness. "You poor, sentimental fool," he whispered for my ears alone.

And I reached for him blindly. He had anticipated that. He caught up the light, flashing it in my eyes. When I grabbed for it, his fist smashed my head back. The glare turned red in my eyes. Galin moved quickly, jabbing at my throat. He was a cool and very efficient fighter.

Swinging to one side, I dived for his legs and caught them, bringing him down against the wall. His fingers clawed into my throat, twisting. I hit him hard on the mouth, and he cursed. Then a rope was passed around my elbows, and pulled tight.

I lay there beside Oglu while they got the two valises and piled the treasure of the sarcophagus into them, Galin talking the while. He wasn't wasting any more time on me, he said. If I loved the Turks so much, I could stay with them and keep my mouth shut.

Then he looked up at Anya. "You're all washed up here. Pack your things quick, and come with me."

"No, Mike."

He stared at her curiously.

"I don't want to leave my house," she said unsteadily.

Galin could judge a woman's mood. With a word to the sailor, he moved toward her. And stopped abruptly, flashing the light full on the girl. She held the sailor's knife gripped close to her, the point toward him.

For a moment he considered her. If he had been willing to risk a cut, he could have got that knife away from her.

"Well, there are always other women, little Anya," he said. And he picked up one of the bags and went out, the sailor following with the other.

It was some time before Anya came over and cut the rope loose from my arms, in the darkness. Then she kissed me, her hair falling soft against my eyes.

"Don't try to follow him, please," she whispered.

I sat in the darkness, thinking of nothing but the scent of her hair, and her quiet breathing against me.

When I thought Mikhail Galin was under way with his schooner, I felt my way upstairs and brought down a lamp. Oglu's agonized eyes followed every move I made. When I cut the big Turk loose, he scrambled up and went out of the cellar and the house.

Anya and I went out to the garden. The wind was blowing in gusts and the strait was dark as a barn.

But the next morning, just after sunrise, I saw the Argos still at her anchorage, with a Turkish patrol boat alongside her. I went down to the shore and got a skiff to pull out to her.

The sailor Joe helped me over the side. He looked scared to the bone. "He never came back, *signor,*" he whispered. "He said he would swim, alone by himself. Look! It is there they find his body."

The spot Joe pointed out to me was across the strait, in front of a brown villa in a clump of willows. The Turkish police said Mikhail Galin's body had been washed up there a little before sunrise.

The thing that flashed through my mind was that Leander had drowned in that same way, on just such a stormy night, fighting the Devil's Current, two thousand years ago. Trying to get across to a woman. So Galin had made his gesture at the last. He had gone out with a reckless swagger.

But the two suitcases frightened Joe more than the death of his employer. He fairly forced them into my hands, protesting that they were mine. He did that when he saw a boat pulling over from the guardship, with uniformed Turks in it, and a man in old-fashioned robes.

This proved to be Ahmed Bey, the curator of the palace, and he looked twice at the bags when he greeted me politely, asking if my health were good, and if I had enjoyed my vacation at the Dardanelles.

So I took him and the Turkish major, his companion, down into the cabin. I had Joe carry down the bags, and I closed the doors on the three of us. The major stared curiously at the picture of the nude green Tahitian girl hanging over the table, while Ahmed Bey looked uncomfortable.

He explained that he had been called out to Nagara Point because the quarantine police believed they had traced the things stolen from the palace to a house there. "It is a calamity," he added. "My soul is sick. But don't you think we should say it was an accident?"

"Yes," I agreed. "We'll say I found them."

Silently he stared at me. "What did you find, *effendi?*" he asked at last.

WHEN I opened the bags he nearly gasped. Then, when he had checked up his missing treasures of the Seraglio, he beamed with joy. He didn't even question me when I explained lamely that they'd been found in a grave up the hill. Only his dark eyes gleamed. "You were lucky to find them."

But I had something to ask him: "Ahmed Bey, what made your soul sick?"

The police, he said. They had been watching that brown villa last night, when the unfortunate other *effendi* had come up from the water. In that windy darkness the police had not seen who he was. They had simply watched, while he tried to make his way into the women's part of the house. They had heard a woman cry out, and then the servants of the house had forced the intruder back to the water, and into the water. Only at daybreak had they seen the body floating in the wash.

"So he got across," I said. "He swam the strait."

Ahmed Bey shook his head. "No. If he had been swimming, who would have heard him? He crossed in a rowboat, and the people of the house heard the oars, and they heard the boat pulled up on the stones." Ahmed Bey looked at me cautiously. "But who can escape his fate? After all, he drowned."

"Yes," I said, "after all, he drowned."

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Japan Guesses Wrong

Continued from page 13

the island to raid or even to serious invasion. I say "apparently" because this was the impression an intelligent person would have derived merely from looking at the map.

I was, however, assured that the placing of a superior battle fleet in the Orkneys, ready at any time to fight a decisive battle with the German battle fleet, would, in fact, secure the command not only of the North Sea but of all the oceans of the world. I became convinced of the strategic principles that it embodied.

We acted accordingly and when the war came it was proved that the new plan worked like a magic spell. Once the battle fleet and its attendant vessels were concentrated at Scapa Flow, the Germans, brave and competent warriors and sailors though they were, accepted a virtual naval defeat.

"It sort of makes you realize what a tough time the pioneers must of had"

D. HUFFINE

But the point of interest to this argument is that the power of a superior battle fleet is recognized at once spontaneously by friend and foe.

When Odds Were Too Heavy

Let us see how this almost occult process works. The Germans in the late war naturally wanted to break the distant British blockade, and pass a large number of cruisers into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They knew that if they sent out their destroyers and cruisers into the North Sea these would presently meet more numerous British vessels of the same classes. Fighting would begin. The Germans would then have to bring up larger ships to support their light craft, and these again would meet stronger British squadrons. Finally, if the resistance of the blockading power were to be overcome, the German High Fleet would have to come out itself. But presently it would see approaching the British Grand Fleet, which it was known when fully deployed fired double the German broadside. Then the great battle would begin, and if the Germans won they could go out into all oceans of the world and do what they pleased. So all was reduced to the consideration of whether this great battle could be won, and whether it should be risked. The decision was taken that the odds were too heavy. So no great battle was fought out in the North Sea. (Jutland was a mere chance encounter, broken off by the Germans at the earliest moment.)

Distance a Prime Factor

I must say when I look back that this impresses me very strongly. I know of nothing that has happened since the war that has rendered invalid the conviction adopted by all naval authorities, as the result of centuries of sea war, that the power to draw out a superior line of battle and the readiness to accept at any moment a general naval engagement are the means, and the sole means, by which the major command of seas and oceans can be maintained.

How would this strategic principle be applicable in a war between one, or both, of the English-speaking peoples and Japan? Here it is necessary to introduce a new and potent factor—namely, distance. The British fleet at Scapa Flow was little more than three hundred miles from the German war harbors. Singapore is over two thousand miles from Japan. Manila is fifteen hundred. The power of modern fleets diminishes rapidly with their distance from their bases. With all their gigantic power, they require ceaseless supply and repairs. To operate thousands of miles away from a satisfactory base would be either to need overwhelming force or to run unwarrantable risks. That is why the offer made to Japan by the United States and Great Britain at Washington of ratios of five to three, together with the prohibition against building new fortified harbors, was extremely favorable to Japan. It meant that neither Britain nor the United States separately could come into Japan's home waters and menace her prime security.

The same factor of distance operates to protect British or American fleets so long as they lie far away from the Japanese home bases. Battle squadrons placed at Singapore or Manila would not need to be as strong as the Japanese navy in order to support the action of their cruisers. On the other hand, to invade the home waters of Japan and seek decisive action at close quarters would probably be beyond the present strength of either Britain or the United States alone.

It may well be that the Japanese are building battleships of abnormal size, with 16-inch or even 18-inch guns, solely for the purpose of defending their home waters. Possibly, even, these ships might be in the nature of coast-defense vessels of low speed but extraordinary gun power. A certain inferiority in speed would not necessarily affect their defensive usefulness. In the unwise secrecy that Japan maintains, the fact that they are not contented with the 35,000-ton limit requires from both Great Britain and the United States the immediate construction of vessels capable of mounting at least 16-inch guns. If the tonnage is limited, either speed, armor or gun power must be sacrificed. I have always expressed the opinion that in such a case armor and gun power should have priority over speed.

It must never be forgotten that the first requirement of a ship o' war is to swim. A battleship ought to have sufficient armor and internal subdivision built to stand the heaviest battery that can be brought against her. I have never believed in thin-skinned warships. In 1911, I procured the alteration of the designs of British battleships in order to achieve, first of all, this great structural strength. The Queen Elizabeth class that resulted, and that today, thoroughly reconstructed, holds its own with any ships yet afloat, exemplifies this principle. The lightly armored battle cruisers, in which Lord Fisher delighted, found themselves at a definite disadvantage when confronted with the stiffer battle cruisers of the German navy. On the other hand, the Queen Elizabeth class at Jutland sustained no serious injury under the concentrated fire of four or five German battleships and battle cruisers.

The British Admiralty has always contended that it is not possible to design a satisfactory ship to carry 16-inch guns unless over 40,000 tons displacement is allowed. The advantage of the 16-inch gun over a 14-inch is—other things being equal—decisive. We could, neither of us, run the risk of being outclassed in this respect merely because our self-denying ordinance limits us to 35,000 tons. Liberty has been rightly claimed, and must be used to the full on both sides of the Atlantic. If sizes are raised to between 40,000 and 45,000 tons displacement, there is no doubt that the very strongest and best-conceived vessels can be built.

There is one form of construction in which the Japanese could force a very serious retort from the British and United States fleets. Under the Washington and London treaties both our countries have been drawn into very numerous constructions of 10,000-ton 8-inch-gun cruisers. We each today have a large outfit of these vessels. The appearance of cruisers of fourteen or fifteen thousand tons, mounting 11-inch or 12-inch guns, would at once put in the shade these fleets of 10,000-ton cruisers. New building by Japan in this gap would require the immediate construction by both the British and American navies of superior numbers of this enlarged type.

Japan's Way Out

Much as we should deplore the needless waste of money involved by such a development, we have no reason to be disconcerted by it. The superior resources of the English-speaking nations can easily carry naval rivalry in this, as in other spheres, to a level at which it is quite impossible for Japan to compete. She would be well advised, therefore, not to provoke such rivalry but, on the contrary, to have conversations in a frank and friendly spirit with the two English-speaking powers. The excited elements and militaristic secret societies that have now laid their grip upon Japanese policy should ponder long and anxiously before they commit their country to tasks beyond its strength. Japan has plunged into a war of almost measureless dimensions, which, at any moment, may take for her a much graver turn. Her finances are in the gravest disorder. The masses of her people are bowed beneath their burdens. There is rising discontent at home and increasing inability to purchase war materials across the exchange. In these circumstances, it would not be prudent to challenge Britain and the United States in their now buoyant and robust temper to a trial of naval shipbuilding capacity. It would be madness; but sometimes nations are mad. Anyhow, our course is clear.

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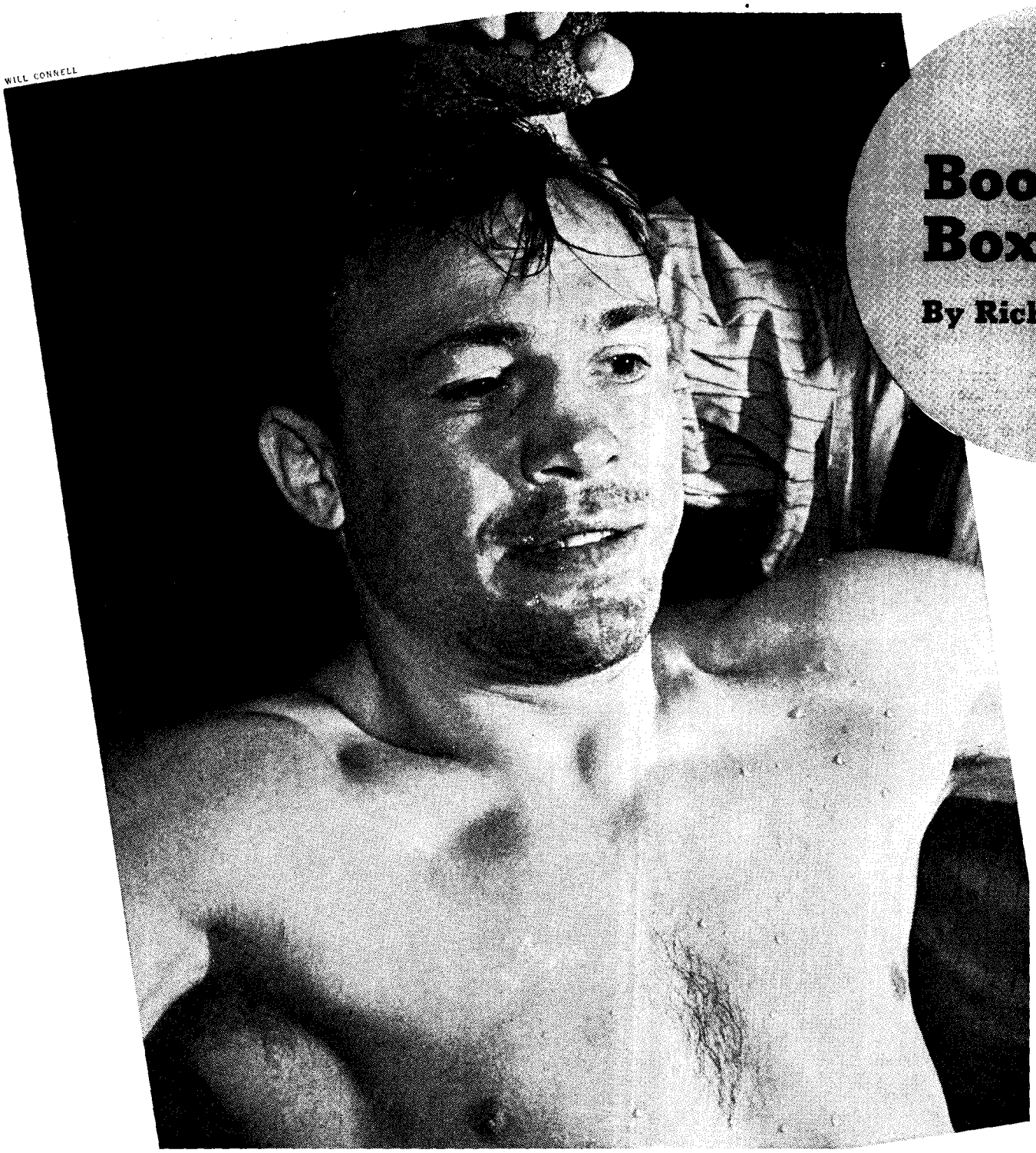

Bootleg Boxing

By Richard McCann

THE fight between Otis Paradise and Joe Smith was a crowd-pleaser all right. Toe to toe, the two boys stood and swapped punches. The roar of the crowd rumbled through the rafters throughout the four rounds. And, in the clamor, the clang of the closing bell was just a muffled tinkle. The referee had to pry the fighting fools apart.

"Hell," said one excited customer as the crowd jabbered hoarsely on its way to the exits, "I never saw pros fight like that. That's what I like about these amateurs. They mean business. . . ."

The customer was right. The amateurs sure do mean business—but not the kind of business he meant.

And the customer was wrong on two points: That one kid wasn't Otis Paradise—he was Lew Ambers, professional pride of Herkimer, New York, who was soon to become the lightweight champion of the world; and the other kid wasn't Joe Smith—he was Frankie Wallace, shrewd veteran of many professional ring battles.

Their match was the main event of a boxing show in Syracuse, New York, which was billed as an amateur show under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. In reality it was just another one of those bootleg boxing cards that are being committed nightly throughout New York State and the rest of the country.

Bootleg boxing is the dirty little brother of amateur boxing.

It is a vicious variety of shamateurism. The bootleg promoter pays the amateur performer, and imports, at cut rates, professionals to enliven the action. The amateur boxing racket has grown to such proportions that it has driven the professionals to cover. In New York State, for instance, where once you had professional boxing shows nightly in several cities at the same time you now have boxing regularly in only New York City and, occasionally, in Buffalo and Syracuse.

"And there's nothing we can do about it," says Bill Brown, fiery member of the New York State Athletic Commission. "Of course, we know that the bootleg promoters are paying their fighters, but what can we do? The kids won't talk because they're afraid. After all, they're hungry and the few dollars they get help. But that's the worst part of it—the dollars are all too few."

And here's what Commissioner Brown means when he says "the dollars are all too few. . . ."

One day while he was strolling around the barns of his peaceful health farm in the hills of Garrison, New York, one of his stableboys, blinking behind a shiner, bumped into him.

"What happened, son—horse kick you?" asked the commissioner.

Lew Ambers is only one of the many professionals who have appeared on bootleg boxing cards

"No, sir," said the boy, "I was in a fight last night in Poughkeepsie—an amateur show."

"Well, you sure must've taken a licking, judging from the eye," commented the commissioner.

"Aw, no sir, I won—but it was a tough 'un."

"What kind of medal did you win?"

"Well, sir," the boy said hesitantly, "I didn't win no medal. I already got a trunkful of medals—I need money. So I got a dollar a round this time. Four dollars altogether."

Instantly, Bill Brown, gentleman farmer, became William Brown, fighting commissioner. Four dollars for four rounds! If they are going to pay the amateurs, thought Bill, certainly they ought to pay them at the professionals' base rate of five dollars per round as required in the regulations of the New York Athletic Commission.

"When," said the commissioner, "are they staging another show, son?"

"Next Wednesday, Mr. Brown—but I s'pose this eye'll keep me away. . . ."

But it didn't keep Commissioner Brown away. He was a disgusted ringside spectator the following Wednesday night—December 14, 1936—in the smoky hall that housed the Hudson Valley A. C. in Poughkeepsie. It was another so-called amateur show, and the sights he saw sickened him:

Miserable mismatches; flabby, poorly trained kids; cagey, tough, old vets; some professionals; ignorant officials; sloppy seconds; dirty towels; borrowed mouthpieces; no showers.

They Can't Eat Medals

"Why, one boy—a bantamweight who could easily have been a middleweight if he'd been having three square meals a day—was outweighed thirteen pounds and was knocked down four times in the first round and three times in the second before the referee, who kept giving him a long count, stopped the fight," the commissioner recalls now with an angry snort. "Later, I went up to the dressing room and the poor boy who had been knocked out was still incoherent. That was fifteen minutes later.

"Luckily, I had the goods on this outfit. I turned my information over to the A. A. U. officials and two days later Patrick J. Kelly, chairman of the Boxing Committee of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., appeared before the commission and told us that the Poughkeepsie club had been suspended."

But little good this did. As quickly as one club is darkened, another opens.

The fans like amateur boxing for the same reasons they liked bootleg whisky. It's cheaper and they don't know any other kind, and they couldn't get any other kind if they wanted it.

The professional fighter succumbs to the call of the wiles of the bootleg promoter because, perhaps, he has slipped just enough or hasn't progressed far enough to command sufficient legitimate bouts to pay the rent.

And the young amateurs seize the opportunity to make a few dollars because you can't eat a medal.

Commissioner Brown says the only way to stamp out bootleg boxing once and for all is to give the state commissions complete control over all forms of boxing—amateur and collegiate, as well as professional. "Then," says he, "you will see the bootleg club disappear overnight."

Right now, most state boxing commissions are like the New York body and have only the authority to collect the state taxes from the gate receipts, and the bootleg promoter thereby escapes most of the costs of staging a legitimate fight show.

In the first place, the bootlegger starts out with a much cheaper "nut," which is what the trade calls the operating expenses. Instead of paying upward of

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The Honor of the Dixie Belle

Continued from page 15

when I heard my father talking on the telephone, this really is the end of everything and dirty trouble to Paw and Cap'n Dan and Lucy. And thrice kafooey goldang it, I would never catch that big fish now.

I was in a highly nervous state and did not close my eyes all the rest of the night. When I got up, in the morning, I could not wait to dress but went out to the side orchard yard to see if the Dixie Belle was still there.

It was there, all right, and with the Black Warrior still backed into the stern of her. I could see a lot of people on the levee but could not see how badly the Dixie Belle was actually damaged; it was too far.

My father and my mother were arguing in the breakfast room.

"It's the personal-injury angle I fear most," my father said.

"Why, who got hurt?" she said.

"Nobody, of course. But that old battle-ax, Mrs. Rumdum or Drum-dum says her back is broken," he said.

"Aw-aw, that's bad. But I'll go to see her and I think I can handle her, Bob," she said.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I've sent for Gunnison and Callahan. We'll fight this to the finish," my father said.

"Heil Hitler!" my mother said.

I saw there was going to be a good fight and they would not notice me for maybe an hour. So I did not come out from behind the pantry door. It was too good a chance to make a sneak down to the Dixie Belle.

IN MY sober judgment all the excitement that had been around the Dixie Belle before this was not half the excitement around that old steamboat now. When I got to the levee, riding my bike to hurry, most of the people in Pike County Landing were standing there looking at the Dixie Belle. I was a-scared for a minute that my father's towboat really had ruined the Dixie Belle. But the towboat had just got hung up in the big paddle wheel, smashing it up some and knocking it cockeyed in one corner. The towboat was still huffing and puffing and trying to get loose.

Paw and Cap'n Dan and Buttinhead were up by the stern showing the towboat men how they could get loose. Mrs. Drumwright was lying on a cot all propped up with pillows right alongside the texas and on the town side so everybody could see her from the levee. She was moaning and groaning and saying: "I mus' have a specialist f'm Saint Louis, Lucy. I am not havin' the propah medical facilities. My spine is fractured. I know my spine is fractured. I can heah the bones jus' grating an' grating, Lucy."

I went right over to Paw and watched him tell the towboat men how to get the Black Warrior clear. The old towboat was not hurt much, just dented a little and the paint scratched. It moved on down the river to its regular tie-up. Paw and Cap'n Dan and I had to inspect the damage to the Dixie Belle.

Cap'n Dan had his big book propped on the stern-rail guard and he scribbled in it, one big figure after another.

"I figger about twenty-five thousand in all, Merrihew," Cap'n Dan said. "And, by gad, the 'Q' will be glad to settle, sir!"

Paw just spit in the water.

"Foosh, Dan'l," he said, "ye couldn't make the 'Q' pay twenty-five thousand dollar fer the whole dang steamboat."

Cap'n Dan got mad and said Paw was speaking disrespectful of the Dixie Belle and was not a welcome guest on board.

"But lookit, Paw," I said, "my father thinks you blame the towboat. He's afraid you'll sue his barge line for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Yer pa can't be right bright," Paw said.

"The towboat was not to blame, son," Cap'n Dan said, "it was a conspiracy by the 'Q' agin me and agin my steamboat."

Before Paw could stop him, Cap'n Dan explained to me that the "Q" had sent men to steal the night lights off the Dixie Belle. They had put the night lights on the levee fifty yards upstream just to make out that the Dixie Belle was farther up the river than she really was. So when the Black Warrior came in last night to tie up during the worst part of the storm, Adrian that was piloting her did not think the Dixie Belle was in the way.

"I've got the 'Q' nailed to the barn door at last, sir," said Cap'n Dan. "This damage judgment of mine is mighty apt to bankrupt the 'Q,' sir! Bankruptcy, sir!"

All the time Cap'n Dan was telling me this, Paw just kept shaking his head and winking. Cap'n Dan walked off, spiled nasty little pup straight home. I done my best fer him but it ain't no use. He's a born tyrunt."

Lucy stuck up for me. She went right on down the ladder after Paw and said Paw must tell her what I had done and why he was off of me. I did not hear what Paw said to her but in a minute Lucy came back up the ladder.

Lucy said: "Say, Bobby, did you tell Paw that we should sue your father?"

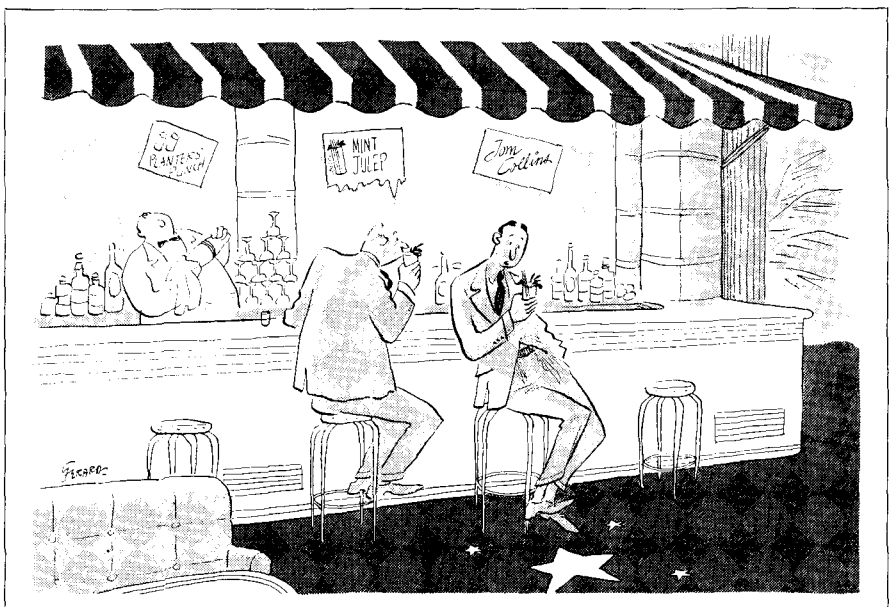
"Yes," I said.

"Oh, Bobby," Lucy said, "your own father. Suing your own father!"

I could not see the kafooey sense to it.

"Well, heck," I said, "that was his boat Adrian bumped into the Dixie Belle with. Why shouldn't we sue him?"

LUCY believed Cap'n Dan, but I told her what Paw said. Lucy looked a-scared and said: "Oh, it was Adrian's fault. Oh, Adrian. Oh, what will they do to Adrian?" She ran to Mrs. Drumwright and told her the "Q" was not to blame but that Adrian did it. Mrs. Drumwright looked awful disappointed



"I feel guilty when I think of the wife lying out there on a hot beach, trying to keep the kids out of the rowboat and fighting mosquitoes!"

DAVE GERARD

saying he would engage a whole staff of lawyers and start suing the "Q" right away.

"Poor Dan'l," Paw said, "crazy as a bedbug with dyspepshy."

I sure was surprised.

"You mean it isn't the 'Q's' fault, Paw?" I said.

"The 'Q' didn't have nary thing to do with ut, Bobby," Paw said. "Thet big-headed Adrian come high-tailing down-river fifteen miles an hour in inky black dark with rain so thick ye couldn't th'ow a searchlight twenty yards. The boy jest misjedged his clearance."

"WHAT a peachy break!" I said. "It was the barge line's fault! We can sue my father for a hundred thousand dollars' damages! He's plenty a-scared and he'll pay, too!"

I explained to Paw that we could get enough money out of my father to rebuild the Dixie Belle. Paw looked at me and shook his head and said: "Son, I'm plumb disappinted in you," and turned right around and went walking off. I ran after him saying: "What's *wrong,* Paw? Why are you off of me all of a sudden? What's *wrong?*"

Lucy was coming up the hurricane ladder.

Paw stopped her and said: "Send thet

but she began to improve in health right away and sat up and let some of the pillows fall on the deck.

"Why, Mrs. Drumwright, you're better!" Lucy said.

Mrs. Drumwright said she had only tried to be a lady and not question Cap'n Dan's version of the collision after he had been so good to her, so she did put on the back trouble a little thinking it would come in handy if Cap'n Dan actually sued the "Q."

"But of co'se, Lucy," Mrs. Drumwright said, "suing this boy's fathah is quite out of the question. We are social acquaintances."

Kafooey heck, I thought, what is this? My father is up at our house saying he is going to get tough with Paw and Cap'n Dan and Lucy and fight them. What the kafooey thing is this, not wanting to get a lot of easy money to fix up the Dixie Belle with?

"My mother says my father should pay you *something,*" I said, as a last resort.

In my sober judgment both Lucy and Mrs. Drumwright were interested, but they were afraid of Paw. When Paw said no that settled it, even for Mrs. Drumwright that was all the time calling Paw names.

"Paw lost more than anybody," Lucy said. "The towboat smashed up Paw's skiff and wrecked a lot of his nets that he had drying on the paddle wheel."

"Oh, my gosh," I said, "what's gone wrong with Paw? He could make my father buy him a motorboat and all new nets and get extra damages besides."

"Paw's contrary," Lucy said.

So I trailed Paw up to the icehouse and he was already working on a new skiff.

"I've come to forgive you, Paw," I said.

"Shet up," Paw said.

"Won't you make up with me?" I said.

Paw put down his saw that he was sawing boards with.

"Will ye take a good whupping fer tryin' to steal money?" Paw said.

"What money did I steal?"

"Yer pa's, ye little tyrunt," Paw said. "A whupping is due ye, son, afore I can admit ye to my sassiety agin."

I said: "I only wanted to get the money to fix up the Dixie Belle, Paw."

It did not work on Paw.

"Thet's a honest steamboat, son," Paw said. "Good men earnt the money she cost a-buildin' and she's a-goin' to rot in the mud afore lawsuit money puts her back on the river." Then Paw spit on the sawdust. "Vamoose!"

"Wait, Paw—" I said.

"Clear out, ye little tyrunt," Paw said, "an' never come near me agin."

"I'll take the licking, Paw," I said.

"Hang yerself acrosst this sawbuck," Paw said.

Paw hit me terrible awful hard, saying, "Hanh!" each time he whacked me with a strap made out of machinery belting. But I did not bawl, only tears in my eyes from being so mad at my father for not training me properly, and pretty soon Paw stopped between licks to explain all the things I needed to learn about this wicked world.

EASY money, Paw said, was the curse of this nation since Mr. Tom Jefferson that Paw sincerely admired had warned our people against it. Hanh, Paw said, giving me another lick. Easy money was the way our American citizens had of climbing over their brothers' necks to be tyrants, Paw said. Hanh! Now this country was not anything but a thousand big and little kingdoms ruled by tyrants.

"Hanh!" Paw said, whopping me extra hard, "bear this in mind, son. Ye're bein' whupped by the last original Jefferson Demycrat, a leetle past his prime but still unterrified, goldang it!" Paw got so worked up and excited by thinking of all the tyrants riding on the necks of their brothers in this country that he forgot to whack me any more.

I promised Paw I would not ever be a tyrant and would always stand against tyrants with might and main, especially politicians and union leaders and bankers, which Paw said were the worst tyrants we have. I thought I had better report home.

I was in a good frame of mind because I could tell my father to rest easy, he would not be sued by me and the Dixie Belle people.

But my father would not listen to reason. He was in conference with Mr. Gunnison, his chief counsel lawyer from St. Louis, and going over the case in all details with papers and reports.

"I have talked with them all," I said, "and they are not going to sue you."

My father pretty near jumped out of his skin.

"Hell's bells and Little Eva!" he yelled. "Didn't I tell you not to go near those people?"

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$100 for a professional promoter's license, he pays a small fee of $10 to the A. A. U. for a club permit. Now, of course, he is supposed actually to have a club before he can get such a permit; but take the case of the boxing club over in Brooklyn a few years back. A reporter went to call on the club one day and went to the address listed in the A. A. U. records. It turned out to be a two-family residence in a quiet residential neighborhood and the dear old lady who answered the door never heard tell of a club or boxing or the A. A. U.

The Sweet Name of Charity

Well, the bootleg promoter, having escaped the license fee, doesn't have to hire state athletic commission officials at the minimum salaries of $15 to each judge, $25 to the referee and $25 to a ringside physician. Instead, the local A. A. U.—which may or may not be aware of the shim-sham in the show—provides several of its members, who usually are hungry for authority, to serve as officials for nothing more than a badge.

Then, because the fights are "amateur," the promoter doesn't, of course, have to pay his boxers the minimum professional scale of $5 per round, which prevails in states where professional boxing is legalized. He may give the hungry hombres a handshake or a half dollar. On a bad night, he may not even give them that.

To insure a good press and a good attendance, he will make arrangements with some local fraternal or civic or church organization and agree to give ten per cent "off the top" of the gate receipts for the worthy cause. This is good business because then the members of the particular organization will buy tickets and sell others. And, too, the newspapers will deal with his show kindly "in the sweet name of charity."

He will stage, say, ten bouts on each card. In his opening fight, he will pair off local kids, from rival neighborhoods. These contestants are strictly simonpures, but good drawing cards because of the intracity rivalry. Some of the bouts will be between veteran local amateurs and tough out-of-town kids—usually from a next-door town. They will get, as did Bill Brown's stableboy, $1 a round. Maybe $2. Then in the main event the promoter will sign up something on the order of Paradise versus Smith—two professionals, or two high-priced veteran shamateurs, or one of each.

The promoter has no trouble getting professionals at matinee prices. There's quite an army of tired old pros and aspiring young ones trouping around the country these days battling at bootleg clubs for carfare and coffee. They pick up easy money by knocking down rather easy opponents in three- and four-round bouts in between legitimate professional engagements.

Abe Greene, forceful one-man boxing commission of New Jersey, trailed two Jersey professionals up to Newburgh, New York, several months ago and suspended them for fighting as amateurs. Buster Hardy, a welterweight, was barred for three months, and Ralph Griffen, a featherweight, was set down for five months. They had been getting ten and fifteen dollars and good experience scuffling around in small upstate New York towns with no danger of besmirching their records as they were performing under assumed names.

Greene, by the way, has been waging quite a war against bootleg boxing in his state and, with the co-operation of the A. A. U., has just about cleaned up his state. The Jersey legislature gave Greene greater authority than most commissioners have and he has the right to pass on all amateur fight cards, which must be submitted to him for approval.

Folks around the fight game like to laugh over the story of the boxer who, while weighing in for the Golden Gloves tournament in New York, was recognized by an alert A. A. U. hired hand and accused of having fought in Utica, New York, for $100. "That's a lie," was the amateur's hot reply. "I only got $75." The story goes on to say that the fighter was allowed to box anyway.

And then there was the infamous Diamond Gloves tourney in Brooklyn a short time ago when several hundred hopeful youngsters battled through preliminary rounds and into the finals at Ebbets Field only to learn that the *charming gentlemen* who promoted the show had skedaddled with the dough and the diamond gloves.

However, in all fairness, it must be reported that the regular amateur tournaments—the Golden Gloves of the New York Daily News, Chicago Tribune and associated newspapers, and the Diamond Belt tourney of the Hearst newspapers—are conducted honestly. That is, the fighters fight for glory and a trinket, and the gate receipts are honestly accounted for.

Some of the shamateurs make much more money than they would as professionals. Right now, for instance, the New York Boxing Commission is investigating the case of a heavyweight who is supposed to have received $500 for the four-round main event of a bootleg card that drew nigh onto $5,000 in the same city in which the last professional fight show, featuring a world champion, drew less than $3,000.

And take the case of Norment Quarles and Bobby Goldstein. . . .

Quarles, now one of the outstanding contenders for the lightweight championship, was intercollegiate featherweight champion while attending the University of North Carolina, and Goldstein was the intercollegiate lightweight champion at the University of Virginia.

When the two collegians graduated, Goldstein's brother, a boxing promoter in Washington, D. C., tried to persuade the two boys to turn pro and make their debut against each other in his fight club. But he couldn't match the offer that came from an "amateur" promoter in Richmond, Virginia, and the collegians met there in a bout of three two-minute rounds, conducted strictly under amateur rules. It was a sellout, the gate receipts exceeding $2,500, and Quarles and Goldstein collected $625 apiece.

The Campus Variety

Later, Goldstein turned professional and earned only $100 for his "debut" among the paid performers. And Quarles, also turning pro, didn't collect $625 in any one bout in the first year.

Speaking of Quarles and Goldstein leads quite naturally to the subject of the campus variety of shamateur boxing. Don't think for one minute that your college boxer is letting his classmate on the football team get ahead of him financially. If the gridder is paid you can be sure the boxer is, too.

Neither Quarles nor Goldstein falls into this class, but, perhaps, half the campus clouters do. In return for their ring efforts, the student scrappers receive tuition, clothes and money.

If he's a fair-to-middling flailer with his fists, the college boxer can pick up some stray bills after his Saturday-night performance for Alma Mammy by sneaking out of town and fighting in the preliminaries of some bootleg or professional show.

The chief fault with such a setup is that only half of the boxers are hired. The other half are chemistry students and biology bugs who have foolishly gone into the sport for sport's sake.

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"WELL, I LIKE THE NERVE OF THAT FLY!" EXCLAIMS MRS. OLIVER. "JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY GULFSPRAYER!"
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"That was yesterday," I said, keeping my temper, "and you didn't say anything about today."

My father said I had probably ruined everything and they would call me as a witness against him, but Mr. Gunnison said he did not think so and exactly what had I said to those people. So I told them some of it but not all because it would not do any good and my father tried to convince me I was all wrong.

"They were stringing you, Bobby," my father said. "Do you know how many times old man Minor has sued the Burlington? Twenty-seven times!"

"Cap'n Dan is not right bright," I said, "he is tetched."

"He's a crank," my father said, "and they are the most dangerous litigants we have."

Besides that, my father and Mr. Gunnison said, they had discovered a conspiracy. They said Adrian Reed was engaged to Lucy and he had deliberately crashed into the Dixie Belle to cook up this damage suit.

"That's just goofy," I said. "Adrian is a good guy at heart and would not do it and neither would Lucy."

My father lost his temper and told me to leave the room and not go near the Dixie Belle ever again.

"You're just a big old tyrant," I said, and ran out of the room.

But I was unterrified against the tyrant and the proof of it is that when I heard Lucy whistling for me down by our orchard fence, after lunch, I defied my father, who was not at home, and went right down and talked to her.

Lucy was in a highly overstrung emotional condition.

"Oh, Bobby," Lucy said, "your father has fired Adrian out of his job! And Adrian thinks Mr. Gollomb conspired against him and is threatening to beat him up. He thinks I'm in cahoots with Mr. Gollomb and won't talk to me. Will you go and find Adrian and tell him it's all a big lie? And get him to promise to come to see me tonight?"

"I thought you were off of him," I said.

IN MY sober judgment love is a kafooey goofiness that has not got any sense to it. Lucy said she never did mean to two-time Adrian, only Mr. Gollomb got her mixed up with big words. She said maybe she did try to make Adrian jealous but that was only because she had been trying for two years to persuade Adrian to stop wandering over the face of the earth and settle down so they could be married.

She said she would tell Mr. Gollomb once and for all that she could not marry him if Adrian really meant to settle down. But she was plenty tired of Adrian's wild ways and getting mad at her all the time and Adrian had better stop it or she would marry Mr. Gollomb.

"Why do you have to marry either of them?" I said. "Heck, Lucy, if you'll wait until I'm grown up I'll marry you, if you just got to marry somebody."

Lucy looked extra pretty and wanted to hug me but I backed off.

"You're a sweet kid, Bobby," Lucy said, "and I wish you were grown up," meaning just applesauce and that she would not wait.

Mr. Gollomb came mooching along, all of a sudden, and saw Lucy and me and got red in the face and goofy.

"What's going on here?" Mr. Gollomb said.

"Tell him, why don't you?" I said.

"Tell him what, Bobby?" Lucy said, looking innocent.

"Tell him you aren't going to ma—"

Lucy would not let me say any more but jumped on me and gave me a Dutch rub and whispered: "The deep mum on that, Bobby. Oh, please." Mr. Gollomb did not know what it was all about but said he had seen a sweet little family of Missouri blue jays nesting in the fence corner and did Lucy want to see them. Lucy said oh yes she did and gave me the sign to beat it and tell Adrian.

Well, I finally located Adrian in Mr. Jim Doesholt's café on the river front near the towboat tie-up. He was drinking beer with two other towboat guys and was not in a very good frame of mind.

"Here comes the Little Marster," one of the wiseheads said.

"Look, Adrian," the other said, "it's Freddie Bartholomew with his hair dyed red."

"Beat it, kid," Adrian said.

I CALMLY ignored their razzing me and told Adrian in no uncertain terms that I had a crisis to discuss with him in private.

"Agh, you're a little double-crosser," Adrian said. "I thought you was my buddy. In a pig's eye you was."

Both wiseheads got up and one of them said: "Ha ha, is this the kid that was going to get his old man to promote you, Adrian? Ha ha ha. Excuse the laugh. My sleeve is in the way." They went out and Adrian was going to follow them but I grabbed his arm and held on saying: "You'll be sorry if you don't stay; you'll be sorry."

Adrian told me to make it snappy. First, I explained to Adrian that Lucy and Mr. Gollomb and I did not have a single thing to do with his getting fired. I told him my father was a tyrant and had got it into his head that Adrian was in a conspiracy with Cap'n Dan and Paw to sue him for damages. It sure got Adrian sore.

"That's slander and libel," Adrian said. "It's attacking my fair name. I could sue your dad for plenty—and maybe I will."

Then I changed the subject of conversation to love and told Adrian exactly what Lucy had said.

"Huh, that's what *she* says," he said.

"Lucy is not a liar," I said.

"She admits she's been two-timing me with that perfessor guy," Adrian said.

"But only to make you marry her, Adrian," I said.

Adrian said he did not have to marry any girl until he got good and ready to. He said he was going downriver to New Orleans and have fun with a lot of Creole girls and drink sazerakt cocktails and ship on a freighter for Havana. He said he would show Lucy she could not pull any squeeze play on him, as a man who would submit to that was not a real man.

But I could tell that Adrian would go to see Lucy tonight although our interview came to an indefinite termination in so many words. All Adrian would say was: "If I happen to feel like it, I'll stop by the Dixie Belle about eight o'clock."

WELL, as I was on my way to the drugstore on Front Street, who should I run into but Mr. Callahan, my father's extra-special confidential undercover right-hand man.

Mr. Callahan sure was dressed funny. He wore an old pair of overalls and a raggedy shirt and shoes without socks and his face needed a shave and was dirty.

"Hi-yah, Callahan," I said.

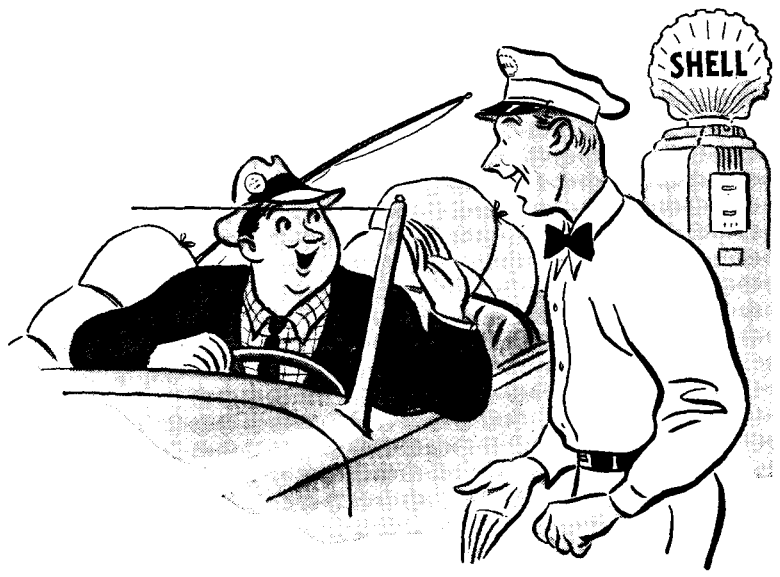
He pretended he did not know me and that I did not know him. But I would know that big lug, anywhere.

"Go chase yourself, kid," Callahan said. "I don't know you and you sure ain't never seen me before!"

I poked my finger against his shirt near his left armpit and sure enough he had a gun.

"You're Callahan, you big flatfoot," I said.

(To be continued next week)



"You're the sucker—" Ed tells me

Ed's a real good gas customer of mine. He drove in here last week with his Chevvy clamped down on the springs like an alligator with lockjaw—full up with tent, bedding and fishing gear.

"Going fishing, huh?" I says, not fooled. "Where?"

"Where there's *fish*"—and a wise look was all I could get out of him.

"How about your oil?" I ask, while I'm filling his gas tank.

"How about *yours?*" he grins back.

"Mine's made for stop-and-go driving—which you're going to do plenty of," I says. "You know—you stop, fish a while, and your oil drains down in the crankcase. Then what happens?"

"I have fish for supper," says Ed.

"*Maybe,*" I says. "But when you start your engine, the movin' parts grind together *dry,* unless your oil starts *fast*—"

"Like a two-pound Rainbow starts for a Brown Hackle, eh?" says Ed.

"*Exactly!*" I pop. "This Golden Shell Oil of mine jumps like a trout all right—and it's just as *tough*. At 25¢ a quart, anybody that don't use it is a sucker."

"O.K., drain the crankcase and fill her up with your Goldfish oil," Ed says, "and you're a sucker yourself or you'd lock up the pump and come with me."

"I'm no sucker," I says from under the Chevvy, "I'm a SHELL fish."

Boy, I guess that'll hold him!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

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Order to Pay

THE revolution scheduled for a bland October day when the wages and hours law goes into effect will be a very mild one. Before Congress was ready to say "yes" most of the harsher provisions had been dropped. But we shall fool ourselves if we pass off lightly the wages and hours measure as just another law passed by a tired and intimidated Congress. The principle established is destined to be very far-reaching in its consequences.

The government has the right from October on to fix minimum wages and hours in all American industry not clearly exempted in the new law. This is a very great extension of the national authority. Ten years ago anyone would have been counted lunatic had he suggested that a Congress could enact or a Supreme Court uphold such a proposal. Congress swallowed it all right and now maybe the Supreme Court will do its bit when the occasion arises.

The crude facts are that in some industries wages have been lower than could be justified by any consideration of the public welfare. Not all of these low-wage industries are located in the South but many of them are.

The support for the measure came from different sources and not all of it was holy. The good people wanted a minimum-wage law because they felt honest solicitude for those forced to accept mean wages. That was the uplifter or the social-worker point of view.

Another and maybe more potent group demanded wages and hours control by the federal government because they wished to control low-wage competition. Many industries have migrated south from Northern states.

The Constitution forbids, or until recently seemed to forbid, tariff barriers between states. So wages and hours control by the federal government seemed a neat trick. It enabled Northern manufacturers to protect themselves against the competition of lower wage levels in the South. What a tariff would do directly, wages and hours control might accomplish indirectly.

Such, in broad outlines, were the political forces that brought about federal regulation of wages and hours. Naturally, other influences played their parts. Rivalry between labor organizations was important. Most powerful of all was the determination of the President to have a wages and hours measure enacted. It became a symbol of his fortunes.

We are going to have the law in operation sometime after the middle of October. Actually, the machinery of enforcement is complicated and may be cumbersome to start.

After October manufacturers may not pay less than 25 cents an hour. The 25-cent rate lasts for a year. Then the minimum rate is to be 30 cents an hour for six years until finally the 40-cent minimum is reached.

The maximum hours allowed the first year are 44. These gradually go down to a 40-hour week. If work requires extra time the wage rate must be not less than one and a half times the regular rate.

There was not much idealism in the desire of Northern manufacturers to eliminate low-cost labor competition in the South. There was great moral force in the protest against wretchedly low wages. The effects of any law are, however, much more important than the purposes of its advocates. Prohibition was an experiment, noble in purpose, although apparently not satisfactory in operation.

Congress did what it could to take the detailed administration of the law out of politics by putting the new jobs under civil service. The merit system expressly forbids any political test in the selection of these new federal agents who are to police American industry.

But Congress retained the basic power to fix wage rates. Congress is by its very nature political. By this law Congress now fixes wage rates as Congress has always fixed tariff rates. This is a revolutionary addition to the authority at Washington.

Congress did not dare assume responsibility for fixing wage rates for farm help. Agriculture and its allied industries are exempt. Yet the tragic fact is that low industrial wages in the South rest on still lower agricultural earnings. Wasted land yields too little.

The truly important responsibility is to increase land production in the South and wherever our soil has been wasted. Most of what we finally consume comes out of the earth and if we make the land sterile by poor methods we limit the production upon which the whole nation depends.

By this wages and hours measure Congress has begun to tell manufacturers what wages they must pay if they want to stay in business. Congress assumes that industry, unlike agriculture, is a fat cow, safe to be milked. We shall find out about this as time goes on.

At any rate, the fixing of wages is now clearly a political decision. Congress, after taking into account all political considerations, draws the broad lines. Civil service employees, working through the Department of Labor, apply these rates to particular businesses, aided by committees that practically are juries.

We may decide after a while that wage fixing by politicians instead of by businessmen is an improvement, or we may not like the change once we understand it. Whatever our final judgment, it is a new system—a system so new as to be revolutionary in its effects. We accepted the change without excitement. Apparently revolutions, like angels, can be entertained by hosts unaware of the identity of their visitors.

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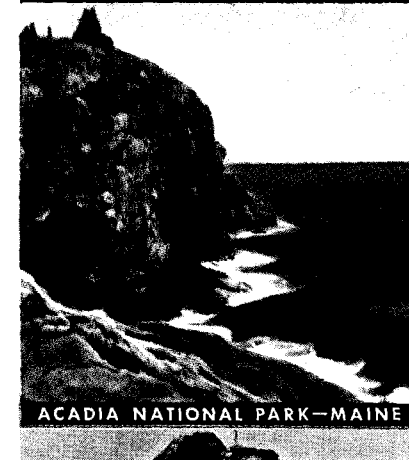

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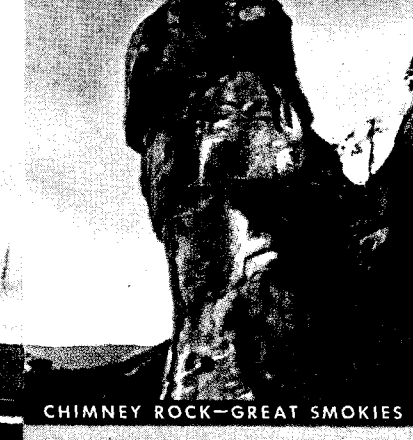

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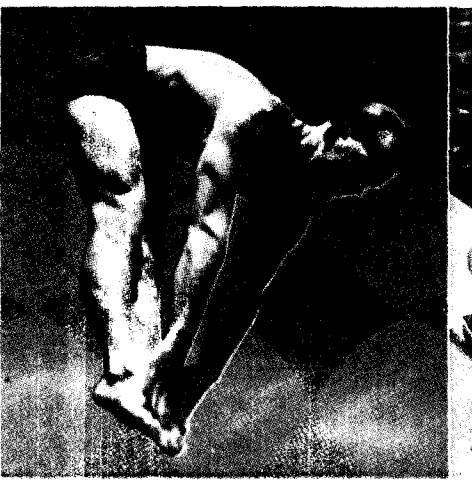

JACK-KNIFE—Bronze-sheathed muscles tense in the blue—a thrilling pause aloft—an arrowlike flash into the pool, leaving scarcely a telltale ripple.

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—And now, Marshall Wayne pauses for a moment to answer Elnora Greenlaw's question: "Are Camel cigarettes really *different* from the others?"

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"THE BIG THING in smoking," says golfer Henry Picard, tournament ace, "is how a cigarette *agrees* with you from all angles. Camels suit me to a 'T'. Camels are mild—easy on my nerves—they set me right. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' any time!"

"MOST DIVERS I KNOW smoke Camels," says Marshall Wayne, iron man of the American Olympic Diving Squad. "Most expert shots prefer Camels," says Ransford Triggs, famous marksman. Fliers, auto racers, explorers, engineers—people in every sport and occupation of daily life look to Camel cigarettes for the real pleasure in smoking. Try Camels yourself—today. "Camels set you right!"

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

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Planter Alton Barnes says about Camels: "Year after year the best lots of my tobacco have gone to Camels. Naturally, we tobacco growers select the best for our own smoking. So we choose Camels!"

"Almost every one of my fine baskets went to Camel buyers last year," remarks G. A. Langley, who knows tobacco-growing from every angle. "Better tobaccos mean better smoking. That means Camels to me!"

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